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HISTORY

OF THE

THIRTY-SIXTH REGIMENT

ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS,

DURING THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION,

— BY —

L. G. BENNETT AND WM. M. HAIGH.

AURORA, ILL. ;
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PREFACE.

In the presentation of our History of the Thirty-Sixth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, to the public, we have no apologies to offer for what may seem an intrusion, in adding another volume to the already overburdened "literature of the war." The survivors of the "Old Thirty-Sixth" have long felt the want of such a work, for one among many other reasons, to correct the errors and to supply the omissions of the general historian. They, many years ago, inaugurated measures looking to the collection of the annals of the Regiment, and their publication. A historian was appointed, and committees from each company selected to assist in the collection of material, and to collate and prepare it for the press. But little progress was made, and as the years passed by and the work was not accomplished, or even fairly commenced, other appointments were made, but without satisfactory results. At the annual reunion of the surviving comrades in 1875, another historian was selected, new auxiliary committees created, and an impetus given which promised success. The new historian early associated with him the former one, and dividing the work between them, the result has been the present volume.

Few persons can comprehend the great labor and difficulties attending the preparation of a work of this kind. At the very outset, those who were expected to contribute materials were scattered over much of the Western Hemisphere, and to reach

them and obtain their contributions was a herculean task. Then to sift facts from fiction, and to see that all parties or portions of the regiment were properly represented, required much tact and skill.

The parties engaged in the preparation of the work have written independently of each other, each taking up a period of time and detailing the events within that period, without the aid of the other. A difference in style, and other features, will enable the reader to readily determine the authorship of different portions of the work, and yet it may be proper to state that the first twenty and last seven chapters, as well as the appendix, were prepared by Mr. Bennett, while Mr. Haigh wrote the remainder—embracing a period from October 9th, 1862, to the occupation of Columbia, in November, 1864, being more than two years of the most eventful portion of the regimental history.

Our sources of information have been various, and with some truth, it may be said, the work is a compilation, as well as an original composition. We have drawn largely from journals and papers kindly furnished by individual members of the regiment, and their number, if for no other reason, is an ample excuse for not mentioning each by name. All, however, have our thanks for such expressions of their interest and kindly regard. A few of the incidents and anecdotes have heretofore been published and appropriated by other parties, and they are reproduced here only to restore them to their rightful owners. We have likewise had access to most of the official reports of officers under whom the 36th had the honor to serve, and have made free use of their contents as far as it suited our purpose. Among the many histories of events connected with, or growing out of the Rebellion, we acknowledge with pleasure the assistance we have derived from "Van Horne's History of the Army of the Cumberland," a work of superior merit, and one we would commend to those who desire a truthful and unbiased account of the events of which it treats. In making extracts from this, or other works, we have aimed to give each due credit, and, where this has not been done, it may be regarded as a mistake of types or pen, rather than the intention of the writers.

The work as now presented is more voluminous than originally intended, but we believe it is exceedingly rich in such matter as the historian of the future will be rejoiced to find; and, however large its dimensions, we are convinced there are yet stores of untouched material sufficient for a volume equally large. We have aimed to rescue the heroic deeds of the Thirty-Sixth, as well as the names of the actors from oblivion, and to erect a monument that would perpetuate to all time the brilliant achievements of a regiment which, in disinterested patriotism, deeds of daring and distinguished services, is second to none. The statistics will bear us out in the statement that in proportion to their numbers no other regiment in all the armies of the United States lost so many killed in battle, or so few from disease, as the Thirty-Sixth Illinois.

With these general remarks, relative to the construction and object of the work, we submit it to a generous, reading public, making no claim to literary skill or perfection, and yet hoping that the perusal of its pages will prove a source of pleasure and profit to many. If, through it, we have assisted in the growth of true patriotism, inculcated a love of country, or refreshed the laurels of both the living or the dead, we are content.

THE AUTHORS.

YORKVILLE, ILL., July 20th, 1876.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE.
Introductory,.....	10

CHAPTER II.

Camp Hammond,.....	17
--------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

Roster of the Regiment,.....	38
------------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

Off for the Wars,.....	55
------------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

Rolla,.....	64
-------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

Expedition to Houston,.....	74
-----------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

Still at Rolla,.....	79
----------------------	----

CHAPTER VIII.

Rolla to Pea Ridge,.....	99
--------------------------	----

CHAPTER IX.

Bentonville,.....	127
-------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

Pea Ridge,.....	140
-----------------	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Battle of Pea Ridge—First Day,.....	144
-------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Battle of Pea Ridge—Second Day,.....	163
--------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

The Pursuit and Battle-field,.....	169
------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Conrad's Expedition—Recuperating,.....	179
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

From Keitsville to Cape Girardeau,.....	187
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

PAGE.

Cape Girardeau to Rienzi, 201

CHAPTER XVII.

Rienzi to Louisville, 223

CHAPTER XVIII.

Advance into Kentucky, 239

CHAPTER XIX.

Battle of Perryville, 249

CHAPTER XX.

After the Battle, 276

CHAPTER XXI.

Perryville to Nashville, 290

CHAPTER XXII.

Battle of Stone River, 316

CHAPTER XXIII.

Battle of Stone River, Continued, 387

CHAPTER XXIV.

Prison Life in the South, 397

CHAPTER XXV.

Murfreesboro, 407

CHAPTER XXVI.

Murfreesboro, Continued, 421

CHAPTER XXVII.

On to the Tennessee, 436

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Battle of Chickamauga, 446

CHAPTER XXIX.

Chattanooga, 484

CHAPTER XXX.

Mission Ridge, 516

CHAPTER XXXI.

East Tennessee, 536

CHAPTER XXXII.

Re-enlistment and Furlough, 548

CHAPTER XXXIII.

To the Front, 562

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Dalton and Resaca, 574

CHAPTER XXXV.

Adairsville, 587

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Dallas, 592

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Kenesaw, 603

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

	PAGE.
Atlanta,	612

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Atlanta to Columbia,	621
----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XL.

Spring Hill,	631
--------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLI.

Battle of Franklin,	646
---------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLII.

Battle of Nashville,	667
----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLIII.

Pursuit of Hood,	693
------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLIV.

Huntsville, East Tennessee and New Orleans,	704
---	-----

CHAPTER XLV.

Company A Cavalry,	720
--------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XLVI.

Company B Cavalry,	750
--------------------------	-----

APPENDIX.

John A. Porter,	792
Lieut. Elliott's Narrative,	792
Fourteen Months in Rebel Prisons,	800

PORTRAITS.

Col. N. Greusel,	
Major Gen. S. R. Curtis,	99
Major Gen. Franz Sigel,	186
Rev. Wm. M. Haigh,	290
Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan,	343
Col. Silas Miller,	434
Gen. Wm. H. Lytle,	480
Lieut. Col. Porter C. Olson,	654
Major Gen. H. Thomas,	667
Major S. B. Sherer,	750

HISTORY

OF THE

THIRTY-SIXTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.



TWENTY YEARS of ceaseless agitation of the "Slavery Question," engendered sectional animosities, which, intensified with each succeeding political campaign, and each fresh triumph of the anti-slavery party, eventually culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln as Chief Magistrate of the Republic. This event served to embitter the pro-slavery faction beyond the bounds of reason, and was used by them as a pretext for breaking into pieces the government of which they for a long series of years had held absolute control. The result of that election was hardly known, when South Carolina fulminated her Ordinance of Secession amidst a wild storm of enthusiasm which swept over the whole South. State after State seceded and rapidly wheeled into line with Carolina. For months before the inauguration of the

incoming administration, the "sacred soil of secessia" echoed the tread of armies and the din of preparation.

Government forts and arsenals were seized, arms distributed among the people, debts due Northern creditors repudiated, and citizens of the free States forcibly ejected from her borders. Outrage succeeded outrage in such rapid succession and unparalleled audacity, as even a state of savage warfare would scarcely justify. Backed by a people eager for the onset, the whole South, from the rivers to the gulf, glittered with bayonets and glowed with martial fires.

Those who remained true to the constitution and flag of the country, and unshaken in their allegiance to the Republic, were, with few exceptions, reserved and silent. Southern conventions with their accompaniments of bombast and folly, and Southern orators with their frothy gasconade, were heard with supreme indifference or profound contempt. For, had not the same things been witnessed before? Had not the same orators often deluged the country with denunciation and menace when defeat at the polls had only been feared? Now, when they had suffered a crushing defeat at a fair election, which all their mad efforts had not been able to prevent, their resolutions and threats were regarded as the insane ravings of lunatics, or the harmless thunder of disappointed politicians, rather than the deliberate action of cool headed, reflecting men. Even their ordinances of secession, and the establishment of insurgent governments, were common laughing stocks at the North, and regarded rather as a stupendous game of intimidation than the preliminary steps to rebellion and war.

With the bombardment and fall of Sumpter, the eyes of the nation opened, and indignation flashed through the astonished land, arousing the loyal men of the nation from their stupor.

The rebound was tremendous, breaking the calm placidity of the people. The whole North quivered with a new emotion. The strong lines of party were snapped asunder, and forgetful of past political differences, each regarded the other as a fellow citizen of one common country, animated with kindred feelings and purposes, and disposed to bury personal strifes for the sake of home and country. Patriotism, which had so long been spurned by politicians and at best regarded as a pleasant myth, sprang to life in a single day and blossomed into fruitfulness—that fruit, a stern resolve to sacrifice position, life and all in defence of the Republic.

Mingling with the doleful reverberations from Sumpter, was heard the President's call for seventy-five thousand men, to meet and combat the oncoming hosts of rebellion. Before a single day had passed the lightnings had flashed back to the Capitol that twice that number were ready to march at the tap of the drum, and that thousands were then on their way to rescue and to save. Never was summons to arms more promptly responded to. In a single day the hum of manufactories and of the peaceful occupation of laborers in the fields was drowned by the tramp of hurrying thousands thronging to the designated places of rendezvous.

Under that first call for seventy-five thousand men, six regiments was the quota allotted for Illinois to furnish. In the war with Mexico the State had contributed six regiments, every one of which returned covered with glory as well as honored scars. Each had won laurels distinctively its own, and in order not to mingle their achievements with the deeds of other regiments bearing the same numbers, and to leave the survivors in undisturbed possession of the glory attached to the *numbers* of the regiments to which their bravery had given eclat, it was thought

best to leave these numbers undisturbed. Thus the first regiment mustered into service from Illinois in the war to suppress the Rebellion, was the Seventh, which heads the list of the one hundred and seventy regiments of all arms furnished by the State.

Thousands who sought service in the ranks of these six regiments were refused. Recruiting offices were closed and eager applicants turned away with the comforting assurance that the "Rebellion would be over in sixty days." So thought public men, and so thought the mass of the people. And yet each day the rebellion grew more powerful and more difficult to suppress.

At length the disaster at Bull Run opened the eyes of the people to the magnitude of the contest into which the country had been reluctantly drawn, and to the imminent danger which imperilled and threatened the existence of the Republic. Following upon this defeat of the undisciplined *militia* of the North, came a second uprising of the people, and other calls for troops. Again the fires of patriotism burned afresh. The enlistment, mustering and arming of volunteer regiments went on with astonishing celerity, and from these at last was evoked an army of *soldiers*, whose swelling cohorts were crowded to the front and hurled upon an over confident and vaunting foe.

The Fox River Valley was all ablaze with enthusiasm. The stalwart sons of its people were eager to grasp their firelocks and press forward to the fray. A meeting of parties interested in the formation of a "Fox River Regiment" was held at Geneva on the 29th day of July, 1861, and preliminary steps taken for its organization. Fifteen companies, either complete or in an advanced state of formation, were represented and tendered for acceptance, twelve of which were selected, including two cavalry companies. The *Aurora Beacon* and other newspapers in the District aided the project by stirring appeals to the patriot-

ism of the people. In furtherance of this object Mr. George S. Bangs, D. W. Young and others applied to the War Department, as well as to the State authorities, for permission to proceed with the organization, which was speedily granted. Major Nicholas Greusel, of the Seventh Illinois Volunteers, then on duty at Cairo, was designated to take charge of its organization and equipment for the field. In compliance with orders from Governor Yates, he proceeded to Aurora and assumed the direction of all matters pertaining to the enlistment, the discipline, the equipment and supplies necessary for so large a body. In short, he assumed the entire command and led it to its designated field of action. The order assigning him to the command is as follows:

“ GENERAL HEADQUARTERS STATE OF ILLINOIS, }
 ADJUTANT GENERAL’S OFFICE, }
 SPRINGFIELD, AUG. 14TH, 1861. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 139.

Lieut. Col. N. Greusel, of the 7th Illinois Volunteers, is hereby promoted to the Colonelcy of the Fox River Regiment, Ill. Vols., and as such is to be respected and obeyed.

By order of the Commander in Chief.

THOMAS L. MATHER, Adjutant General.”

This order was all the commission or authority which any officer, except one Lieutenant, received in connection with the 36th, until after eight months of hard service.

COL. NICHOLAS GREUSEL was born in Bavaria, Germany, July 4th, 1817, and was forty-four years of age on assuming the command of the Regiment. He received a fair education in French and German in the schools in his native city of Blieskastle. The Greusels, consisting of father, mother, and nine brothers and sisters, emigrated to the United States in the summer of 1834, and on arriving at the City of New York, strangers and penniless, the larger boys were told by their father that they were now in a

free country; that he had nothing more than a parent's blessing to bestow, and that they must commence the battle of life for themselves, but that in case of sickness or misfortune such a home as he might be in possession of should be theirs.

Without knowing a word of the English language, the future to these poor lads looked dark and gloomy. The boy Nicholas wandered over the city for hours in search of employment, when, after many failures and rebuffs, a lady of benevolent and kindly mien admitted him to a sheltering roof and gave him work. The lady who at this dark hour proved an angel of mercy to him was the mother of Hamilton Fish, once Senator from New York, and now President Grant's Secretary of State.

Here Nicholas remained a year, when the whole family removed to the then wilderness territory of Michigan, reaching Detroit by canal and steamer, November 1st, 1835. At first such odd jobs as could be found were resorted to for a livelihood, such as driving team, gathering ashes, etc., but in the spring he obtained a permanent situation in the firm of Rice, Coffin & Co., in the business of lumbering, and remained in their employ for eleven years, until the breaking out of the Mexican war. Prior to this he had served as Captain of the "Scott Guards," a local military company, and subsequently as Major of the "Frontier Guards," and was nominally on duty during the "Patriot Rebellion" in Canada. At the municipal election in Detroit in 1844 he was elected Alderman of the 4th Ward on the Whig ticket, and served in that capacity two years. On the breaking out of the Mexican war he recruited a company for service and was elected its Captain, being Co. D., 1st Regt. Michigan Vols. On setting out for their campaign they marched on foot to Springfield, Ohio, thence by rail to Cincinnati, and by steamer to New Orleans and Vera Cruz, which place was reached ten days after its surrender to General Scott.

In the march upon the city of Mexico the Michigan Volunteers were attached to the Division of General Bankhead, which marched through Cordova and Orizaba some distance south of the National Road to the Mexican Capitol. Their progress through the country was almost a continuous battle with bands of "guerillas" and bodies of Mexican soldiery who swarmed from the mountain fastnesses. In their encounters with the enemy the Michigan Volunteers acquitted themselves nobly, performing successfully and well every duty assigned them.

The war having been brought to a close in the summer of 1847, the regiment returned home, arriving at Detroit July 12th. At the outset Captain Greusel's Company numbered one hundred and five men, and he returned with eighty-five, having been better cared for and in better health than any of the other companies in the Regiment. Under his economical management about \$300 Company money was saved, with which he purchased new shirts, shoes, blacking, and such articles of clothing and accoutrements as were lacking, and when within a few hours' ride from Detroit, directed his men to shave, wash, and dress in the new outfit provided for them. The other officers were astonished and somewhat chagrined to find that his company were clean and well dressed while theirs were walking bundles of dirty rags. On landing, Col. Williams placed Company D. in the advance in marching through the city; while the newspapers were filled with articles eulogistic of Captain Greusel and the fine appearance of his veteran company. The day succeeding his discharge and muster out of the service, found him back in his old position in the lumber yard of Rice, Coffin & Co., attending to business as of yore.

Subsequently he was elected Captain of the City Guards and then Lieut. Colonel of the first battalion; was appointed Super-

intendent of the City Water Works in 1847, and Inspector General of lumber for the State of Michigan in 1848, which office he held two years. An unfortunate investment stripped him of the hard earnings of a life time, and he again commenced at the lowest round of the ladder of life to win his way to a competency and to fame. He next turned his attention to railroading and found continuous employment, first upon the Michigan Central and then the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, in whose employ the Rebellion found him. A company recruited by him at Aurora was among the first to respond to the President's call for troops, and on the organization of the 7th Regiment he was appointed its Major, where the opening chapter of our story finds him. His whole career is replete with incidents of indomitable perseverance, and triumphs over discouragements, indicating a determination to accomplish whatever he should undertake. It was quite generally conceded that in the appointment of a leader, the right man was found for the place.

EDWARD S. JOSLYN, the Lieut. Colonel of the regiment, at this time was about thirty-four years of age. He was born in Nunda, Alleghany County, N. Y., but for the last twenty-five years had been a resident of Kane and McHenry counties. A lawyer by profession, his brilliant talents had won for him a high position at the bar. He was among the first who sprang to arms ere the thunders from Sumpter had ceased to reverberate through the land. He was appointed Captain of Company A of the first regiment formed in the State. Fearless and outspoken, none who knew him doubted his patriotism or courage. The whole regiment was devoted in their attachment to him, and confident that in the trials which awaited them he would acquit himself with honor and distinction.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP HAMMOND.



AT FIRST the point selected for the place of rendezvous was on the east side of Fox River, in a grove opposite the village of Montgomery; but the owner of the land, with more selfishness than patriotism, would not allow the location of a camp on his premises without an exorbitant consideration. Another site was selected on the west side of the river, a half mile above Montgomery and two miles from Aurora, on high ground overlooking and adjoining the track of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. A fine spring of clear, cold water near at hand burst out from the foot of the bluff, and, with the exception of a forest shade, this location was fully as pleasant and far more dry and healthful than the proposed camp in the woods, and possessed the additional advantage of easy access to the railroad.

Col. Hammond, the efficient Superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, took a warm interest in the organization and welfare of the regiment from its first inception, as was attested by the presentation of a fine flag-staff, from which gracefully waved the stars and stripes, doubly consecrated

in the affections of the men since the attempt of traitors to trample it in the dust. For this, as well as many other favors, were both officers and men under obligation to Col. Hammond, and it was in his honor that this first encampment was called "Camp Hammond," which for many days was a point of absorbing interest to the good people of Kane and Kendall counties and of the surrounding region.

The Young America Guards arrived upon the ground Saturday, August 18th, 1861, being the first company in camp. They were a fine body of athletic men, as ready to grapple with the hardships of campaigning as to go to their accustomed duties in field or shop. They were commanded by Capt. E. B. Baldwin, and their quarters were selected, their tents arranged, and were apparently well settled for housekeeping on the arrival of the other companies.

The Bristol Company, from Kendall County, composed of recruits from the towns of Bristol and Little Rock, was next in the order of its arrival, and went into camp August 20th, Captain Baldwin and the Guards forming in line and according the men from Kendall County as gallant a reception as the circumstances would allow. This Company, composed almost exclusively of farmers' sons, was made up of as sterling material as ever wielded musket or sabre. The citizens of Bristol and neighborhood with commendable zeal turned out as to a political mass meeting to escort their boys to camp. Later in the day, Captain Pierce's Company from Lisbon, the "Wayne Rifles," the "Oswego Rifles," and the "Elgin Guards" put in an appearance, each preceded by the squeaking of fifes, the clangor of drums, the shout and hurrah of citizens, and accompanied by little less than a brigade of anxious mothers, staid and sober fathers, devoted wives, fidgety sisters and forlorn looking sweethearts.

But this, like all days, had an end, and as the declining sun began to throw a halo of glory over camp and field, painful good byes were said, and many a mother's heart throbbed with sorrowing yet tender thoughts as she wended her way homeward. The men set to work with a will: tents went up as if by magic; a limited number of blankets were distributed; a meagre supply of straw procured for bedding; and rations, consisting of bread, beef, bacon and coffee, were issued to the men, who essayed, man fashion, to cook and eat their first meal in camp. The way some of the poor fellows went at it was a sight so supremely ludicrous as to excite the laughter of anything capable of appreciating superlative awkwardness. Some of the beef passed through the trying ordeal of cooking, much after the manner and as safely as those Israelitish worthies, Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego, passed through the fiery furnace, with little of the smell of fire about it, while the huge slices of others were shriveled and burned to a crisp; but whether raw or roasted, it finally went the way of all victuals, seasoned with some honest growls, but with few expressions of entire satisfaction.

This first night in camp will doubtless long be remembered by many. But few of the men had ever before experienced the luxury of a couch of straw, or the thrilling pleasure of reclining upon the bare bosom of Mother Earth, with a coat, a carpet sack or block of wood to serve as a pillow. To some, with whom the experiment was wholly new, the long hours of the night wore away dull and melancholy. Notwithstanding the scores of people in close proximity to them, it seemed lonely with but a thin sheet of cotton cloth between them and the great blue sky, flecked with stars, arching around and over them. Some were thinking of the homes they had just left, and many were the

tender thoughts and loving wishes that were wafted thitherward. But the few who lay down to quiet rest and pleasant dreams were cruelly defrauded out of so laudable a purpose by the many who, unrestrained, gave full vent to their joyous hilarity and ceaseless mischief, deluging the camp with fun and noises the most hideous and unearthly, as if a new Pandemonium had at once broken loose. At times, profound silence would reign throughout the camp for the lengthened period of a minute and a-half, when some "rough" from an obscure corner would give a tremendous "Baa!" Another from an adjoining tent would respond, then the chorus would be taken up along the line of tents from all parts of camp, and in ten seconds from the first yelp the whole crowd would be "baaing" with the force of a thousand calf power.

Again the lonely bark of a dog, faintly heard from some distant farm-house, would start some human hound or poodle in camp to bark response, and then the whole pack would take up the refrain until they had barked themselves hoarse. Then there were cat voices, sheep voices, turkey gobblings and cock crowings *ad libitum*. So it went until daylight. But few slept, some laughed a very little, others swore a very great deal, and thus the night wore away.

On the 22d three more companies arrived. In the afternoon, Captain Webb, a United States mustering officer, appeared and administered the following oath to the companies then in camp:

"I do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America. That I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all enemies and opposers whatever. That I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and all officers appointed over me, according to the rules of the Army of the United States, so help me God!"

Before the oath was administered the men were drawn up in line of companies in their respective quarters, and after baring

their heads, each right hand went eagerly up, and at its conclusion many fervently joined the solemn invocation, "So help me God!" It was a grand sight to see company after company with hands uplifted to heaven solemnly consecrate themselves to the protection and preservation of the country. No cat squalls or cock crowing then. This was casting the die in which their honor, their all, even life itself was at stake. The company from Newark arrived at Aurora in the 4 p. m. train, and were deployed in line upon the platform of the railroad station, and the same oath administered before proceeding to camp.

Before the week had expired, every company, comprising ten of infantry and two of cavalry, were on the ground diligently at work drilling and "preserving rations," which were supplied in bountiful abundance, at which all acquired commendable proficiency.

The company from Elgin was particularly admired for the soldierly bearing and generally fine appearance of the men. Though, as raw material, not excelling many of the others, yet they had been upon the parade ground before under the supervision of an officer read up in "Hardee," and were comparatively well drilled, and had already acquired that stiffness of vertebra which the others had yet to learn. They were likewise partly armed and uniformed, not very uniformly, 'tis true, but with enough of the soldier's paraphernalia mingled with "store clothes" and citizen's gear to inspire awe and attract attention. One or two, whose limbs sported in the ample folds of the red legged "Zoo Zoo," were special objects of curiosity. Their arms were old fashioned and rusty muskets, a sort of a cross between a cannon and liberty pole, that had been plundered from the armory of some half disbanded or wholly defunct militia company that once had a butterfly existence somewhere within

the bounds of Kane County, and which they came lugging into camp very much after the fashion a person would carry a fence rail or crowbar. These blunderbusses excited intense disgust in the minds of the raw recruits, who had been fondly dreaming of Sharp's or Henry rifles with sabre bayonets. And it was quite generally remarked that if these were a sample of what was to be our armament, our arrival in Dixie would be hailed with delight by the "Johnnie Rebs," as the only parties who would be in any kind of danger would be those who unfortunately happened to be placed behind them, for it was reported and believed by some that those guns would kick further than they would shoot, and were infinitely more dangerous to friend than foe.

To insure promptness in the delivery of supplies of food, clothing, camp equipage and necessary stores, and to see that there was no lack either in quality or quantity, required Colonel Greusel's personal attention, and for a few days he was necessarily absent a part of the time. With no instructions and few correct ideas how the thing should be done, the work of arranging tents as they should be was only accomplished after infinite difficulty and innumerable failures. At first tents were scattered promiscuously over the prairie as if shot out of a siege gun or pitched together with a hay fork. But the Colonel suddenly terminated this unmilitary jumble by referring us to Hardee for full instructions in the mysteries of camp arrangement. The tents were again taken down and put up as directed by that fascinating writer, in which position they remained as long as Camp Hammond was occupied. It may seem strange that so brilliant an idea had not flashed across our benighted understandings at an earlier stage of camp life, for some of the companies had taken down their tents and re-arranged them at least a half dozen

times before a satisfactory result was obtained. The habitations provided were square wall tents, large and airy, and in marked contrast to the dog kennels which succeeded their demise. They numbered more than one hundred and fifty, and when finally arranged presented a romantic appearance, like some well laid out rural village, with pointed gables and whitewashed cottages, nestling like a flock of swans upon the green prairie.

The details of camp life were full of interest to the men. The new uniforms which the officers began to don, the evolutions of a thousand men on drill or parade, the silvery music of the band at reveille or tattoo borne upon the stillness of the evening air, were all calculated to make them fall in love with a vocation apparently so full of varied charms. After a time the incessant drill, and standing guard beneath a broiling sun or in a drenching rain storm, washing greasy dishes, scouring rusty knives, cooking and eating stale beef, and at night wallowing down to sleep ten in a tent—these and a hundred other like enjoyments, pretty effectually in after times took the romance out of camp life and left it, like many other of the more laborious duties, a very plain, drudging and stupid reality. But this was not fully realized at Camp Hammond. Only the bright side of the picture with its roseate tints were contemplated. Every day brought with it some fresh excitement, some pleasant amusement, some substantial and touching evidence of the wealth of affection lavished upon the men by loving friends or doting parents at home.

One source of fun, however, occurred occasionally from attempts to “run the guard.” Absences from roll call were not unfrequent, and several drunks and disorderlies had been reported and disposed of not in accordance with the “statutes of William and Mary,” when stringent orders were issued to allow no

soldier to pass out of camp except at the gate near the guard tent, and not then without a pass from head-quarters. To enforce this order a cordon of guards were placed at short intervals around the whole camp, armed and equipped with the guns brought from Elgin. Now and then some untamed specimen of the genus homo, impatient of restraint, would watch a favorable opportunity when the sentinel's back was turned, quietly slip down into the gravel pit, and hugging closely its precipitous and protecting sides, walk off undiscovered; or, if discovered and called back, instead of heeding the call, would break for some cornfield. The sentinel shouted for the "Corporal of the Guard," when that important functionary, with two or three privates, whose pride and official standing were involved in the result, seized their muskets and were away in hot pursuit. Through the gravel pit and across the fields went pursuers and pursued, until, after a long and exciting chase, they overhauled the culprit, and bringing him triumphantly back to camp, dumped him into the litter and dirt of the guard tent. Some ran the gauntlet successfully, and for a while enjoyed the sweets of stolen liberty. The announcement that the guards would be supplied with ball cartridges at length put a stop to this species of fun, for those disposed to participate in it began to realize that a two ounce slug of lead in pursuit of a man was quite a different affair from being chased by a heavy-sided, ungainly recruit, depending solely upon suppleness of limb and length of breath for success. Some of the fellows thus caught were put in charge of a guard, and were observed sweeping and otherwise clearing up the parade ground, looking very sheepish the while.

This species of fun being suppressed, Hiram, of Big Rock, in lieu of it opened a boxing gymnasium. This, with base ball, filled up the intervals between meal time and drill. At night,

the "Star Spangled Banner," the "Red, White and Blue," rang out clear and sweet from the throats of a glee club made up from the members of the Morris Company, who almost every evening favored us with well sung and spirited choruses. Thanks for music in an encampment of soldiers—it is the crucible in which a thousand diversities of taste, purpose and ambition are fused to man's infinite advantage, harmonizing petty jealousies, assimilating diverse sentiments, forming and cementing friendships which would never have been effected by any other process. Besides the glee club, there were plenty of other musical aspirants who sang in good English and bad English, in Dutch, Chinese, and other dialects too numerous to mention. In other portions of the camp would be heard the grinding squeal of a fiddle, shrill and sharp as a rapier, around which a quadrille would be quickly extemporized, and numbers whirled in the giddy mazes of the dance. Then came jokes, both fresh and stale, and "sells" and stories *ad infinitum*.

The utmost cleanliness existed throughout the camp. Liquor was prohibited, by order of the Colonel, which will everlastingly redound to his honor and credit; and every precaution was taken to insure the health of the men.

Food was abundant, and in many instances the regular allowance was increased by contributions from the well stored larders and productions from the fields of the large-hearted farmers of the country. Scarcely a day passed in which there were not heavily laden wagons driven into the quarters, with potatoes, squashes, onions, fruits and vegetables, butter, eggs, milk, &c., &c.—substantial evidences of the generous and patriotic impulses of the citizens of the surrounding region. The "Young America Guards," who were at too great a distance from home to be often remembered by their friends, generally had a good time

watching with watery mouths all such arrivals; but not long had they to watch and wait, for selfishness was a trait of character not often indulged in by the men, and generally all shared equally in the good things showered upon us; in fact, all the companies "lived high" while at Camp Hammond.

The military duties at Camp Hammond were about the same each day, excepting that the lines were gradually drawn closer, and more strictness and severity of discipline observed. To give the details of one day would answer for a week, a month, or a whole campaign. At five o'clock a. m., when the first blushes of the early morning were stealing up and over the heavens, and the eastern sky was glowing with tints of purple and gold, and at a time when the aches and pains, the joys and sorrows of the men were forgotten in deep and refreshing slumbers, and when each tent was musical with a duet of unearthly snores, was sounded the "drummers' call," a signal for the drummers to assemble, fifteen minutes thereafter, and perform a fife and sheep skin chorus, called *reveille*, which consisted, simply, of a half dozen tunes played up and down the parade ground, and along the line of tents. This was the signal for sleepy and sleeping soldiers to cease snoring, come out from Dreamland, pick the straws from their hair, carefully fold their blankets, don their wardrobe and generally awaken to active life. Those detailed for that purpose set about preparing breakfast, while, as an appetizer, the balance of the Company were divided into squads, and under charge of Sergeants, marched to the parade ground, and put through all the evolutions laid down by Hardee or Hoyle, or prescribed by the U. S. Regulations. When breakfast was announced, a double quick to the tables and a charge upon the viands smoking from the pot, and the day's work was fairly inaugurated.

At six o'clock a. m. was "Police Call," at which every straw, chicken bone, hen's feather, quid of tobacco, scrap of paper, &c., &c., were gathered up and carried beyond the confines of the camp. At seven o'clock was another drum beat, called the "Surgeon's Call," at which all the sick, lame and lazy were marched to the surgeon's quarters for examination and treatment for their varied ailments. At half-past seven o'clock another rub-a-dub-dub diffused the information that it was time for drill, when at it they went, tramp, tramp, march, march, rush, rush, from two to four hours, as if their very salvation was depending on it, when seething, sweating and panting they were marched to their quarters and allowed a brief interval to cool off.

At nine o'clock was guard mounting, when the new guards, made up of squads detailed for that purpose from each company, proceeded to head-quarters, and after being inspected, divided into reliefs numbered One, Two and Three, and receiving their orders, proceeded to relieve the guards of the previous twenty-four hours. The post of each sentinel or guard was numbered, and if disorders or violations of military etiquette occurred which required regulating, near any particular station, the sentinel at that post called for the "Corporal of the Guard," adding the number of the post, which call, after being passed from post to post, and repeated by each successive sentinel, reached the guard tent, when a Corporal and file of men, known as a "Corporal's Guard," seized their arms, rushed to the point of danger or from whence the call proceeded. Guard duty became not only exceedingly wearisome, but was very generally regarded as an intolerable nuisance.

At twelve o'clock was "Dinner Call," the most welcome and the most eagerly responded to of any of the almost innumerable calls which were squeaked and pounded out of the bowels of fife

and drum. A bevy of country lasses, generally young and handsome, were usually on hand to share the noonday meal, but none of them were very heavy gormandizers of baked beans, fried pork, muddy coffee and bread without butter. "My sakes!" says one, "No cream for your coffee? How *can* you drink it? Why does the Government subject its soldiers to such privations?" And when the shocking fact was made known that the "boys" were not even provided with ice cream, sponge cake, "blanc mange," and a hundred other like articles, their horror at the "hardships" and "deprivations" to which the "poor boys" were subjected, knew no bounds.

At six o'clock in the afternoon was "Assembly," at the sound of which each company fell into line, in front of camp. And then came the most prominent feature of the day, "Dress Parade," when the whole regiment was drawn up in line, numbering at least one thousand men, making a very fine appearance. The band played a march and quickstep along the line and back again, and then they were marshalled by Adjutant Willis and turned over to the Colonel, who put them through a series of postures and facings; after which the Orderly Sergeants marched to the front and reported. Then the commissioned officers proceeded to the center; faced to the front; proceeded in line to the Colonel; saluted him; were either complimented or criticised, and then dismissed; while the different companies were marched to their quarters by the Orderlies.

At nine p. m., while the camp was bubbling over with mirth, song and story, and all seemed to be in a furor of discordant conversation and laughter, was heard "Tattoo," the finest effort of music during the day, consisting of a wild outburst or medley of several pieces played by the full band, which had a peculiarly magnificent and exhilarating effect in combination with the dark-

ness and solemnities of the night. This was succeeded by roll call, and then the men were expected to go to their quarters ; and at " taps," which consisted of a few beats of the drum at the head of each company quarters, lights were extinguished. The hum of voices gradually subsided as one and another retired to rest, closing their eyes in brief oblivion of the world, its cares, its toils, its joys and sorrows. Thus were the duties incident to camp life performed with the regularity and certainty of a clock.

About the most important personage at Camp Hammond was that ubiquitous dignitary known as the " Corporal of the Guard," before whom the ordinary " high private " might be considered as a mere serf kneeling before his imperial footstool. It was perfectly astonishing how high a little brief authority raised some men in their own estimation. When in the course of human events these great men condescended to perform their share of the duties pertaining to camp, their dignified air and tone of authority at once proclaimed a consciousness of their own importance. One would think, to see them blustering and domineering through camp, that not only the existence of the Regiment, but the eternal welfare of the country depended upon them alone, and that their creation was the only work of any consequence performed by an all-wise and beneficent Creator. No men in any other position, if they should try a lifetime, could succeed so well in making donkeys of themselves.

At length, after days and weeks of anxious watching and weary waiting, the uniforms arrived on the 23d of September. " Fall in, men," was the Captain's order, which was quickly responded to. Each company being formed in line before that officer's tent, the roll was called, and each man in response to his name went forward and soon returned with drawers, pants, coat and cap hanging on his arm, and looking proud over his

newly acquired treasures. In expectation of the speedy arrival of the regulation blue, the men had left their "store clothes" at home, and had come to camp with their half worn out toggery, thinking there would be a speedy change for other and more appropriate costumes; but a strike among seamstresses or other unavoidable circumstances caused delay, until many had become fit material for scarecrows, and the whole outfit in the matter of clothing had become a burlesque upon neatness and gentility. But after these caricature representation of clothes had been shucked, and each man had donned a brand new uniform, the transformation was so complete that one would scarcely recognize his neighbor or bunk-mate; while the piles of scraps, shreds, cast-off rags, and the mountains of old hats, caps, boots and shoes which graced the grounds were perfectly astonishing.

The new uniforms fitted admirably, excepting say fifty or sixty to a company. Here would be seen a tall, lank, ungainly man, as slim as a whipstalk, the unhappy possessor of a pair of unmentionables as loose and baggy as a gunny-sack—large enough for Daniel Lambert, and what was still more remarkable, the excess expended in breadth of beam was lacking in length, and when once enveloping its ungainly possessor, several inches, more or less, of naked legs would be discovered protruding from below the voluminous folds of cloth. Some of the shorter ones were able to button their waistbands around their necks, and then have from six inches to a foot of cloth to spare at the bottoms; but this defect was easily remedied by rolling them up or chopping them off with a broadaxe. The pockets of some were too shallow to hold a jack-knife, while others were so deep as to suggest the idea of taking off the pants entirely to enable one to reach the bottom, and large enough to hold a blanket, a shirt,

or even a side of bacon, if necessary. Some were so tight as to suggest cholera morbus or heaves.

The coats fitted beautifully, almost as well, in fact, as the pants. A third of them were too large around the waist; as many were too small around the chest; but then these slight drawbacks admirably offset each other. The collars of some were but a trifle above the small of the wearer's back, while the collars of others were several inches above the heads of their owners. The sleeves, too, had here and there a fault. Some were so tight under the arms as to nearly lift the possessor from the ground; others large enough for a small sized boy to crawl through; as for length, some did not stop until the distance of several inches beyond the tips of the fingers had been attained, while the career of others terminated at or near the elbows. With these trifling exceptions the uniforms fitted admirably, and the men were universally pleased as well as proud at the change from jeans and satinets to the garb of soldiers of the United States of America.

The early autumn days were soft and mellow, with just enough haze to give the sky a dreamy appearance, and the weather was generally even tempered. Now and then the rays of the sun poured down with a fierceness which rendered the performance of camp duties anything but a pleasant recreation. Not always, however, were the days bright and the breezes balmy. For instance, on the afternoon of September 1st, a rain storm, accompanied with heavy thunder and wind, swept the camp. The tents flapped and swayed before the blast and the men expected every moment to see their canvas roofs go flying over the prairie, but for two hours they stood the test and not a man received a wetting. At sunset the dense clouds had passed over and gathered in the east, while patches of clear sky betokened that

this storm was over. But in the west another black cloud arose in heavy masses. The faint gleams of lightning illuminating the deep recesses of the clouds, together with the unusual stillness in the air, told of another and severer storm about to burst upon us. It came at length, and at midnight the wind was shrieking among the tents and the water poured down in resistless fury. The rain drove through the canvas as though it were fish nets or mosquito bars, and men awoke from dreams of home and other luxuries to find themselves wetter than if they had just emerged from the neighboring mill pond. Here and there a tent would careen and then tumble in dripping ruins about the heads of the amazed inmates, who, in inordinate haste, gathered up what could be found of their scattered wardrobe and fled in their scanty apparel to other and safer quarters. The wind soon was over, but the rain continued to fall in torrents. The poor sentinels experienced all its fury. Imagine one in all the loneliness of such a night, plunging blindly through the savage storm, staggering into some muddy rut or hollow and breasting a blast of wind nearly sufficient in force to blow an iron siege gun or an elephant into space.

In the morning eight tents were in ruins, others shattered, and the ground plastered with mud anywhere from three inches to three feet in depth. The Colonel's quarters, as the printer would have it, were badly "pied," flattened in the mud and bountifully sprinkled with the blackest prairie soil. A detail of men took it to the river and attempted to wash it, but that Headquarters tent never after assumed the white and spotless purity of its primeval state. Then there were other days, when

"There was a gloom on the sky, and its shadow
Lay chill on the morning's pure breast;
When the sunshine was hid from the meadows,
And nature with tears was oppressed."

When the clouds would shed their tear drops as if in mourning, from morning till night, and during the succeeding hours of darkness the unceasing drizzle would continue its sonorous patter upon the tent flies.

The Companies all received superb treatment from their friends at home. Almost every day they were the recipients of bounteous favors; were "wined," dined, and pic-nicked to an extent never experienced before. Calico, muslins, ribbons and parasols gleamed like wild flowers hither and thither in ever thronging numbers to greet their soldier friends. At one time eleven passenger coaches, filled to repletion with people from Elgin and Woodstock, came down to see and feast their brave boys in the tented field, and as a token of their regard and an evidence of good sense they brought along huge baskets and boxes of all the good things their ingenuity could invent or their pantries yield. Truly did they appreciate the fact that the avenue to a soldier's heart ran through his stomach, and as the Regimental rhymer has it:

" 'Tis a curious thing that people should cram
Mutton and beef, chicken and ham,
Cake, salmon, salad, pickles and dace,
All through a hole in the front of the face."

Never went up cheers more hearty and blessings more benign than were showered upon the good dames of Elgin when the boys caught sight of that dinner.

The "Young Americas" were also pic-nicked, by the ladies of Montgomery and Bristol providing a feast of fat things, in a beautiful grove east of the village. The "Guards," and a throng of invited guests, fell into line and marched three-quarters of a mile to the tables, which were loaded down with every substantial and delicacy known to the season, presenting a scene of magnificence rivaling the famed and fabled feasts of the gods.

Groups of ladies, the grace, goodness and beauty of the place, detailed for that purpose, were at each table to wait on the soldiers, which pleasing duty they did in a style satisfactory in the highest degree. After hundreds had filled their inordinate capacities almost too full for utterance, there was still enough food left to feed as many more. "May heaven strew their paths with blessings," was the universal benison accorded these fair hostesses, as the men retired with grateful hearts and in good order from the contest.

An unfortunate difference arose between Colonel Greusel and Lieut. Walker, of the "Oswego Rifles." This Company was among the first upon the ground, and had largely been recruited through the efforts of Walker. Its Captain, S. C. Camp, a lawyer by profession, was better versed in Blackstone than Hardee, and much of the drilling of the men and more laborious duties devolved upon Lieut. Walker. An auctioneer by profession, he could not readily divest himself of his buying and selling ways of life, and his duties were performed in "just a going, gentlemen,—going—going—gone" sort of a way, exciting the laughter of some and the disgust of others. About this time, O. B. Merrill, a member of the 13th Regiment, then on duty in Missouri, came to Aurora on a furlough. His brief military experience, in the opinion of some, had eminently fitted him for promotion, and he sought a commission in the Fox River Regiment. And here let us remark, what a great pity it is that some plan was not devised whereby all enlisted men could be made Brigadiers, Colonels, or at least something that wore shoulder straps. Such a plan, it must be readily perceived, would have resulted in the most delightful harmony and efficiency of an army, beside being particularly gratifying to the vanity of a majority of the men.

To give Merrill a place among the officers, a vacancy was necessary, and as in the recruiting of the 36th the offices were most eagerly sought after and soonest filled, unfortunately such vacancy did not exist. The Surgeon was called upon to decide the physical qualifications of candidates for official honors. Walker was alone found wanting, and thereupon rejected, when Merrill at once succeeded to the position. This arrangement was not at all satisfactory to Walker, who strenuously objected to being so summarily disposed of; for, however much he delighted in auctioneering off the goods, chattels and wares of others, the rule when applied to himself was not so delightful, and he entered his protest against such a going—going—gone procedure. Walker hastened to Chicago and was examined by other medical magnates, who pronounced him physically sound, or at least sound enough for the performance of military duty.

In the meantime Major Brackett had mustered the whole Regiment and accepted it for service, including O. B. Merrill as Lieutenant of Co. I., and on Walker's return to camp, backed by his medical certificate, he found Lieut. Merrill fully installed and in the performance of the duties of the much coveted position. Walker claimed his position of 1st Lieutenant and demanded his reinstatement and recognition as such. The Colonel was in a towering rage, and ordered Walker to leave the camp instantly, and set about measures to enforce the order; whereupon Walker, thinking discretion the better part of valor, went. We would gladly strike this page from our story, but, as an impartial historian, there is no other resource than to treat the good and bad alike. This is our apology for giving details of an occurrence which, more than all other causes combined, carried with it the seeds of acrimony and dissension.

It cannot be denied that for one reason or another a great many "poor sticks" managed at the outset to get into positions, for which they were in a greater or less degree unfitted. Many a Company, and Regiment even, made up of most excellent material, have been rendered comparatively useless by having at its head an inefficient leader. If there was one lesson well learned during the first years of the war, it was the absolute necessity of having *men* for officers! Men, in the broad sense of the term, who had some respect for themselves as well as for others. Men to stand firm, self-possessed, elevated and strengthened by a high sense of honor, of patriotic duty to their country, to their subordinates, and to the cause in which they were engaged. Imagine a whining incapable, leading a body of men upon a desperate bayonet charge!

The very first element of success and of discipline is the respect of men for their officers, and only true men can thus command their respect. Let such a one be found and the rest becomes easy, whether he is wanted for a General, a Colonel or a Lieutenant. The 13th Regiment, or even West Point with all its training in camp or field, could not manufacture first-rate officers if the indispensable ingredients of self-respect, honor, temperance, manliness and reserved force of character are lacking. When war and battles are resorted to in the settlement of difficulties, it should be no child's play, but the desperate exercise of all the higher qualities of manhood; for unless troops are under the control of true men, defeat is inevitable.

On the 12th of September Col. Brackett appeared, and in his official capacity as United States Mustering Officer, inspected and mustered the Regiment as a whole. Each Company in single file was slowly marched between a Board of Surgeons, and if a limp was detected or a man wore a cadaverous cast of

countenance, he was requested to stand aside and afterwards subjected to an *ante mortem* Coroner's inquest, called Medical Examination. A few were rejected, and, notwithstanding their protestations of general good health and appeals to remain, they were obliged to take up their traps and walk. The examination over, the oath was administered to the whole Regiment, which was for the first time designated the THIRTY-SIXTH, and as such was booked for three years' service in the employ of that stupendous individual, Uncle Sam.

A few refused to be sworn in and comply with the conditions attached to the service; whereupon Col. Joslyn jerked them out of the ranks, and presenting each a note of hand with the toe of his boot, sent them howling beyond the confines of camp—a mode of mustering out not laid down in the books, and calculated to awaken a remembrance of so lively an event to the latest hours of life. Among these were two Germans from Co. E., whose courage oozing out at this supreme moment, they refused to take the prescribed oath. They were followed a half mile from camp by half a hundred madly excited men and remorselessly kicked and hustled about, and as a parting token of remembrance a horse whip was unmercifully administered to their backs. Their piteous cries for mercy awakened but little sympathy from their late and now infuriated comrades.

CHAPTER III.



ROSTER OF THE REGIMENT.

OLLOWING is the Roster of the 36th Regiment, on its final muster and acceptance into the service of the United States, and at the period of its departure from Camp Hammond to Missouri.

NICHOLAS GREUSEL,	-	-	-	-	<i>Colonel.</i>
EDWARD S. JOSLYN,	-	-	-	-	<i>Lieut. Colonel.</i>
ALONZO H. BARRY,	-	-	-	-	<i>Major.</i>
GEORGE A. WILLIS,	-	-	-	-	<i>Adjutant.</i>
ISAAC N. BUCK,	-	-	-	-	<i>Quartermaster.</i>
DELOS W. YOUNG,	-	-	-	-	<i>Surgeon.</i>
SIDNEY W. HAWLEY,	-	-	-	-	<i>1st Assistant Surgeon.</i>
JETHRO A. HATCH,	-	-	-	-	<i>2d Assistant Surgeon.</i>
GEORGE G. LYON,	-	-	-	-	<i>Chaplain.</i>

COMPANY A.

MELVIN B. BALDWIN, *Captain.*
 EDWARD S. CHAPPEL, *1st Lieutenant.*
 WILLIAM S. SMITH, *2d Lieutenant.*

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY A.

George D. Sherman, 1st Sergeant.
 Franklin J. Thwing, Sergeant.
 Alexander C. Lynd, Sergeant.
 Sanford H. Wakeman, Sergeant.
 Alexander Robinson, Sergeant.
 Walter J. Ordway, Corporal.
 Leslie P. Ticknor, Corporal.
 John W. Aldrich, Corporal.
 Benj. D. C. Roland, Corporal.
 Leroy Salisbury, Corporal.
 William H. Mitchell, Corporal.
 John S. Long, Corporal.
 Frank B. Perkins, Corporal.
 Charles B. Styles, Musician.
 Brayman Loveless, Musician.
 Albert Andrews.
 Bernan N. Adams.
 Charles A. Brown.
 Daniel W. Brown.
 Patrick Brannon.
 Fred. H. Birmaster.
 Christopher P. Baker.
 John B. Burr.
 Elijah Buck.
 Leman Bartholomew.
 John Bluckman.
 Buel M. Chapman.
 Charles G. Cox.
 Henry Clayson.
 Alexander Chambers.
 Hugh Duffee.
 Cyrus F. Dean.
 William Dade.
 Freeman S. Dunkler.
 Jephtha C. Dennison.
 Thomas Fenner.
 John Flood.
 John Faulkner.
 Henry Ford.
 Charles H. Gales.
 Patrick Gibbons.
 Moses T. Gibbs.

Charles A. Holsie.
 James Halberton.
 David F. Jayne.
 George M. Johnson.
 Leverett M. Kelley.
 Frederick Kraham.
 Addison A. Keyes.
 George M. Lake.
 James H. Moore.
 Isaac N. Miner.
 Leonard W. Nann.
 Edward Nute.
 John O'Connell.
 Chandler Preston.
 Edmund H. Robinson.
 Charles B. Rapp.
 William F. Sylla.
 Michael Seisloff.
 George H. Kimball.
 Romane Kilburn.
 George H. Knowles.
 Peter Little.
 Alex Manahan.
 Tobias Miller.
 Lewis F. Miller.
 Dorus Murus.
 Fenelon J. Nicholas.
 Charles Olesyeski.
 George L. Peeler.
 Augustus Ritze.
 Timothy Ring.
 Fred. A. Raymond.
 Duportal Sampson.
 Tolmus Stanton.
 Adelbert Shaw.
 Lewis H. Severine.
 Charles L. Themer.
 Milton S. Townsend.
 James M. Vining.
 John A. White.
 Homer H. Wilcox.
 Joseph N. Yerkers.

ENLISTED MEN COMPANY A.

Alonzo S Harpending.
 Louis B. Householder.
 Jeremiah C. Hall.
 Daniel B. Hoxie.
 Alex. F. Henderson.
 Henry Howe.
 John A. Hewett.
 Frank W. Raymond.

Merrill H. Sabin.
 Clarence H. Truax.
 A. Byron Thomas.
 John B. F. Taylor.
 Arzotus White.
 Ebson J. Wickwire.
 Jeremiah Whitford.

Ninety-nine officers and enlisted men.

COMPANY B.

SILAS MILLER, *Captain*.

JOSEPH M. WALKER, *1st Lieutenant*.

BENJ. F. CAMPBELL, *2d Lieutenant*.

ENLISTED MEN.

George P. Douglas, *1st Sergeant*.
 Samuel Hitchcock, *Sergeant*.
 Abner Field, *Sergeant*.
 French Brownlee, *Sergeant*.
 Charles W. Rhodes, *Sergeant*.
 Wm. F. Blakeslee, *Corporal*.
 Emery D. Haselton, *Corporal*.
 Thomas Flinn, *Corporal*.
 William Warner, *Corporal*.
 Ezra W. Parker, *Corporal*.
 Owen Hughes, *Corporal*.
 Jno. H. Gronberg, *Corporal*.
 Wm H. Dugan, *Corporal*.
 George Brewer, *Musician*.
 Willard Pettengill, *Musician*.
 John F. Lilley, *Wagoner*.
 Henry Alcott.
 Charles G. Ayers.
 Thomas Boyd.
 Rudolph Brager.
 Christian Brunnemeyer.
 Arba Camp.
 James B. Campbell.
 William L. Campbell.
 Thomas Cowan.

Nathaniel P. McCutcheon.
 Jno. C. Donnell.
 Frank Dugan.
 Jno. W. Edwards.
 Jno. Eddy.
 Jno. W. Evans.
 Leasonton Galloway.
 Charles M. Harvey.
 Charles G. Heinze.
 David T. Hogue.
 William Jackson.
 Sidney E. Kendall.
 Franklin Leet.
 Robert Logan.
 Elihu Mahew.
 Thomas McConnell.
 Joseph McGee.
 George W. Miller.
 Nathaniel M. Moore.
 William Ott.
 VanWyck Race.
 Henry Reitz.
 George Reitz.
 Daniel B. Roberts.
 William Scheffer.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY B.

Ernst Ansorge.	Fritz Stevens.
George Berger.	William A. Tobey.
William H. Brandon.	Frank Thompson.
Oliver F. Brownlee.	Charles W. Travis.
George H. Burns.	William Waterman.
Adam R. Campbell.	Joel J. Wilder.
Sylvester Campbell.	Elanthan S. Weeden.
Thomas Clark.	Fritz Wokersein.
Daniel Davis.	Jno. Ott.
Thomas Donnell.	Peter Pelican.
Robert Drane.	Edward Pierce.
Carl Eckhart.	Jefferson Reed.
James Eddy.	Adam Rietz.
Frederick Emde.	Henry L. Ribby.
Jno Fife.	Charles W. Sears.
William H. Hartless.	Thomas W. Sedgwick.
Frederick Heine.	Charles E. Strong.
Dow Hodges.	Daniel Terry.
Thomas E. Hornby.	Robert N. Thompson.
Jno. H. Karle.	William Van Ohlin.
Henry B Latham.	Alfred J. West.
Henry Levoy.	Jacob Winn.
Brayton Loyd.	James H. Woodard.
David McClurg.	Christian Zimmer.

Ninety-eight officers and enlisted men.

COMPANY C.

ELIAS B. BALDWIN, *Captain*.

JAMES B. MCNEIL, *1st Lieutenant*.

JOHN M. TURNBULL, *2d Lieutenant*.

ENLISTED MEN.

Jacob Sands, Sergeant.	William M. Gibson.
John A. Porter, Sergeant.	Hugh W. Harper.
Ebenezer A. Crawford, Sergeant.	William Haitzell.
Scott Brownlee, Sergeant.	Ferdinand Hercher.
David S. Irwin, Sergeant.	Huston Henderson.
George N. Mercer, Corporal.	Oscar Jennie.
David B. Brownlee, Corporal.	Warren Kintzey.
Robert Gilmore, Corporal.	Henry H. Lord.
James J. Wilson, Corporal.	John W. McCoy.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY C.

Jacob A. Pearce, Corporal.	Frank McClanahan.
James M. Pollock, Corporal.	Joseph McGregor.
William Ward, Corporal.	William C. McElroy.
Wm. Kingsland, Corporal.	Jacob W. Moss.
James L. Dryden, Musician.	Ezra E. Munson.
Joseph E. Young, Musician.	George W. Nichols.
Elisha L. Atkins.	Lafayette M. Pike.
Wm. S. Allen.	James Ralston.
Joseph W. Arthurs.	Carvasso Reeder.
Wm. C. Azdel.	Jacob Stewart.
Valentine Angles.	Benjamin W. Sawins.
Wm. T. Arthurs.	Hugh Shearer.
James Armstrong.	Ethan Keck.
Charles B. Bailey.	Thomas Leggett.
Joseph Baxter.	George Monroe.
Franklin Beck.	Stephen W. Mattison.
Thomas G. Barton.	James C. McPherin.
Isaiah Baughman.	Jno. K. McMullin.
Isaac Carson.	William A. Mitchell.
Isaac N. Carey.	Ralph Miller.
George Dowell.	George Nelson.
James Davis.	Samuel Paxton.
James Elder.	William Patterson.
William Fisher.	Walter V. Reeder.
John Q. Graham.	Orestes A. Spickerman.
Robert Gillmore.	John Shook.
Orlando Hayes.	William Shearer.
John F. Henderson.	John H. Smith.
John H. Harris.	Ezra Schotts.
Lafayette Butt.	Isaac Stewart.
Nathaniel T. Baird.	John P. Tice.
Daniel P. Baldwin.	Henry Waystaff.
Huston Buchanan.	Samuel N. Wilson.
John G. Cavis.	Ezekiel Wimmer.
William P. Criswell.	Abraham Stewart.
Enos Constant.	William R. Toll.
Harvey P. Donnell.	George W. Thompson.
Albert Eckelson.	John H. Ward.
John B. Edgar.	John Wilson.
Richard Godfrey.	Gamble S. Wright.
One hundred and one officers and enlisted men.	

COMPANY D.

WILLIAM P. PIERCE, *Captain.*

JOHN VANPELT, *1st Lieutenant.*

GEORGE D. PARKER, *2d Lieutenant.*

ENLISTED MEN.

Edward P. Cass, Sergeant.
 Mercelon B. Gaylord, Sergeant.
 Alexander Stickles, Sergeant.
 Joseph C. Thompson, Sergeant.
 Isaac N. Beebe, Sergeant.
 Clinton Lloyd, Corporal.
 David Sutherland, Corporal.
 William T. Maycroft, Corporal.
 William C. Benedict, Corporal.
 John C. Taylor, Corporal.
 William Stewart, Corporal.
 Thomas Dillon, Corporal.
 Andrew L. Scofield, Corporal.
 Henry T. Kellom, Musician.
 William P. Birgess, Musician.
 Newton J. Abbott.
 Joseph Apley.
 Sidney M. Abbott.
 Lyndon K. Bannister.
 Henry F. Birch.
 Jacob M. Burgess.
 Joseph Bushnell.
 Rensler Carpenter.
 Seth Darling.
 Clark W. Edwards.
 Nelson Erickson.
 Alfred H. Gaylord.
 Allen M. Alvord.
 Louis P. Boyd.
 James A. Baker.
 Allen Brown.
 Benjamin F. Burgess.
 Charles H. Bissell.
 William B. Cady.
 William Duckworth.
 Oliver Edmond.

John Menley.
 Miles Murray.
 William T. Pyle.
 John A. Paige.
 Nelson Peck.
 Luther Gates.
 John Graham.
 Thomas Harrop.
 Joseph W. Hinsdale.
 Thomas Jones.
 Peter A. Johnson.
 William C. Knox.
 Charles G. Langdon.
 John Larking.
 Edward Lars.
 John Miller.
 Aaron Mills.
 Ole N. Oleson.
 Francis Phelps.
 William Peck.
 Aspin Peterson.
 Joseph Phipps.
 Joseph A. Smith.
 Louis R. Seymour.
 Phillip Stage.
 Charles Seymour.
 Thor. Thorson.
 Samuel Tucker.
 Ezra Taylor.
 George Thumb.
 Thomas Vernon.
 Thomas Welch.
 Chester F. Wright.
 Andrew T. Wilsey.
 John Wilson.
 George W. Raymond.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY D.

George Goodwin.	Dana Sherrill.
Willard W. Gifford.	Thomas Shaw.
Remington F. Gilmore.	Edward Seymour.
Eben Gates.	Joseph Shaw.
James Hurst.	George S. Tompkins.
Frank Henning.	James Thorp.
John Hyer.	Ole H. Thompson.
Ole H. Johnson.	Garrett G. Vreeland.
Andrew Johnson.	Jno. E. Williams.
Harvey Kimball.	Joseph Whitham.
William Lloyd.	Wright F. Washburn.
James M. Leach.	George W. Woods.
David Mellor.	Samuel Young.
One hundred and one officers and enlisted men.	

COMPANY E.

CHARLES D. FISH, *Captain.*ALBERT M. HOBBS, *1st Lieutenant.*WILLIAM H. CLARK, *2d Lieutenant.*

ENLISTED MEN.

George S. Bartlett, Sergeant.	Charles T. Etchell.
Lucian F. Heminway, Sergeant.	Uriah Foster.
William Hall, Sergeant.	Oscar S. Howe.
Orson Smith, Sergeant.	Judson W. Hanson.
Robert B. Ralston, Sergeant.	James Harrel.
David G. Cromwell, Corporal.	William Hunter.
Daniel Whitney, Corporal.	Joseph Howard.
Hiram Wagner, Corporal.	Henry J. Hodge.
Stanley Bushnell, Corporal.	Peter Johnson.
William J. Willett, Corporal.	Gilbert Ketchum.
Lyman G. Bennett, Corporal.	Elisha E. Lloyd.
Thomas P. Hill, Corporal.	George E. Lownsberry.
Herbert Dewey, Corporal.	George Lanigan.
Peter Schryver, Musician.	Henry Mullen.
William Todd, Musician.	James E. Moss.
John W. Alston.	George W. Matthews.
James H. Alston.	Amos Norton.
Comfort Brace.	Reuben W. Perrin.
James N. Baird.	Oscar Pecoy.
George W. Beane.	Melancton Ross.
Christopher M. Baker.	Charles H. Scofield.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY E.

Henry C. Baxter.	James S. Hatch.
Frederick Beier.	Henry Hanness.
Delmar Burnside.	Thomas Ives.
Eugene Benoit.	Sylvester M. Jay.
Alfred Bullard.	Augustus Kasten.
James Brown.	Hamlet Livens.
Mat Blu.	James A. Lanigan.
Milton Cornell.	Silas T. Marlette.
James Carlin.	Edwin J. McMullen.
Edgar S. Case.	Nicholas Meehan.
Charles W. Doane.	George Merrill.
Aaron Darnell.	John Pfensteil.
Bradley W. Doane.	Cyrus Perry.
Ira O. Fuller.	John Ray.
Amasa Gage.	Walter S. Ralston.
Henry Haigh.	Benjamin Sayers.
Holvar Hanson.	Lewis Schafer.
Erastus Beecher.	Thomas P. Titlow.
Christ Batterman.	William Woolenweber.
John Bush.	Joel Wagner.
John Brace.	Barney Wheeler.
William Burgess.	William W. Zellar.
Hobert D. Carr.	Henry Smith.
Patrick Connor.	Stephen Winans.
Henry Collman.	Jacob Wolf.
Silas F. Dyer.	Carlton D. Ward.
Charles W. Doty.	Edward R. Zellar.
Daniel J. Darnell.	
One hundred officers and enlisted men.	

COMPANY F.

PORTER C. OLSON, *Captain.*
 GEORGE F. STONAX, *1st Lieutenant.*
 MARTIN C. WILSON, *2d Lieutenant.*

ENLISTED MEN.

George G. Biddolph, Sergeant.	John Olson.
Richard H. Watson, Sergeant.	James W. Olson.
George K. Waun, Sergeant.	Oren H. Price.
LaRue P. Southworth, Sergeant.	Sweet A. Peterson.
Thomas L. Bowen, Sergeant.	Peter Phillips.
George W. Mossman, Corporal.	William G. Huggett.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY F.

Loren L. Olson, Corporal.	John J. Jordan.
Bergo Thompson, Corporal.	Ferriss Johnson.
Ole O. Brevick, Corporal.	Alfred Johnson
George Neff, Corporal.	William E. Jackson.
Michael Boomer, Corporal.	Lars Larson.
William Eyebond, Corporal.	Alexander Lipsky.
William H. Mossman, Corporal.	Alfred Melton.
Samuel Brimhall, Musician.	Anton Myer.
Norman C. Dean, Musician.	William McClary.
Erasmus Anderson.	Nels L. Nelson.
Michael W. Bastian.	Lewis Olson.
James R. Biddolph.	Thomas Orstad.
George A. Cummins.	Canute Phillips.
Stephen C. Cummins.	William J. Pletch.
William Curtis.	Walter E. Patridge.
William H. Cotlew.	George F. Roots.
George W. Dessalet.	Charles N. Ralph.
Theodore P. French.	Emra Strait.
John Green.	Reuben Sweetland.
Luther Haskins.	Richard Spraddling.
John J. Hamilton.	Henry M. Seymour.
William Browning.	James Sifleet.
Lewis E. Beldin.	Paul Stevenson.
Christian Christianson.	Alfred Tomlin.
William Coltrip.	Thomas Thompson.
Aben Christopherson.	Augustus P. VanOrder.
Edwin Dopp.	Thomas J. Wilson.
William H. Eastman.	Daniel Warden.
James S. Foster.	Charles Wangler.
Gunner Gunnerson.	John H. Roots.
Oscar P. Hobbs.	Alfred Riggs.
William D. Hibbard.	Frederick W. Sly.
Raynard Holverson.	Cornelius Seward.
James H. Hall.	Simeon L. Smith.
Jno. T. Johnson.	Charles F. Sweetland.
Canute K. Johnson.	Benjamin Stevenson.
Ira M. Johnson.	John Thompson.
Ira Larson.	William Thompson.
Christ Lind.	Andrew L. Turner.
John Lamb.	Jno. Howard Whitney.
Warren C. Massey.	Albert H. Wulff.
Henry J. Metabach.	Henry Waldsmith.
Francis A. Mossman.	
One hundred officers and enlisted men.	

COMPANY G.

IRVING W. PARKHURST, *Captain.*ABEL LONGWORTH, *1st Lieutenant.*ROBERT N. DENNING, *2d Lieutenant.*

ENLISTED MEN.

Linus J. Austin, Sergeant.	James Halkyard.
Jno. A. Dispennet, Sergeant.	Robert B. Howie.
Jno. S. Fairman, Sergeant.	George W. Hulse.
Herman J. Barstow, Sergeant.	William H. Irons.
Thomas W. Chandler, Sergeant.	Lewis Jones.
Henry J. Ray, Corporal.	William H. Jones.
Abiah R. Jordan, Corporal.	Daniel Kennedy
Cyrus S. Brayton, Corporal.	Edward Lyons.
Edward Collins, Corporal.	James S. Lear.
Peter Bradt, Corporal.	Adam Mills.
William E. Hunt, Corporal.	Thomas Malcomb.
Robert R. Bradshaw, Corporal.	Sylvester Meecham.
William Britt Corporal.	Ansel F. Norton.
Frank Mallory, Musician.	Andrew Nevill.
Zeroy P. Hotchkiss, Musician.	Charles Pratt.
Charles A. Browning.	Newman Perkins.
Peter Buchanan.	Wilbur F. Roseman.
Jesse H. Brown.	Daniel D. Radabaugh.
George M. Birdsell.	James Royds.
David Bardwell.	Seth Slyter.
Robert Briarly.	William F. Severns.
David Boyer.	William Kerns.
Francis M. Bradshaw.	Cyrus E. Libby.
Dyer O. Clark.	Charles Landon.
Isaac Corson.	George W. Moody.
Charles H. Chandler.	George B. Munger.
Nathaniel G. Curry.	James Meecham.
Jno. Corkins.	Henry C. Miles.
Wallace Ellis.	Harvey D. Norton.
William R. Foulk.	Thomas Olson.
William S. Gibson.	Charles L. Perry.
William Galloway.	Abijah Prouty.
Eber Hulser.	James Roseman.
Joseph Hebert.	McClure Rowan.
Daniel Hart.	William Rolley.
Edward Hume	Benjamin Stephens.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY G.

Jno. F. Irons.	Joseph F. Saunders.
Robert Jordan.	William M. Stitt.
Michael Corcoran.	Henry Spellman.
William H. Chamberlain.	Wilson Small.
Beriah Clark.	Samuel Sattmarsh.
Daniel Craver.	Job Whybrow.
Patrick Corkins.	Milton G. Yarnell.
Lewis B. Dawson.	Alexander M. Stitt.
Evin Edwards.	Martin Sitterly.
Joseph Fogt.	Franklin Small.
William Gould.	David M. Vanderstan.
Aquilla Hart.	Asa Winemiller.
Zalmon F. Hulser.	Nicholas Zimmer.
One hundred and one officers and enlisted men.	

COMPANY H.

MERRIT L. JOSLYN, *Captain.*ALFRED H. SELLERS, *1st Lieutenant.*CHARLES F. DYKE, *2d Lieutenant.*

ENLISTED MEN.

Augustus L. Patterson, Sergeant.	Edward E. Kapple.
Morris Briggs, Sergeant.	Wilson Lawson.
Theodore L. Griffin, Sergeant.	Albert S. Moore.
Henry H. Hayden, Sergeant.	James McDargh.
Horace N. Chittenden, Corporal.	Harrison Montgomery.
Henry F. Baldwin, Corporal.	Henry O. Murray.
Myron A. Smith, Corporal.	Orlando W. Nash.
Oscar H. Ford, Corporal.	Jno. Nemire.
Alvin S. Bunker, Corporal.	James K. Perkins.
N. B. Sherwood, Corporal.	George D. Greenleaf.
Myron D. Kent, Corporal.	David Hartman.
Day Elmore, Musician.	Jno. Holderman.
Lillibrun B. Agnew.	Myron Harris.
Elijah Adams.	Calvin F. Jones.
Robert Archibald.	George G. Jackson.
Orrin H. Benson.	Casius Kimplin.
Samuel Z. Carver.	Lorenzo D. Keys.
Jackson Conroe.	Ebenezer B. Lamb.
Daniel Clark.	Robert Morton.
Charles E. Dykert.	Thomas Miller.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY H.

Thomas Finlayson.	Frederick Marcus.
Jno. P. Floyd.	Cyrus Merrick.
Jerome C. Ford.	Andrew Nelson.
Jno. G. Fitch.	Charles E. Owels.
Madison W. Gould.	Allen Picket.
Benjamin Allen.	Orrin Picket.
Samuel Archibald.	Lorenzo D. Pease.
Wallace Benson.	Jno. H. Sackett.
Morris Cain.	Dennis K. Smith.
Charles B Crawford.	Benjamin H. Sedgwick.
William Carl.	Gilbert Traves.
Hovey R. Chittenden.	Madison M. Throop.
Joseph Duggan.	Banent Van Ness.
Washington M. Floyd.	Jno. H. Ward.
William W. Floyd.	Julius H. Wilbur.
Henry B. Ford.	Jno. A. Powell.
Samuel M. Foster.	Philo E. Robbins.
Andrew J. Guiliford.	Andrew J. Simonds.
Stephen Gates.	Frederick Smith.
Franklin Griffin.	Lavern Stanton.
William Hutchins.	Charles G. Thomas.
James A. Hutchins.	Cornelius Van Ness.
Charles W. Irish.	David L. Wilcox.
William H. Jones.	Jno. C. Wolf.
Robert Keys.	David Warnick.
Ninety-three officers and enlisted men.	

COMPANY I.

SAMUEL C. CAMP, *Captain.*
 ORVILLE B. MERRILL, *1st Lieutenant.*
 WILLIAM F. SUTHERLAND, *2nd Lieutenant.*

ENLISTED MEN.

Charles F. Case, Sergeant.	Frederick Miller.
David E. Shaw, Sergeant.	David W. McKay.
Abram Wormley, Sergeant.	Antoine Miller.
Gustave Voss, Sergeant.	Lawrence O'Brien.
James Ferris, Sergeant.	Jno. Roth.
Hiram Lowry, Corporal.	Kimball Smith.
Joseph W. Halstead, Corporal.	Benedict Stall.
Jno. Lonegan, Corporal.	Henry Schell.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY I.

Dwight Smith, Corporal.	Frederick Shanget.
B. J. Van Valkenberg, Corporal.	Charles Snyder.
Andrew Turner, Corporal.	Elbert M. Saxton.
Orrin Dickey, Corporal.	Vincent Gentsenberg
Henry Hirse, Corporal.	Joseph Hummell.
Jacob J. Snell, Musician.	Lewis Ketzell.
Levi Cowan, Musician.	Peter Lannier.
George Avery.	Samuel Mall.
Samuel N. Bartlett.	Stephen Minard.
Jacob Barth.	Nicholas Moletor.
Henry H. Barber.	Jno. Nolenburg.
Dwight G. Cowan.	Lewis Power.
Jno. Cook.	Martin Rinehart.
Jno. H. Denton.	Jno. B. Sage.
Andrew Elecker.	Henry Schroider.
William Freeze.	Benedict Stamphey.
George Beck.	Frederick Shulingburgh.
Samuel J. Brownell.	James Scully.
E. W. Brundage.	Nicholas Swickhart.
Michael Cligitt.	Christopher Thake.
William Daley.	William Varner.
Hobart Doctor.	Peter Wittman.
Leander A. Ellis.	Frederick Witzkey.
Ferdinand Gaur.	Thomas Wild.
Jno. Grinnel.	Harvey Tooley.
William Hinchman.	Christ Wentz.
Nathan Hunt.	Harvey Webb.
Coonrod Learnichel.	James Wicks.
Jno. Leuthard.	
Seventy-six officers and enlisted men.	

COMPANY K.

JOHN Q. ADAMS, *Captain.*
 JAMES FOLEY, *1st Lieutenant.*
 AARON C. HOLDEN, *2nd Lieutenant.*

ENLISTED MEN.

Jno. F. Elliott, Sergeant.	Francis Judd.
Eldridge Adams, Sergeant.	Joseph Levican.
Matthew J. Hammond, Sergeant.	Abram Long.
Romain A. Smith, Sergeant	George B. Lenhart

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY K.

Charles Hazelhurst, Sergeant.	Charles Mongerson.
Theodore A. Folson, Corporal.	Jno. C. Minkler.
Robert H. Starr, Corporal.	Edward H. Mayberry.
David H. Dickenson, Corporal.	George Monroe.
Abram J. Ketchum, Corporal.	Edward J. Millay.
William B. Giles, Corporal.	William S. Moore.
Eugene P. Albro, Corporal.	Emery W. Piatt.
Edward Reeder, Corporal.	George R. Pollock.
Aseph J. Adams, Corporal.	Jno. Peterson.
George W. Hemmingway, Musician.	Benjamin W. Simmons.
James Hazelhurst, Musician.	Francis Samson.
Henry C. Allen.	Harlan Sanders.
William Adams.	Jno. H. Johnson.
Seneca Birdsell.	George Lake.
Peter Burnett.	George G. Lyon.
Edward Clark.	Jno. B. Lenhart.
James Delany.	Thomas P. Matteson.
Solomon Emberlin.	Thomas Moffett.
Samuel Grundy.	Charles J. Minor.
Thomas Glove.	Edwin E. Monroe.
Frederick Hazelhurst.	James McCray.
Burton Honey.	Samuel H. McCartney.
James H. Hogue.	Simeon Parsons.
James C. Hogue.	John Paul.
William C. Hall.	Harrison Skinner.
Allen Burroughs.	George M. Seales.
Harrison W. Blank.	Charles Steines.
John Clark.	Henry P. Sype.
John P. Clark.	James Stevenson.
James Downey.	Charles A. Tucker.
John M. Gordon.	John H. Underwood.
George W. Gates.	George W. Vail.
Michael Hillard.	John F. Weekes.
Daniel Hammond.	Francis Turkesbury.
James M. Hogue.	Cyrus W. Underwood.
James Henry Hogue.	Paul I. Vanwickland.
John Hodgson.	Orrin Wood.
George S. Hall.	Sydney O. Wagoner.
Eighty-seven officers and enlisted men.	

COMPANY A CAVALRY.

ALBERT JENKS, *Captain.*SAMUEL B. SHERER, *1st Lieutenant.*AZARIAH C. FERRE, *2nd Lieutenant.*

 ENLISTED MEN.

Albert Collins, 1st Sergeant.	Jesse Hollenback.
Francis E. Reynolds, Q. M. Sergeant.	Nicholas Hittinger.
Fletcher J. Snow, Sergeant.	Joseph Ingham.
James J. Johnson, Sergeant.	Ira Jacobs.
Fred O. White, Sergeant	Oliver H. Judd.
Daniel Dynan, Sergeant.	James M. Kennedy.
George Stewart, Corporal	James E. Kirkpatrick.
Jerome B. Marlett, Corporal.	William Laws.
Henry B. Douglas, Corporal.	Ole C. Langland.
George W. Haydom, Corporal.	Richard Larkin.
James Sirby, Corporal.	Truman Lillie.
David Hill, jr., Corporal.	Christian Logan.
Isaac Rice, Corporal.	Joseph R. Loomis.
James T. White, Corporal.	George H. McCabe.
George A. Carson, Farrier.	Joseph F. McCroskey.
James J. Hume, Saddler.	James McMullen.
James Allen.	George W. Moon.
Charles Angell.	Allen Mowry.
Smith D. Avery.	Andrew Nortrip.
Simeon Baily.	Elias Nortrip.
James S. Barber.	Eugene Newell.
Henry Beebe.	Charles H. Oderkirk.
John Beebe.	Eugene D Odell.
Irwin M. Benton.	Aaron Prickett.
Joseph Burley.	William Pride.
Caleb B. Beers.	Joshua Rathbone.
Hope S. Chapin.	Patrick W. Rigney.
Able Colyer.	Thomas B. Robinson.
Joseph Carle.	Royal S. Rutherford.
Samuel W. Clark.	John A. Radley.
Charles O. Dorr.	Orrin Squires.
Edward F. Dorr.	Arnold Starbrock.
George L. Dorr.	Thomas J. Slosson.
Nathaniel Duff.	Cassius P. Snook.
Henry C. Davis.	Edward W. Stewart.
Frederick Elderkin.	Oliver C. Switzer.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY A CAVALRY.

John W. Everts.	Lawrence S. Tucker.
Robert Frailick.	Albert Tubbs.
Clark L. Furguson.	Abijah Tarble.
William H. Fox.	Harlow M. Tuttle.
George Gunter.	Eleazer Todd.
Martin Glenn.	John Vangorder.
Robert Hascall.	Charles Weaver.
Thomas Hampson.	Orrin Y. Whitford.
Gilbert Heath.	Charles F. Winans.
Chauncy Hollenback.	Darius D. Williams.
Ninety-five officers and privates.	

COMPANY B CAVALRY.

HENRY A. SMITH, *Captain.*
 SAMUEL CHAPMAN, *1st Lieutenant.*
 JOHN S. DURAN, *2d Lieutenant.*

ENLISTED MEN.

Edward M. Barnard, 1st Sergeant.	Charles F. Holmes.
Henry C. Paddleford, Sergeant.	Charles P. Kennedy.
Vernon O. Wilcox, Sergeant.	John M. Kingsley.
John Lovell, Sergeant.	Christopher Kingsley.
George W. Archer, Sergeant.	James Knox.
John W. Davis, Sergeant.	Abijah A. Lee.
John McQueen, Corporal.	Eben Lowder.
Henry Weightman, Corporal.	Lloyd T. Lathrop.
Henry C. Scott, Corporal.	William M. Love.
Nathan Lakin, Corporal.	William Mehan.
William Duncan, Corporal.	John Muldoon.
Eugene M. Griggs, Corporal.	Eugene Mann.
John Baker, Corporal.	Henry Nelson.
Schuyler Rue, jr., Corporal.	Thomas C. Pennington.
Wallace S. Clark, Bugler.	Peter D. Porchet.
John M. Paddleford, Farrier.	Marquis L. Perry.
William Donivan, Blacksmith.	David Peterson.
Russell C. Fowler, Saddler.	Isaac Peterson.
Julius C. Pratt, Wagoner.	William H. Pease.
Myron J. Amick.	Abner A. Pease.
John Archer.	George Perkins.
Henry Ball.	Jeremiah Phelan.
Nathaniel Brown.	John D. Pringle.

ENLISTED MEN, COMPANY B CAVALRY.

Mortimer C. Briggs.
Edwin E. Balch.
Ephriam M. Cardner.
Robert Collins.
William J. Christy.
George Cox.
Robert N. Chrysler.
Isaiah B. Curtis.
Charles Collins.
George W. Campbell.
Charles Cooley.
Harrison Eaton.
Edwin F. Evarts.
John Fraser.
William H. Fletcher.
Patrick Glennon.
Robert Gallagher.
John Gilbert.
Norton N. Harger.
Oliver Hanagan.
Jerry Hickey.
Ninety-one officers and privates.

George Pettingill.
Daniel Rettis.
Daniel Reynolds.
Earl Robinson.
Abraham Rumsey.
Henry J. Rogers.
William E. Satterfield.
Justin J. Stringer.
Amos D. Scott.
Abijah L. Strang.
Charles L. Seward.
Henry M. Sawyer.
James Sheddon.
Clark Tucker.
John B. Thompson.
George M. Winchester.
Wallace Wettenpaugh.
Martin F. Wettenpaugh.
Noah Walice.
John Wagoner.
Benjamin Weaver.

CHAPTER IV.

OFF FOR THE WARS.



TUESDAY, September 24th, the long expected and much wished for day of departure from Camp Hammond dawned. Before day the men were astir, the camp alive and buzzing like a huge bee hive. Hurrahs would break out from some unexpected quarter, which were followed by scattering hurrahs all over camp. Animation beamed from every countenance, and soon after sunrise people from the country came crowding into the camp by the thousand. They came on foot, on horseback, and in every conceivable kind of vehicle from a lumber wagon to a chaise. Gaily dressed women, fair-faced country lasses, hardy countrymen, over-dressed fops and substantial farmers, making up a "tremendous big crowd," were on hand, rendering the scene animated and picturesque beyond description. A larger assemblage never before gathered on the banks of the glistening Fox ; and never went soldiers to fields of glory bearing kinder wishes for their welfare, or more heartfelt adieus at their departure. Eyes unused to weeping were dimmed with mistiness, and hearts throbbed heavily with painful thoughts as the order was given to strike tents, and

in ten minutes the prairie which had been flecked with snowy canvass was littered with heaps of straw, old clothes, hats, bundles of rags, fire places, boards and ruined bunks.

At 4 P. M. the column was formed, and headed by the band, we bade adieu to Camp Hammond forever; marched to Aurora and embarked in a long train of passenger coaches which awaited us, and amidst the deafening shout of thousands the train moved away. Scarcely a sad face was seen in the regiment, and if flashing eyes and loud huzzahs were an index of the feelings within, all departed with joy and gladness. On the line of railroad our departure had been heralded in advance, and it seemed as if the whole population were out, lining the track to bid us God speed. Bonfires blazed, guns were fired, and the evening air was stirred with shouting as we passed swiftly through the villages which dotted the country. At Arlington, in Bureau County, where we stopped a few minutes for water, crowds of ladies flocked to the train to welcome and shake the hands of their gallant defenders. At Galesburg the citizens thronged the station, and were profuse in complimenting the fine appearance of the men. A group of cavalymen, with Major Barry in their midst, while standing on the platform at the depot with their overcoats and clean uniforms on, attracted the attention of a citizen, who remarked, while looking at the squad, "They have a fine looking set of field officers." Whether the Major alone appropriated the compliment, or regarded it as a drive at the officers, was not ascertained. We reached Quincy at 3 P. M., September 25th, and soon the work of transferring cavalry horses, tents and regimental stores to the steamer *Warsaw* commenced. Those of the men not detailed for that purpose found quarters in an empty warehouse; many, however, remained in the cars, and doubling up like jack-knives, sought repose in the seats.

A thousand or more of Mulligan's men had arrived at Quincy from their defeat at Lexington, and each had his story of adventures, of hardship and suffering to tell. They were a brawny set of Irishmen, who had fought well and deserved much of their country, which up to that time had paid them nothing. As our destination was Missouri, and the probabilities were that we would have the same enemy upon our hands, some pains were taken to ascertain the character and numbers of the rebels, and the particulars of the late battle at Lexington.

Previous to September a small force of the 1st Illinois Cavalry and a body of Home Guards had been posted at Lexington to protect the Union people of that place. This force being menaced by superior numbers, Col. Mulligan was dispatched from Jefferson City with his regiment as a reinforcement, marching a distance of 150 miles on foot. Entrenchments were thrown up around the Masonic college building, which served as a magazine and store house. The Union forces at this time numbered 2500 men. The next day the enemy's advance, 6,000 strong, under Gen. Rains, made their appearance. Col. Mulligan, finding himself threatened by a greatly superior force, sent urgently for reinforcements, while the command speedily set to work with pick and shovel to strengthen their defences. On the 12th of September the siege began. By the 17th the enemy were in force and had entirely surrounded Mulligan's position with 20,000 men. The battle continued night and day with both cannon and musketry, but every charge was repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy. At length they constructed breast works of hemp bales, from behind which they kept up a continuous fire while rolling them towards the federal position. Sorties were made upon these works and the enemy driven away, but lacking sufficient support to hold them the advantages gained were temporary. During one of these

charges Col. Mulligan was wounded and Col. White, of the 1st Illinois Cavalry, killed. Upon the death of Col. White a panic seized the Home Guards, who, without orders, raised a flag of truce, which Col. Mulligan caused to be torn down, and the combat continued. At length the ammunition having given out, and the men being completely exhausted, the Home Guards again raised a white flag, which this time was not torn down. Terms of surrender were agreed upon, the men were paroled and permitted to proceed to Quincy. Everything except clothing and officers' side arms were given up. Col. Mulligan wept when he found he must abandon a contest which he had gallantly maintained for eight days. Gen. Price complimented the command by saying that "these Irishmen were the hardest set to capture he had ever seen," and certainly their looks in this respect did not belie them. Many of these men were ready to violate their parol, and proceeded to St. Louis with us, persisting in their determination to join our command and fight the "rebs" on sight.

The next morning all the men and equipage were transferred to the *Warsaw*, and as she steamed out into the river, turned her prow from the city and went cutting the spray southward, a thousand cheers were interchanged between boat and shore. The shrill notes of the band and loud beating of drums echoed from the woody banks—and from each negro cabin a shout went up and a fluttering handkerchief or apron waved us a kind God speed. But two nights' and a day's absence from home had afforded ample time for a little of the enthusiasm to cool, and when the men began to realize that they were dissevered from old familiar land marks, it might be for months—possibly, alas, forever! many faces were measurably lengthened, contrasting strangely with the animation of the day before. At night the

twinkling stars were suggestive of sad thoughts; even the notes from the band became mournful as a funeral dirge, and its strains seemed to echo only tearful and melancholy farewells. Some eyes were observed terribly red—resulting from the wind, of course.

The trip was made with scarcely a stop, except when stranded on a sand bar, where for twenty minutes the men were kept on a double quick from bow to stern until the craft worked its way over and was again cleaving the waves. No incident worthy of record occurred to those on board, but everybody on shore, as we rapidly steamed by, came out and gazed at the great steamer plowing through the water, crowded with 1,200 soldiers, who swarmed from texas to boiler deck. The men were generally in good spirits, and but few complained of illness until it became known that the sick were to occupy the cabin, when an epidemic for state rooms suddenly broke out, and Surgeon Young was much surprised at the numbers responding at sick call, all requiring immediate attention and removal to the cabin.

Daylight on the morning of the 27th found us safely moored at a landing in front of the city of St. Louis. Col. Greusel immediately proceeded to the headquarters of Gen. Fremont, reported the arrival of the Regiment, and asked for arms. His requisition was at once granted, and at 9 o'clock A. M. the *Warsaw* dropped down to the United States Arsenal. Arrived within its stone walls, arms and accoutrements were quickly distributed. Companies A and B were fortunate in securing Minnie and Enfield rifles, while Springfield muskets of an old pattern, remodeled, were dealt out to the balance of the Regiment. The Colonel was indignant, the men were disappointed, but no amount of expostulation could secure different arms, from the simple fact that they were not to be had.

Lieut. Clark, who by unanimous consent had been appointed regimental wag, was heard discoursing thus: "Heaven forgive us all our sins if we are to be sent among these rampageous, half horse, half alligator, border ruffians with these old muskets and triangular bayonets. If we are not kicked over the borders at the first discharge it will be through the special interposition of a kind Providence. Or it will be through the same merciful influence if we are not all dead in three weeks from lugging so much rusty iron among the black jacks and rocky fastnesses of Missouri. We shall be equally in danger from the muzzles of squirrel rifles and the breeches of our own muskets; and caught thus like a rat in a trap between muzzle and breech, what possible earthly chance can there be for us?"

When the "Wayne Rifles" were humorously requested to walk up and take their muskets, with a look of injured innocence they peremptorily refused, and left the arsenal grounds in a huff and without a single gun. Re-embarked upon the *Warsaw* we steamed back to the city and passed another night upon the boat. A train of freight cars were shoved down to the levee to which the regimental stores were transferred, and at about 5 P. M. the Regiment was marched through the city with rattling drums and colors flying, to the depot of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, where we embarked for Rolla, then the terminus of the Southwestern Branch. There being no equipments nor sufficient transportation for the cavalry, they were sent to Benton Barracks, a beautiful location north-west of the city limits, where at that time 10,000 men were under the military instruction of Gen. Curtis, who was in command.

After eight of the infantry companies had taken their places in the cars, word came from the railroad officials that, for lack of transportation, two of the companies would be obliged to remain

in St. Louis until the next day. Preparations were being made to proceed in accordance with this arrangement, when Col. Joslyn, having ascertained that there were cars enough upon the tracks, concluded that the two cavalry companies were enough to leave at that time, and proceeding to the engine, pulled the pin connecting it with the train, and with revolver in hand declared the train should not leave St. Louis until cars sufficient for the transportation of the infantry were furnished. The altercation became rather boisterous, and one of the railroad men threatened to thrash him. The Colonel doubted his ability to make the threat good, and reiterated the demand for more cars, which, after some delay, were forthcoming—the plucky Lieut. Colonel of the Thirty-sixth coming off victorious in the first campaign in Missouri.

At Franklin we were switched on the South-west Branch, over which we ran at little more than cart horse speed, affording abundant opportunity to speculate upon the dangers and trials of the future and wonder what fate had in reserve for us. The South-west Branch cannot easily be forgotten by those who in war times had the excruciating pleasure of riding over it. The men were penned in box cars like drovers' stock on its way to the slaughter pen. Every foot of space was occupied, and there was not a square inch of muscle that was not as tender as an ulcerated tooth at the termination of that ride. Passing through a rough, almost mountainous region, with its frequent intervals of steep grades, to a nervous man the speed was painfully slow; but when the heights were gained, and the down grades reached, a rate of speed was at times attained calculated to lead to the suspicion that at that rate and over such a track we would soon be landed in a country of sultry climate, where secession had its birthplace and where, we hoped, it was destined

soon to have its burial. Then we would go up, up, winding around mountain gorges until one would have to watch the trees closely to determine if we moved at all.

The hills were usually covered with low, scrubby black jack; the soil for the most part poor and thin, and scarcely worth the blood already shed in its defense. With an occasional clearing, comprising a few acres of sickly weeds, a log cabin with mud chimneys entirely outside, with now and then a dilapidated "butternut;" a smoke begrimmed, dejected woman and a swarm of half-clothed urchins, with unkempt, yellow heads protruding through the chinks, watching, with a vacant stare, the passing train, served to fill up the details of this picture of the region passed through. The bulk of native Missourians we saw were long, gaunt men and women, put together well enough, perhaps, originally, but now quite shaken to pieces with fever and ague, or trembling with terror and apprehension, in view of the speedy occupation of the country by federal troops and retribution which might at any time overtake them for participation in rebellion. As a rule, the houses of the country were small, dirty and dilapidated; each establishment worthy of its proprietor. Of thrift, comfort, and good farming, we saw none; the people barely existed—did not live. One meets many just such dwellings and just such people over the South. Men who lie around loose rather than stand erect on God's green earth; men who seem to have no heritage of ideas or manly aspirations, but manage in a very precarious way to keep body and soul together. Labor is degrading, so of course, they are idle; a slave or two becoming the "hewers of wood, the drawers of water," the scape goat of their master's idleness, and the occasional victims of their vindictive wrath. Men fresh from the busy scenes of the enterprising North had hard work to suppress a feeling of contempt for these, the worst

victims of slavery, stigmatized by the haughty slaveholders and by plantation negroes as "poor white trash." The beautiful South lies sterile and her people semi-barbarous at the feet of her evil genius, Slavery, but will grow young, powerful and strong, and occupy a proud position by the side of the sister States of the North only after this race of do nothings is gone, when free labor comes to touch with new magic the springs of intelligence, enterprise and industry.

Finally, after surviving the perils of "riding on a rail," and after being jolted and pounded in the closely packed box cars until every joint from toe to crown was as "stiff as a poker," we reached Rolla shortly after noon of September 29th. We proceeded to the recently vacated camp of the 13th Ill., and pitching our tents, were at home again. It required but a short time to understand that the pic-nic days of Camp Hammond were over, that playing soldier was played out, and that now we were to come down to genuine hard work.

CHAPTER V.

ROLLA.



ROLLA, the county seat of Phelps County, Missouri, at that time the terminus of the railroad, was an insignificant gathering of tumble down shanties, built of logs and boards, scattered here and there in the brush as though they happened there by chance, and might have been very appropriately classed with those institutions so common in the South-west, known as "one horse towns." Every other shanty was a whisky shop, from whence proceeded every form of loathsome disease and death which prevailed to an alarming extent among some of the regiments stationed there. The Court House, a large, brick structure, was used as a hospital. Of its two hundred sick and suffering inmates, three-quarters were Missourians, who were not considered in their normal condition unless saturated with whisky. One might pick up any of those lank, three-story-and-an-attic specimens of the genus Missouri, wring him out, and whisky would ooze from every pore. It was apparent that to a greater or less extent their example was contagious among the northern regiments, and exerted a powerful influence in persuading many to patronize the hospitals and graveyard, as well as those dead falls

labelled saloons. This was the main cause of so great a percentage of sickness and mortality among those who were supposed to be acclimated to the country, and to modes of life which on the distant frontier much resemble that of a soldier in camp.

On Col. Greusel devolved the command of the Post. The first measure inaugurated by him, and the first expedition in which the 36th participated, was a demonstration in force against the whisky dens. The Colonel commanded the expedition in person, and with a detachment from the 36th, headed the charge, seized and emptied all the liquors they could find. Very little of the extract of corn remained in Rolla at the close of *that* campaign.

Previous to the occupation of the town and the establishment of a military post at Rolla, trees and brushwood covered the slopes and cumbered the streets, or more properly, bridle paths. Situated in the midst of a scantily settled country—a silent, sleepy region, but little troubled with Yankee enterprise or modern agricultural improvements, and as a business center scarcely producing a ripple upon the dull monotony of the region—there were no inducements for building. But in time the groves were cut down, the land cleared and leveled for parade grounds, and the hills denuded of their foliage for purposes of fuel. War, with its wonder-working power, wrought a great change in the appearance of this sleepy town. White-walled, canvass villages sprang up and crowned the hill sides; sentries paced up and down its once quiet walks; and army wagons, soldiers, mounted officers, and orderlies hurrying from camp to camp over rough, forest ways, gave it an air of business, activity and bustle, quite in contrast with the primitive days of the town. The population was largely made up of apple women, mustang ponies, fugitives from the outskirts of civilization, mules, contraband negroes, with now and then a secessionist not smart enough to run away,

and too worthless to be hung. Such was Rolla as we found it: a conglomeration of military camps, of small traders, attracted by the hopes of gain from unsuspecting soldiers, and a "right smart sprinkle" of native Missourians, all of which constituted the peculiar make up of the place.

In a few days the 13th Illinois and 4th Iowa Regiments returned from a brief and fruitless expedition and encamped in close proximity to the 36th, and as the former had been recruited in the same region of country with ours, a close intimacy and generous rivalry sprang up between them.

In the meantime drilling proceeded almost incessantly, lasting some days from six to nine hours, and such rapid progress was made in our military education as to attract the attention of officers of other commands. Col. Wyman was a frequent visitor and at times conducted the Dress Parades, and the 13th, the hitherto crack regiment of the State, betrayed some anxiety about retaining their well merited and so far uncontested laurels. The severity of the day's drill and other duties required of the men had a tendency to send them early to bed, when quiet reigned over camp until the little drum major would arouse them to activity at five o'clock in the morning.

Col. Greusel was a strict disciplinarian, and looked sharply after the peccadillos of the men. Realizing from former experience that it was not the bullet or shell which most menaced the lives of soldiers, but that habits of idleness, license and dissipation engendered diseases infinitely more fatal than Dahlgren or Columbiad; his orders were stringent in regard to drunkenness, frequenting saloons and disreputable houses, and also very definite in relation to plundering from citizens. All convicted of disobeying orders were made examples of, and dealt with severely. As a result, the general good conduct and exemplary behavior of

the men of the 36th was commented on, and led some to suppose they were all members in good standing of some orthodox church, while their deportment won for them the credit of being gentlemen as well as soldiers. One night a corporal while concealed in the bushes and darkness near the post of a sentinel, overheard the countersign as it was given to a relief, and persuading some of his comrades to accompany him, they left camp and raided heavily on the gardens and hen roosts of citizens, and brought their ill gotten plunder to their quarters. The affair reached the ears of Col. Greusel. Their arrest and speedy court-martial followed, resulting in the decrease of the number of corporals in that Company, and a corresponding accession to the numbers of high privates, while the whole party were sentenced to ten days confinement within the vermin-haunted walls of the jail.

An institution somewhat aboriginal, and yet peculiarly Missourian, was the pie and cake venders, generally skinny old women, who flocked in from the country with immense burdens of "leather apron" pies and black lumps of ginger bread or molasses cake—a mixture of flour, bacon grease and sorghum molasses—the color of which suggested tar instead of syrup. The venders of these villainous articles would hang about the confines of camp, hawking their wares with voices as unmusical and unfeminine as horse fiddles. The men of the 36th were liberal patrons of these institutions, and at all times groups of soldiers might be found gathered around these native hucksters, voraciously devouring their conglomerate mixtures. It was absolutely marvelous to see the quantities which an average sized thirty-sixer could hold. After gorging themselves with pies, hunks of black gingerbread—enough, one would think, to found a horse—the information would be vouchsafed that they had eaten just enough to provoke an appetite, and then another half dozen pies or cards of

cake were purchased to be sandwiched between a course of baked beans and hard tack. It was a continued source of wonder how men could endure such a surfeit of leather and molasses, beans and bacon with which they tormented their digestive organs, and survive; and it could only be accounted for on the theory that with the change from civil to military life, their stomachs, like their costumes, had undergone a wonderful transformation; perhaps were lined with gutta purcha and riveted to a diaphragm of boiler iron. Yet they lived; and like Jeshurun of old, waxed fat, and would tumble out of their quarters on a keen, frosty morning as nimble as crickets, ready for duty at the drop of the hat. The demand for this indigestible native pastry was occasioned by the poor quality of the rations at this time served to the troops. Some of the early issues of hard bread were old and worm eaten. When soaked in coffee, more or less dead worms were found among the dregs. The members of the Band at one time had issued to them a barrel of it, infinitely worse than any they had hitherto received. They determined to bury it, and the whole musical corps of the regiment marched in solemn procession to a spot selected outside of camp, and the rites of sepulture were gone through with. Dutch Charley, the bass drummer, suggested that an epitaph be written upon the headboard, and on being asked what it should be, replied:

Here lies von mans, his name's hard pred,
He shmels shc pad dot he ish deat.
Sthramer stheps lightly o'er dish sot,
Or de vorms vill eat you ups, mein Got!

As Rolla at this time was the extreme outpost occupied by federal troops, it was the point to which refugees and fugitives, fleeing from the relentless conscription of the rebels, came for protection and aid. The 25th Missouri, commanded by Col. Phelps, was largely composed of this element. They came singly

or in squads of from two to fifty ; on foot, on horseback and in any and all ways to escape the fury and hate of their enemies. Weary and footsore they presented themselves to the pickets and from thence wended their toilsome way to the camps. One arrival of seventy-five mountaineers from the chert hills of Douglas County, on the borders of Arkansas, for a while was the center of attraction. To the "boys from America," a queerer conglomeration of human oddities and natural curiosities were scarcely ever raked together. No mortal man could picture a more strange, ragged and dirty assemblage in the form of human beings. Most of them were tall, sallow, cadavarous and leathery fellows, as uncouth as was ever represented in David Crockett's comic almanac. Others were short and brawny, and stalked through the crowd with a reckless, independent swagger. All of them were squalid, travel-worn and tattered to the last degree. Talk of scarecrows ! Why, the yards of dirty linen hanging out like fluttering banners from the rear, and the patches and shreds of old coats and garments dangling from their limbs, would be sufficient to scare the crows and all other "varmints" in terror from the country. Some were barefooted, others had an apology for shoes that would excite the profoundest contempt from the seediest street beggar that ever haunted the gutter for bones. And as for hats, words could scarcely do the subject justice. Hunt up all the old hats that ever plugged the windows of poverty's dirtiest kennels ; select a score or more of the poorest and worst, and an approximate idea might be formed of the head-gear of these native mountaineers.

As Union men they had been persecuted, plundered, driven from their homes, and hunted like wild animals by hordes of secession "blood hounds" from Arkansas and the Southern border. Many were caught and hung ; others had their ears cut off,

and some were shot down like dogs. For mutual protection they finally banded together, determined to die, rather than submit to further exactions and barbarities. A party of these men on the 3d of October encountered two hundred secessionists on Bryant's Fork, about two and a-half miles south of Vera Cruz, the county seat of Douglas County; and, after a lively fight of fifteen minutes, the enemy fled, leaving fifteen dead and ten wounded upon the field. But one of the Union men was wounded, and he but slightly. Two days after, another party of secessionists were met and put to flight, leaving one killed and three wounded, while the others fled as rapidly as possible to Arkansas. Rumors of the return of their enemies in larger force, together with want of provisions and ammunition, determined them to come to Rolla. On the way they had encountered a detachment from McBride's rebel regiment, and captured them all, including a Lieutenant and a dozen privates, who were brought to camp and sent from thence to St. Louis for confinement in the Gratiot prison. One of the refugees, Samuel Collins, was seventy-five years old. A son had been hung by the southern miscreants, and he had been forced to live for months in the woods. He had fought with Jackson at New Orleans, and was ready again to face the storm of shot and shell in defence of the same old flag. He was enrolled with the others, and as a member of Phelps' Regiment, mustered into the service of the United States.

Near to and adjoining the camp of the 36th was a battalion of Cavalry, called "Kansas Rangers," under the command of Major Wood. Nearly the whole of his command were recruited in Missouri and from citizens of the State, and why they were called "*Kansas Rangers*" was not satisfactorily explained. Detachments from this battalion were constantly scouring the country; hunting out secessionists; collecting information of their movements; now

and then stinging them like wasps and stirring them up right lively. Shortly after our arrival, a squad of twenty-five proceeded thirty miles to the south-west of Rolla, and quartered themselves in a house for the night. A negro quietly informed them of the near approach of a company of Confederates, under one Freeman, who, aware of their movements and situation, with superior numbers was preparing to surprise and capture them. They at once mounted their horses and hurried away in such haste as to leave two of their number asleep, and their absence was not noticed for some time. Soon after the house was surrounded and a volley poured in at the windows. One of the sleeping troopers was severely wounded and captured; but the other, though fired upon and having an arm broken and a finger shot away, reached his horse and made his escape. At another time a detachment from the same battalion scoured the valley of the Big Piney, capturing several noted secessionists who were at home on furlough.

Hearing that one Pitcock, a leader among them, was at home, Sergeant Adams with four men was sent across the country to arrest him. As they approached the house in the night they were greeted with a fusilade from eighteen shot guns, that were handled by an equal number of brawny "butternuts." So warm a reception was not expected. The Rangers, however, pitched in, kicked the door from its hinges, and revolvers in hand, charged among their dismayed antagonists, and soon that mountain cabin looked more like a slaughter pen than the abode of human beings. A few escaped, but nine were killed outright and four brought away as prisoners. It was said that some were shot after their surrender. Sergeant Adams was quite severely wounded in the breast, being the only injured man of the Rangers. The battalion, composed almost entirely of Missourians—men without a particle of cowardice or the more redeeming virtue of mercy, each having

an old grudge or private wrong to avenge and neglecting no opportunity for the speedy settlement of these personal grievances,—was the terror of the country.

Such occurrences had but slight influence upon the general result of the contest, and were of no particular moment to the 36th. Yet the recital of these adventures served to enliven the dull routine of camp duty, and furnished food for conversation and material to write about in the hundreds of letters winging their way back to the firesides left behind.

The two Cavalry Companies remained much longer at Benton Barracks than was anticipated, on account of there being no arms for them at St. Louis. Other cavalry detachments were in precisely the same situation, some of which had been waiting months for their equipments. Little did the people realize at the commencement of the war the utter poverty of the nation in the essentials for carrying it on. The administration shrunk from proclaiming its needs, and struggled on, endeavoring to supply deficiencies in the best manner possible, and because of its inability to arm a half million men at once, without a musket in the depleted northern arsenals, and without money in the National Treasury, it was abused without stint. But while thus waiting, the cavalry was not idle. The horses as well as men were familiarized with the movements so necessary to be learned.

At length marching orders were received, and on their arrival at Rolla the troopers were greeted by the infantry with a hearty welcome. They were speedily armed with sabres, breech-loading carbines and revolvers. The battalion, with their clean uniforms and new armament, made a gallant appearance, and for a time the "36th Riding Company" created a sensation among the natives.

The first death and burial after the Regiment arrived at Rolla occurred October 7th, being that of a member of Company B.

Cavalry, named Logan. The whole Regiment, except those on duty, formed in line and followed the body to the grave, where it was buried with military honors.

On the 16th, Lieut. Chappel, of Company A., died, being the second death which occurred at Rolla. His body was placed in a coffin, draped with the National flag, and forwarded to friends at Elgin, for burial. The Regiment was drawn up in two lines, in open order, extending from camp to the railroad station, between which Company A. with reversed arms followed the coffin, which was preceded by the band, playing a funeral dirge, the solemn cadences of which added a mournful solemnity to the sadness of the hour. Captain Baldwin took charge of the body and proceeded with it to Elgin.

On the 10th of October all the troops, except the 36th, the 4th Iowa and Phelps' Missourians, left Rolla and marched to the south-west, to co-operate with General Fremont in his movement from Sedalia upon Springfield. Colonel Dodge, of the 4th Iowa, being the senior officer, was placed in command of the post, and with characteristic vigor set about placing it in such a condition for defense as to render it secure against assault from the enemy. Work was resumed on Fort Wyman, which had been left for weeks in a half-finished condition. This defensive work, situated on a hill three-fourths of a mile south of town, overlooked and commanded the surrounding country. It had been planned and commenced under the direction of Captain Totten, and about half completed by the 13th Illinois. Engineers to take charge of the work were detailed from the 36th, for there was no trade or profession, but had representatives in its ranks. Large details of men were made from each regiment at the post; picks and shovels provided, and the gravel was soon flying in a way which insured the speedy completion of the fort and the erection of block houses at opposite angles.

CHAPTER VI.

EXPEDITION TO HOUSTON.



IN THE meantime a wail of distress came up from Texas, Dent and other counties south and west of Rolla. Each day bands of fleeing refugees repeated their stories of destitution and suffering resulting from the depredations of guerrilla bands that patrolled the country, enforcing the relentless conscription laws of the Confederate Congress, and plundering the Union people of their sustenance, often adding murder to the long catalogue of other crimes. McBride, Freeman and Hawthorn were filling these localities with terror, and sweeping the country as with the besom of destruction. Fields were laid waste, and swept of cattle, hogs and horses, and the smoke of burning houses marked the path of these miscreants.

An expedition to Houston was resolved upon and Colonel Greusel put in command. It was made up of detachments from the two Cavalry Companies of the 36th, commanded by Lieut. Sherer, of Company A; Companies B and E of the Infantry, and two hundred men from the 4th Iowa Infantry, consisting altogether of about five hundred men. It was believed that at Houston a considerable force of "Bushwhackers" and the odd

ends of several rebel commands were collected, from whence they radiated and ranged over the surrounding country committing their depredations and fiendish barbarities.

At four P. M. all were in readiness ; the men fell into line, each with knapsack containing blankets, extra ammunition and three or four days' marching rations. The Companies wheeled into column ; the drums beat an exhilarating air ; the rattle of sabres, the clinking of horses' shoes over the stony road, and the measured tread of the infantry as it filed over the hills, presented a more warlike aspect than anything the 36th had yet been accustomed to. Cheer on cheer rent the air. The men, inexperienced as they were in campaign life, and eager for a change, were wrought up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The troops marched well, and twilight was descending, wrapping glade and mountain in the garb of night 'ere they had wended their way over the hills and were fairly out of sight. After marching eight miles, one of the teams gave out, and was taken back to Rolla, and a six mule government team sent in its stead, escorted by eight men from Company C. The night was intensely dark ; dense clouds shut out the starlight and left the command to grope its way over a rough unfrequented road that led through a country more rough and rugged than the Illinoisians had before experienced. Now they went toiling up steep hills seemingly interminable ; then plunging down the precipitous slopes of others, into some deep and dark ravine. Rough strata of rock cropped out at every step, stumps and boulders littered the road, against which the men came in rough and unexpected contact, lacerating their limbs and bruising their feet. Streams were reached and forded, the troopers' horses plashing through the swift flowing water, their iron shoes grinding its pebbly bed, the infantry cautiously wading through and then marching on in silence, broken

only by a savage expletive as some one tumbled over a rock or into a hole. After marching twelve miles, mostly in the darkness, they bivouacked near the banks of a stream. Pickets were thrown out, the horses tied to the black-jacks, and then the men sought repose on the cold ground, but wrapped in their blankets.

At daybreak the next morning the men prepared their coffee, cooked a scanty breakfast, and then the column was again in motion, but not marching with that precision and order observed upon the parade ground. "Rank step and arms at will," was the order, and each man took the gait which suited him, provided he kept closed up with the company, while his musket described every possible angle but the right one. This plodding on through a wild, rough country had very little of military romance about it. On the contrary, it was downright hard work, especially for most of the men detached from the 36th, who were unaccustomed to such service.

Straggling was not allowed, but all sorts of excuses were resorted to, to go to the wayside cabins for milk and "garden truck." What astonishing spasms of hunger or thirst attack soldiers on sight of an attractive farm house, and what sad stories of privation they have to tell when once they gain the ear of the proprietor or his family. A pretty close observer of all the phases of a soldier's life has stated that positively no soldier under such circumstances was ever known to have had anything to eat for the two previous days, though his haversack may even then be crammed to corpulency with "hard tack." And the pleas these mousing stragglers put in when caught with plunder are sublime in their audacity.

Major English, of the 4th Iowa, observed a soldier staggering along with a great swelling under his blanket—which, from every indication, he judged to be a dead pig—whom he hailed with :

"Hello, my man, where did you get that pig?"

"It isn't a pig, sir, it's tomatoes. You don't know, sir, how hard it is to tell pigs from tomatoes in this blasted country."

The Major re-adjusted his spectacles, took another look, but refrained from pressing his inquiries further.

At each halt during the day the inevitable tin cup was in requisition, boiling coffee at impromptu camp fires. Nothing seems to refresh troops when on a march so much as a cup of coffee.

At night the command encamped on Crow Creek, within five miles of Licking, which place was reached the next day, and occupied by the infantry for four days, while Col. Greusel with the cavalry scouted the neighboring country, capturing some noted secessionists and bringing them to camp. The hamlet was nearly deserted, as the former residents, who were Union people, had been plundered and then driven from their homes, and only a few forlorn "war widders," faded damsels and yellow haired, dirty faced children now remained. The troops found quarters in empty houses, and during the time the place was occupied detachments scoured the country and stripped it of "secesh" horses, mules, cattle and wheat.

Col. Greusel with the cavalry proceeded to Houston, chasing from thence a squad of ghostly "butternuts," with whom a few shots were exchanged, but at too great a distance to be effective. On being pressed by the cavalry, they took to the brush and escaped. A secession flag was floating from the Court House, which was hauled down and the stars and stripes ran up in its stead. Notice was given to sympathizers and the aiders and abettors of treason that if the flag was hauled down or insulted, the troops would return and inflict summary vengeance upon those who did it. Fourteen prisoners were captured, including an Inspector General, Quarter-Master, Sergeant Major, and an Orderly Sergeant, who, on the return of the expedition, were

confined within the precincts of Fort Wyman, and with others set to work with pick and shovel upon the fortifications. The prisoners strenuously objected to being obliged to work, and as an ordinary rule prisoners of war are exempt from such service to their captors; but when we take into consideration that these men were the authors of much of the distress and suffering endured by Union families, followed in many cases by house burning and assassination, humanity towards them almost ceased to be a virtue. The graves of their victims send forth bloody witnesses, and the tears and agony of widows and orphans who owe their grief to these miscreants testify against them, and to labor in chains all their days would be an insufficient recompense for the fearful consequences to the country of their accursed treason.

On the 6th, Capt. Wood with the cavalry started for Spring Valley, thirty miles distant, in pursuit of Col. Freeman, against whom the expedition was principally directed. He could not be drawn into a battle, and by his perfect knowledge of the country eluded all efforts for his capture, and only straggling shots at long range were exchanged. The property taken and brought to Rolla was valued at \$15,000, which was turned over to the Quarter-Master and Commissary Departments. Among the trophies was a drum made from a hollow log, looking much like a northern bee gum, with sheep skins stretched over either end, and when beaten sent forth a lugubrious murmur unlike anything ever heard before in connection with military organization, outside the jungles of Ethiopia. The flag taken at Houston was a primitive affair, displaying artistic skill in its make up about on a par with the drum, and covered with cabalistic signs and hieroglyphics about as intelligible as Hebrew or Greek to a backwoods Indiana Hoosier. This campaign had its advantages in accustoming the men to long marches and unceasing vigilance.

CHAPTER VII.

STILL AT ROLLA.



COLONEL WYMAN'S expedition to the south west showed results in the long lines of prisoners of war which were sent by him under guard to Rolla. The jail and fort were gradually filled with them, and guards detailed from the different regiments at the post were required to prevent their escape.

The 36th contributed its share in the entertainment and preservation from harm of these highly honored guests.

Though the 36th did not participate in this campaign, yet a short synopsis of the incidents connected with it may not be out of place, as they served for many days to keep the men on the *qui vive*, and awakened nearly as intense an interest as if they were active participants.

The first day out from Rolla the expedition marched twenty-four miles to the Big Piney, through a drizzling rain storm, over mortar-mixed roads neither safe nor agreeable. On the 12th, the command went into camp within four miles of Wet Glaze, not far from Lebanon, in LaClede County. The pickets were fired upon during the night, which apprised Col. Wyman of the nearness of the enemy, and soon after reliable information was

obtained of the position and strength of a considerable force. Four companies of cavalry under Major Wright, and four companies of the 13th Infantry, set out at daylight to make the attack, while the balance of the command were to follow closely in their support.

Col. Turner, the Confederate commander, took up a position at Wet Glaze, on the side of a hill overlooking and commanding the road over which our forces were expected to approach, that led up through a ravine and along the sinuous windings of a range of hills. The whole country was diversified with chert ridges, cut by deep ravines and densely covered with bushes and scattering black-jack, in every way favorable to the mode of "fire and run" bush fighting adopted by the enemy, who, supposing that their presence was wholly unknown to Wyman, had taken their position among the bushes and trees, partly concealing them, and awaited our approach. Just then several ambulances, with some of the convalescents from Springfield, left there after the battle of Wilson's Creek, approached, and were compelled to halt before entering the ravine, and in this position remained more than an hour, awaiting the result of the expected battle. They were frequently jeered by the secessionists, and told that they would soon have another batch of wounded feds to carry along with them to Rolla. Such was the condition of affairs, when suddenly two companies of cavalry under Captains Switzler and Montgomery, who were in advance, charged over the hill and swooped down upon the left flank and rear of the astonished enemy, and poured a destructive fire from their carbines into the now wavering ranks; then charging with their sabres they scattered them like chaff before the wind. The cavalry pursued, and each singling his man, overtook and sabred him to the ground. In a few minutes the fighting was over; the enemy

throwing away guns and everything that could impede their flight, took to the woods and ravines in a perfect rout. They were so completely surprised and terrified that but few shots were fired by them, and only one of Capt. Montgomery's men was wounded. It was a dash—a shout—a gleam of death from our side, and a wild and frightened scamper for life on the part of the enemy. When our cavalry and the ambulances met, three rousing cheers went up and echoed through the glades.

The force engaged on our part was the cavalry advance, numbering scarcely one hundred men. The infantry hearing the firing, double-quickened to the spot, panting and out of breath, but were only in time to assist in gathering up the wrecks that strewed the ground. Sixty-three of the enemy's dead were found, thirteen wounded were scattered over the hill side, and forty prisoners captured.

Many were the incidents of personal daring related to the eager, gaping crowds of the 36th which thronged around the ambulances and prisoners' escort as they came filing into town. One negro with Capt. Montgomery, in the capacity of cook and general drudge, fearlessly rode in advance of the command, blazing away at the first butternut in sight, and the first of the enemy to fall was shot by him. The prisoners were a sorry looking set of vagabonds, and in their dress and deportment much resembled the Douglas County refugees.

From Wet Glaze, Wyman marched to Linn Creek and captured thirty other prisoners, who were likewise brought to Rolla for safe keeping and to experience the hospitalities of the 36th. In retaliation for the plunder of McClurg's store at Linn Creek some time previous, the 13th was allowed to confiscate the contents of stores and shops belonging to active rebels and their sympathizers. It is needless to add that the work was thoroughly done, and a second visit for that purpose rendered unnecessary.

During the absence of the expedition, each day, and nearly each hour, came laden with reports of battles lost or won; of enemies thronging around in countless thousands, together with hundreds of other wild reports, too incredible for any but the easily gulled to believe. One morning Price was reported within five miles of the Post with ten thousand men at his heels, fully bent upon its capture and the slaughter of its defenders. And great was the astonishment and indignation of the men at the apparent apathy and indifference of the officers, who made no call to arms and no preparation for defence. During the day this report was considerably modified—the numbers of the enemy reduced to five thousand and their distance twenty miles away. When stripped of exaggeration their numbers amounted to twenty furloughed or fugitive secessionists, skulking about their homes twenty-five miles away. But Wood's cavalry thoroughly scoured that neighborhood, caught four of the skulkers, brought them prisoners to Rolla and forever settled the story of the three black crows.

There is no community on earth so frequently the sport of rumors wild and strange as a camp of raw recruits contiguous to an enemy. For stories the wildest, strangest and most unbelievable, of the near approach of enemies, of army movements, of impending battles, &c., &c., commend me to a camp of soldiers with little to do. The novice hears of fighting, of victories or disasters, in advance of experienced commanders aided by their trusty scouts and appliances for gaining information, and acting on his implicit belief in the truth of these rumors, his knapsack is packed and he sleeps with his sword or musket by his side. All this was gone through with a dozen times in the camp of the 36th. A little experience soon teaches men to get over this, until an order to march at a moment's notice or to charge an enemy's position is received with entire equanimity.

News of the capture and occupation of Springfield by Gen. Fremont was followed by a requisition for supplies from Rolla. Most of the cavalry at the Post, including a detachment from Company A, of the 36th, was sent as escort to a large train laden with army stores to the front, with Lieut. Col. Joslyn in command. Judge Sample Orr, with a long cavalcade of Union refugees from the southwest, joined the command, hoping under the protecting care of the escort to be able to reach their homes and remain in peace and safety under the shadow of the stars and stripes, borne by Fremont's victorious legions, who, it was reported, had swept the country of secessionists, and sent them skurrying in inordinate haste and terror to the wilds of Arkansas.

Fremont's southwestern campaign, from which grand achievements were earnestly hoped for and confidently expected by the country, proved to be a stupendous failure; and that officer was superseded in the command of the Department by General Halleck, who signalized his accession to power by relieving Fremont from the command of the Army while in full career of triumph, placing Gen. Hunter in charge and recalling the expedition. The troops which a few days before had marched from Sedalia and Rolla so sanguine of success, rejoicing that the period of inactivity was broken and that at length they were to come down to work; that work the sweeping of secession forever beyond the borders of Missouri, contributing to the final termination and entire overthrow of rebellion, alas, was changed to a dispiriting retreat. Not a retreat with shattered ranks, torn by shot, before a proud, victorious foe, and as broken wrecks from some disastrous conflict; but with full ranks, flying banners, unsoiled uniforms, as free from smoke and smell of gunpowder as if at home in the North, quietly at work in shop or field.

Among the troops that returned to Rolla from Springfield was the splendid 13th Ill., with Wyman's Brigade, also the Divisions

of Sigel and Asboth. Sigel was regarded as the lion of the hour, and his appearance in the camps was the signal for an ovation. Small of stature, but lithe and active, his conversation somewhat broken, he had not that stolid sluggishness which characterizes the average "lager beer" German. Not his dress, nor his quick, jerky conversation, revealed the general and superior commander so much as a fiery, restless eye, which at once attracts, fascinates and pleases. He was a man of battles, accustomed to the roar the smoke and carnage of deadly conflict, with a name and fame already historic, who considered the putting down of rebellion a religious duty. The men were enthusiastic to "fight mit Sigel." But enough of adulation; we shall know him better by and by when we have marched with him through the lanes of death.

Gen. Asboth also visited the camp of the 36th. He appeared as rigid and stern as an iron statue. A grim son of War, he had not that magnetic influence over men, arousing their enthusiasm, like Sigel. Asboth, after a review and dress parade conducted by himself, pronounced the 36th the finest appearing and best drilled in the manual of arms of any regiment in the service; a compliment of no mean significance when we consider the high source from whence it emanated.

We had now fairly settled down in camp and fully embarked in housekeeping, when the wives of Col. Greusel, Capt. Pearce and Capt. Baldwin came and took up their abode with us, distributing rays of glorious sunshine, and reminding us of social life in America. The presence of these truly magnificent women was the cause of their husbands being subjects of envy all over the regiment. Never before had the men so fully appreciated the value of a yard of calico—the shimmer of bright eyes, the sheen of a tress, or the flutter of a ribbon, as now. To men who for weeks had hardly seen a woman's face radiant with smiles

and beaming with intelligence, the presence of these ladies awakened fresh memories of home and the well remembered associations of other days; kindled anew the love for wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts, and endeared every adjunct of femininity left behind. The roughest soldier in the ranks was chastened into propriety, behaved better, aye, and fought better, from the presence of true, loyal and lovely women among them. An influence for good pervaded the camp from their being in it. Their visits to the hospital and ministrations to the suffering ones gave life and hope where else would have been despair and death.

Mrs. Greusel knew what it is to be the wife of a soldier, and the patient endurance of long months of separation, with the care of children on her hands, while the husband is away in his country's service. She had passed through it all while her husband was fighting the country's battles on the plains of Mexico. Truly the country owes much to its heroic daughters as well as to its brave sons.

Mrs. Pearce was a superb horsewoman, an easy, graceful rider, and flashed over the hills and valleys like a ray of light, and often alone, as free and fearless as a trooper.

Pay-day came at last—we had begun to despair of ever seeing its bright dawning—and the regiment was made happy by the appearance of Major Kinney with his money bags. That night the men retired to their bunks rejoicing in the possession of their hard earned shekels. Many thousands of it were sent home to gladden the hearts of wives and children, while other thousands changed hands by the shuffle of the cards, and by all the tricks and devices which camp followers and camp leeches could invent to wring the hard earned cash from the pockets of their fellows. Not the least in expressions of satisfaction at the appearance of this auspicious day was the sutler. He did an enormous business at an enormous profit, and at night his establishment was as

empty of eatables and articles of prime necessity as though a rebel army corps had gone through it.

But if pay-day was fraught with blessings to some, it brought its curse upon others. I doubt if twelve hundred men can be promiscuously brought together, but that some will be found with a constitutional thirst for intoxicating liquors. Men who were thought to be exemplary in their habits were now found in that soggy condition which induces the hugging of telegraph poles in the laudable endeavor of steadying the world. Notwithstanding stringent orders against its introduction, somehow "tarantula" found its way to Rolla.

A trooper belonging to Company B Cavalry, who had suffered for two whole months without a glass of whisky, nay, without so much as a smell of it, found means for getting out of camp and soon was drunk—drunk all over; he continued so for three days, and of course for that period was absent from roll-call. After sobering up he returned to camp, reported his absence and the cause of it to the Colonel, who reproved him sharply, but as this was his first offense he concluded not to punish him, making him promise, however, to keep sober in the future. On reporting to Capt. Smith for duty, that officer caused his immediate arrest, personally assisted in tying his hands, gagging him by passing a rope through his mouth, and then jerked the poor fellow about the Company quarters until his mouth and tongue were badly lacerated and bleeding; then, just for the fun of the thing, kicked him brutally as he lay helpless on the ground. This was too much for average human nature to endure, and the men interfered and rescued their comrade from further violence. Ascertaining the extent of his injuries, a simultaneous rush was made for the Captain, with the avowed intention of putting an eternal quietus to his kicking and gagging propensities. The uproar

caused by these summary proceedings attracted the attention of the officer of the day, who called out the camp guard for the Captain's protection, but he had to leave camp and sought refuge in a house in the outskirts of the town, where he lay concealed during the night and succeeding day. The next night he was secretly conducted to Dillon, a station six miles from Rolla, on the railroad, and when the next train passed he went with it to St. Louis. He was afterward cashiered and dismissed from the service. Such brutality might be appreciated among Camanche savages, but the army of the United States, particularly that branch of it to which by some unfortunate circumstance he had been attached, could very well dispense with his services. He was succeeded in the command of the Company by SAMUEL B. SHERER, of Aurora.

The weather during these days of patient waiting at Rolla was for the most part delightful. Never was there a more favorable time for marching, and that we were to advance very soon was taken for granted. Whither and when, were questions which ruled the hour. Squads of prisoners, reports of skirmishes and occasional mutterings of battle from the south-west, where Fremont was driving all before him, gave rise to conjectures as to a time in the near future when we should receive orders to march to our first baptism of blood. Rumors as usual often fixed the hour, but day succeeded day and weeks followed in quiet succession, and we did not move. It was not for subordinates unacquainted with all the reasons for delay to trouble themselves on this point, so we made the best of it, gradually settling down to bear with cheerful philosophy the monotony of camp life. Abundance of food was served to the men; Joe, the sutler, was always ready to add to the government ration his supplementary trash, and the pie and cake women still found a ready market for

their leathery wares. So passed September, October and November; the hills, fields and woodland basking in glorious sunshine. We realized in its rich fulness the appropriateness of the term, "The sunny South."

There were times when the south-west winds would come rushing through camp rather too briskly for comfort; when clouds of dust would roll up from the parade ground; hats, shingles and clothing hung out to air would be caught in the breeze and go skurrying eastward. At such times the principal occupation of the men on returning from drill would be to dig the sand and gravel from their eyes, the dust from their ears, and with soap and towel proceed to remove the strata of Missouri soil which masked their faces and was sprinkled in superlative nastiness over their clothing and person.

By the last of November the air became crisp and frosty. The winds changed to the north, and men wrapped in their overcoats and mufflers went shivering to their posts of duty. The skies became overcast with dark, heavy clouds, giving notice of the approach of winter. Then came the rain; not in gentle showers to lay the dust, usually more refreshing than disagreeable, but a cold, driving storm, mixed with sleet, which, aided by the wind, sought every nook and cranny about the camp; through every opening into the tents; penetrating the clothing and cutting the faces of such as were compelled by duty to endure it. Canals and ditches for drainage purposes were dug and means adopted for preventing the deluging of the quarters, or the winds from eddying under and through the canvas-walled habitations. The weather accomplished what the wishes of the men had failed to effect, and the daily drills for a time were suspended.

For hours the patient cooks sought to work out the difficult problem of how to make a fire from green wood, in a puddle and

midst the driving rain. Fire and water were brought into fierce conflict, fire finally triumphing, and a pale, sickly flame flickered up through the dark smoke-wreaths; not enough for warmth, but sufficient to simmer the coffee and soften the beans, which, together with hard tack, eaten in the tents, were the luxuries we thrived upon. The trails cut through the brush, which by some misnomer were called roads, were changed to quagmires, through which the army wagons sent out for wood were with difficulty dragged. Little mud holes became miniature lakes. Unless duty imperatively required it, the men remained quietly in camp. A trip to the outposts was like an aquatic excursion, better performed by web-footed horses and men.

This season of alternate rain and snow, of "sailing through muddy seas," lasted but a few days, when again from a rift in the clouds the sun looked smilingly down and greeted us. Such was the winter of 1861-2 in Missouri; alternating from sleet to sunshine, from roads as hard as pavements, to seas of plastic mud. Without ice and with little snow, and hills not frozen to adamant, like the stern-visaged Winter of the North.

With the abandonment of the southwest and return of the army to Rolla, came vast crowds of refugees, fleeing not only from rebel outrage, but from starvation and death. Their few remaining goods, chattels and effects spared by the plundering hordes of Price and the guerrilla bands which everywhere ranged the country for spoil, were tumbled promiscuously into dilapidated ox-carts or squeaking wagons drawn by jaded oxen or horses, as lean and starved as Pharaoh's kine. Each convoy was accompanied by a pack of lank, wolfish dogs and swarms of ragged, sun-burned children on foot, often without shoes. They took their sorrowful journey as outcasts from the homes which had sheltered them, and with the North Star as their cynosure they fled to the

line of the Union armies for protection. Family after family thronged to Rolla as the "Mecca" of their hopes. The father, careworn and dejected, trudged along the dusty road; the mother, anxious, yet patient; the children, with a curious mixture of wonder and excitement that served to buoy up rather than depress, and all in the lowest stages of destitution. Their houses had been burned, their cattle driven away, their farms devastated and themselves cast out upon a cold and cheerless world. One could not contemplate without horror the thousands of families brutally driven from their homes, wending their way over the mountain, and with blood-stained feet crowding to Rolla and begging for the bread which their own fellow countrymen in the ranks of secession had deprived them of. Many had fathers, sons, or husbands in the ranks of the federal army and were now bearing northward mute testimonials of their devotion and sacrifices. From this heterogeneous mass of human beings Col. Phelps derived many recruits, for from the fires of persecution patriots arose, as Christians arise from the blood of martyrs.

There were now about ten thousand men gathered in the various camps in and about Rolla. Each separate regiment or command, like the 36th, had little or nothing to do. In the calm, beautiful evenings groups of officers would stroll from camp to camp to chat with old acquaintances or new found friends, and thus pass the hours in the interchange of friendly courtesies. A favorite resort at such times was Fort Wyman, which commanded a view for many miles over the surrounding country. Far away in every direction flashed a thousand camp fires, each tent illuminated, and a little aid from the imagination would change the lovely scene to a stately city with its broad avenues, replete with life and the hum of business. Then would come the reflection that these were not the peaceful residences and happy firesides of

quiet citizens, but the temporary shelter of those who, far away from loved ones, had taken their lives in their hands in defence of home and fatherland.

Near at hand were the sheltering tents and blazing camp-fires of Col. Phelps; southwest along the valley of Beaver Creek, and following the sinuosities of its course for miles, the camp-fires of Wyman, Sigel and Asboth's Divisions presented long avenues of flame—for before each tent was blazing a pile of black-jack logs—vieing with each other in the grandeur of the illumination. The exact location of each could be distinctly traced by the bright lights marked and reflected from the heavens above.

At the foot of the hill the 36th and 4th Iowa were located nearly under our feet, and one might almost fancy what the men were talking about, as around each ripple of flame they were seen grouped in conversation, or engaged in various occupations. Some, of course, were boiling the inevitable coffee pot, for it matters not what the hour, no camp-fire was ever without a soldier making coffee; some are reading, some playing cards and others simply keeping warm.

At the Fort, guards and prisoners were on equal terms of social intercourse and sat promiscuously about the fire, smoking pipes and telling yarns. One Corporal Baughman, from Phelps' regiment, was a genius in his odd, Missouri way. Talking of mosquitoes the old fellow remarked, "That reminds me of Arkansaw, whar thar's a right smart sprinkle of them kind of varmints thar. Thar is whar a man can hold his arm extended in the air for a minute and then by suddenly hauling it in, leave a hole in the air just the size and shape of his arm."

And then followed some of his experience as a pioneer in the south-west. In the early settlement of Springfield, neighbors, like angels' visits, were few and far between. For his first year's

provisions he raised a patch of buckwheat, and taking it to a mill for grinding, the miller, a South Carolinian, thought he would like some, and purchased a quantity for his own use. His wife, entirely ignorant of the manner of its preparation, undertook to make light bread of it, but after two or three trials and failures, threw the stuff away, declaring "old Baughman a fraud and cheat," and a candidate for a "licking on sight."

And this one on Harrison, of the 36th, came out. While on duty at the Fort he patronized a Missouri woman for milk. One morning he was early after his accustomed ration of the lacteal, and found the good dame "pailing the cow." Being a Yankee, he could not wait in silence but plied the woman with questions, among which was the enquiry if her cow was a good one for milk. "Mighty good," was the reply. "She dont give a very peart flow now, yet I reckon she gives a right smart sprinkle."

And Lieut. Pritchard gave a chapter of his experience among the "Pukes." At one time on his way from Rolla to Salem, he called at a cabin for water. The family were at dinner, and when the mother arose to procure a gourd full of the *aqua pura* for the stranger, two stripling girls monopolized the sorghum dish, and went for its contents their level best, by dipping their corn bread into the molasses and then getting outside of the smeared and dripping morsels as greedily and speedily as possible. One, not entirely satisfied with the share she was able to secure, called out to the mother on her return from the spring: "Mam! Mam! Sal dips twice into the deep to my once in the "shaller, and you know lasses is scarce."

The following was also told and vouched for as a fact: Among the secluded hills somewhere in Missouri, one of the "natives" had in the course of years, by hard labor and economy, saved up his shekels, and in addition to broad acres had an abundance of

gold and silver. Business called him to St. Louis, and he took his daughters along, who flashed like full blown hollyhocks in ribbons and calico. While at dinner at the Planters', a guest at the opposite side of the table was observed to dip his bread into the syrup dish and proceed to its mastication. One of the daughters observing this, plunged her corn bread into the same dish in backwoods style, at the same time calling out to her sister: "Sall! Sall! Why dont you wallup yer dodger into the sop?" "Pap's got as much money as enny on em, I reckon."

But it is nine o'clock. Tattoo is sounding from bugle, fife, drum and horn, and twenty regimental bands take up the refrain and a wilderness of sweet sounds and swelling notes come welling up like some strong fountain upheaving its wealth of sparkling foam and seething waters. Thanks for the regimental bands, and thrice grateful for the rich harmonies which come floating up from their silvery horns. Then wending our way slowly and thoughtfully through the various camps to our quarters, the thought impresses itself upon our minds that there is not one in all this great camp of many thousands of sleepers, who has not left some one to mourn his absence; not one so poor and mean as to be without some tie binding him to others, and liable at any time to be broken by the rude touch of war.

The large army gathered about Rolla did not altogether pine in inglorious inaction or rust with idleness. Predatory bands followed up the retreat from the south-west, and infested the country outside our picket lines. The cavalry were constantly on the wing, gathering up stray parties who ventured too near our lines, and frequently dealing telling blows, giving the "butternuts" a foretaste of what was in store for them when once the dogs of war were let loose. Wood's Kansas Rangers filled them with terror, and Wright, Montgomery, Switzler and Bowen haunted them like ghosts of the departed.

November 30th, Major Bowen proceeded with a detachment from his batallion to Salem, the county seat of Dent County, about thirty miles distant. The weather was stormy and the roads fearfully muddy, and on his arrival after dark, weary and wet, finding no enemy, he quartered his command in the vacant houses scattered in various parts of the town. Not apprehending danger, pickets were not posted, as should have been done. In the night they were surprised by Col. Freeman and Col. Turner's rebel bands; were fired upon through the windows and a number killed and wounded. Bowen soon rallied his terrified men around the Court House, and after a hotly contested engagement repulsed the enemy with some loss.

Captains Switzer and Montgomery were sent to Bowen's relief, and the united commands set out in pursuit of Freeman, pressing him so closely down the valley of Currant river that he was obliged to leave it for the mountains. Our cavalry continued their march some distance beyond until night, and then struck across the country to head off their wary, as well as wily, foe. Coming to an open country, they descried the enemy's camp-fires at a distance, and proceeded in silence until in close proximity to their camp, when, at the word of command, a volley from our carbines went crashing among the surprised and bewildered foe, who started up and fled in every direction, without firing a gun. The rebel loss was not known, except in prisoners, fifty of whom were taken and graced the triumphant return of the expedition to Rolla.

Captain Jenks, with a detachment from Co. A of the 36th cavalry, led an expedition in the direction of Crawford County, and, though no collision at arms with the enemy occurred, a large number of sympathisers and active secessionists were apprehended, brought to Rolla and incarcerated at the Fort, where they enjoyed a season of rest from their predatory meanderings.

Thus were the ranks of copper-bottomed prisoners rapidly recruited, until the narrow limits of Fort Wyman could not contain them. Among them were Lieut. Col. Somers, Captains Worsham and Bohannon, together with other officers of lesser note. Numbers were sent to St. Louis for confinement in the Gratiot prison; some renounced their faith in secession, expressing a willingness to enlist in the Federal service, and thereupon were released, joining some of the Missouri regiments. One of the prisoners, a boy eighteen years of age, was visited by his mother and sisters, who urged him to renounce secession, swear allegiance to the Government of the United States and return home with them. Their appeal was in vain. On their knees, with streaming eyes and swelling hearts, they implored him to give up the heresy of secession, but he, with firmness and a self-reliance and composure far beyond his years, declared that he would rot in prison before he would take the hated oath or violate his obligation to the Confederate Government—an exhibition of firmness and independence of character which in a righteous cause would have been admired and commended.

The scouting parties which penetrated the enemy's country, yielding a rich harvest of prisoners, were almost exclusively composed of cavalry, while the infantry remained in the camps of instruction or in the performance of Post duty, sometimes at other stations than Rolla. Capt. Miller, with Company B, in the month of December occupied St. Clair, a small station on the railroad, fifty miles east of Rolla, holding it as a Post for several days; but guard duty was light, and the troops both at Rolla and along the railroad were comparatively idle. As yet the weather was too delightful to permit the thought of winter quarters, and it was impossible for the troops to divest themselves of the belief that to-morrow, or next day, or the day after, they would cer-

tainly move to fields of more exciting interest than the dull routine of the camp. O this interminable waiting! Nothing so demoralizes men, so dilutes their manhood, so corrodes their patriotism, destroys their enthusiasm, steals away their cheerfulness and impairs their health, as to pen them up in camp and condemn them to weeks and months of listless do-nothingism. Card playing, at first resorted to as an occasional pastime, eventually degenerates into gambling, out of which grow quarrels and the acquisition of bad habits not easily overcome. In time the intelligent and refined become rough and brutal, a result traced directly to the enervating influence of idle hours. Crimination and recrimination among officers, followed by charges and courts martial, are the inevitable fruit of idleness. For those who are constantly busy, either physically or mentally, have not time to indulge in wrangles, or share in the rivalries and jealousies which spring up among those ambitious of position and restive under restraint.

The equanimity of camp was disturbed by the appearance of Lieut. Walker of Company I, armed with a commission from Gov. Yates and backed by orders from the Department Commander. Walker's friends in the Company greeted him warmly, but a hurricane or an earthquake could not have produced more consternation to his enemies than his untimely apparition among them. Walker promptly reported himself for duty, and at dress parades he and Lieut. Merrill stood side by side, neither yielding an inch, while Walker's Commission, (the only one in the regiment), and orders from Department headquarters secured his person from violence, but could not smother the rage and infinite disgust of his enemies. The whole camp was in a ferment, and, however much men desired it, it was next to impossible to remain in a state of neutrality. Dissensions between regimental officers arose in regard to the course to be

pursued towards Walker. Days passed, and still the Colonel remained firm and steadfastly refused to officially recognize Walker's claims to the position of First Lieutenant.

This finally culminated in charges preferred by Walker against Col. Greusel, Capt. Camp and Lieut. Merrill, the substance of which charges were to the effect that Col. Greusel refused to recognize the Commission of the Governor of the State of Illinois; that together with Capt. Camp he had resisted with force and arms his reinstatement in his position in the Company. Their arrest and suspension from duty soon followed, and Lieut. Walker was placed in command of the Company. Shortly after, while absent as officer of the day, an effigy was hung in a tree upon which was written, "I've got my posish!" which attracted large crowds from every part of the Regiment. Lieut. Col. Joslyn caused its removal and administered a scathing rebuke to the officer of the guard for allowing such an outrage to be perpetrated within the confines of the camp. Weeks passed and matters remained in *statu quo*, no commission being appointed to try the charges until January, after Gen. Curtis had assumed the command of the "Army of the Southwest," when G. M. DODGE, Col. 4th Iowa Vol., C. B. HOLLAND, Lieut. Col. 25th Missouri Vol., and Major ENGLISH, 4th Iowa Vol., were appointed a Court Martial to investigate the charges and try the cases.

At the time of the organization of the Court the regiment was on the march to the southwest and Walker absent in command of the Company. Col. Brackett, as mustering officer of the regiment, was the only witness examined, and testified to the muster of Capt. Camp and Lieut. Merrill as officers of the Company, that Walker was not present and was not mustered in any position in the Company. In five minutes after the case was closed, the officers were released from arrest and ordered to the regiment for duty.

Col. Greusel joined the regiment on the Big Piney Creek and assumed command. He was received with a perfect storm of cheers from the men and welcomed back to his old position. Poor Walker, professing to have had enough of mud and marching for that campaign, returned forlorn and dejected to Rolla, resigned his commission, and ever after from Company I and the 36th Regiment was going—going—gone!

Though rid of Walker, the Regiment was not rid of dissensions growing out of his case, that were too deep seated to be summarily disposed of, and which for a long time impaired the harmonious, half family relations which should exist between officers of the same regiment or command. Had Lieut. Merrill been as early and as easily disposed of as Walker, he would have escaped a humiliating record which for all time must be a blot upon his military career.

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S. R. Curtis

MAJ. GEN. SAMUEL R. CURTIS.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROLLA TO PEA RIDGE.



EARLY IN January, Brig. Genl. SAMUEL R. CURTIS was appointed to the Command of the "Army of the South West," and proceeding to Rolla assumed directions of military matters in that quarter. Gen. Curtis was born in Ohio, and at that time was fifty-six years of age. He was educated at West Point, from which institution he graduated with honor in 1831. After nearly two years' service in the infantry branch of the regular army, he resigned his commission, studied and practiced law for a while. Having a natural taste for engineering, and his acquirements fitting him for that profession, he gave up the practice of law and was for some time employed as chief engineer on various public works. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he volunteered his services, was appointed Colonel, and served under Gen. Taylor throughout his campaigns. He was for a time Military Governor of the City of Monterey, and in the performance of the duties of this position displayed superior tact and rare administrative ability. After his return, he resumed the pursuit of engineering, and took an active part in many of the public improvements which opened up

and served to develop with amazing rapidity the young and growing West.

He removed from Ohio to Iowa, and settled at Keokuk, where he was twice elected to represent his District in Congress. Upon the announcement of the fall of Sumpter, which event set the country in a fever of excitement, he hastened to Washington, entering the city with the renowned 7th New York Regiment, riding through Pennsylvania Avenue at its head. He at once tendered his services to President Lincoln, which were accepted; resigning his seat in Congress, and armed with the necessary authority he proceeded to Iowa and recruited the 2nd Regiment Iowa Volunteers, which was the first in the field from that State. Through his exertions and promptness Northern Missouri was protected in its loyalty, and all efforts of secessionists to gain a foothold there were successfully repelled. He was soon after promoted to the rank of Brigadier General and appointed to the command of Benton Barracks and the District of St. Louis, under Gen. Fremont. The raw, undisciplined regiments which were thrown into Missouri were thoroughly drilled and rendered efficient troops. Under the administration of Gen. Halleck, when sweeping changes were made in the commanders of troops operating in his department, to Gen. Curtis was assigned the command of the forces collected at Rolla, which was designated the "Army of the South-west."

Immediately on his assumption of the command a different atmosphere pervaded the camps and made itself apparent in the administration of military affairs. The men were not long in doubt as to the question of an early advance or of continuing to moulder in winter quarters at Rolla. A rapid transition from a state of aimless expectancy to busy preparation commenced with his arrival, pointing unmistakably to a speedy movement upon

the enemy in force. The condition and wants of each regiment with a view to active service was enquired into, and all their needs supplied. Arms were inspected and put in order, ordnance stores, provisions and transportation were accumulated in lavish abundance. Everything of a superfluous character was dispensed with, including the muster out of the Regimental bands, a measure, considered by many, of doubtful utility. The fine band of the 36th were thus sent home, and henceforth we missed their splendid serenades, their musical entertainments, and the enlivening influence diffused throughout the camps through the stirring airs of martial bands.

A thorough reconnoissance of the country as far as Lebanon was resolved upon, and all the cavalry at Rolla, including Companies A and B of the 36th, was detailed for that purpose and placed under the command of Col. Carr, of the 3rd Illinois Cavalry. The expedition was to start at sunrise of the morning of the 29th of December. The 36th was at the appointed rendezvous on time, being the first to report for duty, and was assigned to the batallion of Major Morse. Other detachments soon after arrived, and forming in line the command was reviewed by Gen. Curtis, who looked every inch the soldier and high-toned gentleman. Assuming a position in front of the line, he praised the unusual fine appearance of the troops, and receiving the usual salutations from officers, he gave the command, "By companies—Right Wheel—March," and the expedition was on its way. The sun shone brightly on the glistening sabres, the horses were fresh and restless, trying the strength of their riders' muscles in maintaining their position in the ranks.

On the second day the 36th Cavalry was detailed as rear guard, a position always slow, tiresome and disagreeable, and on this occasion made doubly so on account of bad roads and mules,

many of which had never before been harnessed. The trains were dragged with difficulty over hills and through almost bottomless ruts, into which the wagons plunged, many being capsized and broken, while mules were injured and some killed outright. The third day from Rolla the command made better progress, passing through Waynesville, crossing the Gasconade and camping several miles beyond that stream.

Various rumors of the movement of rebel bands came to the ears of Col. Carr, and he decided to fall back with the main command to the Gasconade, but ordered Major Morse with his batallion, including the 36th, to scout the country thoroughly. A wide extent of country was visited, straggling bands of secessionists pursued, but none were overtaken. It rained the succeeding night, but froze as fast as it fell, covering their saddles, their blankets and the earth with ice, while the men's clothing was completely saturated. During the day, Capt. Lewis with another detachment routed a band of fifty confederate soldiers, and captured a herd of sixty cattle which was being driven to Price's army.

From this time until the middle of January, when the main army arrived from Rolla, the cavalry were engaged in scouting the country, reconnoitring the enemy, now and then capturing bands of secessionists who were making their way to Price, and gaining information that was of infinite service in the subsequent advance of our army. The school was a severe one, but much was gained in habituating the men to campaign life, perfecting them in their profession of arms, and, in short, making them cool and careful soldiers; and though this advance was barren of achievements at arms, it gave the men an insight into the practical affairs of army life, and eminently fitted them for the duties and trials of the succeeding campaign.

To test the condition of the infantry and their military abilities, the regiment marched many miles over the country and through the various camps, fully armed, with knapsacks filled, and with all the accoutrements pertaining to a first-class soldier of the Republic. A day was thus spent in marching, and on the return to camp the men were not entirely unanimous in expressions of confidence in their ability to keep up the same performance day after day, when, in addition to their gun and ammunition, they should be burdened with an amount of dry goods and soldiers' gear sufficient to stall a pack mule or burden an elephant.

On the 14th of January marching orders were received. The keen, frosty air and cutting wind sweeping down from the north caused a chill, in contemplation of the weather they were to encounter, and the discomforts attendant upon a cold winter's march; but did not abate a whit of the enthusiasm with which the order to "Fall in Men" was received and welcomed. Tents were struck in a trice and packed in the wagons, together with other stores. The mass of rubbish which had accumulated in camp during the long stay at Rolla was fearful to contemplate. Every man was burdened with old letters, keepsakes, trinkets, curiosities, extra clothing, blankets, etc., in number and amount sufficient to set up an "ole clo'" dealer in business. After packing as many of these as the knapsacks would possibly hold, an indiscriminate destruction of the remainder ensued. Letters which had extracted a million pleasant emotions, or solaced many a lonely, homesick hour and others over which tears had been shed, were ruthlessly cast into the fire and the cherished writings of many a Jerusha, Julia and Mary Ann helped to swell the wreaths of flame from huge bon-fires, their names and memories all forgotten in the hurry, the bustle and excitement of preparation for the march. Two o'clock came ere tents and baggage

were disposed of and the column formed and headed "Dixieward." A march of five miles was made, when a halt was ordered, the camp formed, tents pitched in the snow, and cold and supperless (for the provision wagons had not come up), the men retired to sleep off the excitement and fatigue of the day.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, in his observations on this occasion, which were published in the issue of the 16th, contained the following notice of the march of the troops from Rolla :

"A Brigade composed of four Regiments of Infantry and two batteries under the command of General Osterhaus have moved west from this place. The troops were in excellent spirits and were as follows : The 36th, 35th and 44th Illinois and the 25th Missouri. The splendid appearance of the 36th Illinois, twelve hundred strong, in their march out of town received the unqualified and unanimous admiration of the spectators."

This was not an unmerited compliment. The 36th at that time, in discipline, in perfection of drill, soldiery bearing and in all the essentials which enter into the make up of a superior command, was not equaled by any other regiment or body of men in the Army of the Southwest, and we shall see that at a subsequent period they maintained the same splendid character as fighters that they did as gentlemen and soldiers.

Reveille was sounded at four o'clock in the morning and after a scanty breakfast of bacon and hard tack the march was resumed down the valley of Beaver and Little Piney creeks, which were forded thirteen times during the day. Fifteen miles were accomplished, when the command halted where former camps had existed, from the *debris* of which, boards and other materials sufficient to keep them from the frozen ground while sleeping were collected, and by the light and warmth of blazing camp-fires they passed the night in comparative comfort.

The third and fourth days out from Rolla the weather moderated somewhat, and frost and snow gave way to mud, thin, sticky, Missouri mud, through which the men splashed and plunged, as jovial as ducks in a thunder shower, and with little anxiety about avoiding it. The first plunge settled the matter, and after their feet were once thoroughly wet they traversed the road regardless of mud for the rest of the day, out of which they came looking more like statues "done in clay" than human beings. High, steep hills were encountered, over which the long blue line of men curved, waved and threaded their slow and toilsome way. Heavier and heavier weighed the knapsacks and accoutrements, more and more tedious the marching, and more frequent the halts. These halts were usually for the adjustment and lightening of knapsacks, and many were the articles, sometimes of intrinsic value, which strewn the wayside. Packages of letters, over which the possessor would shed a tear or two, and then with many compunctions of conscience cast away; extra shirts and half worn-out apparel marked the line of march for miles, presenting an appearance calculated to awaken an impression among those who should follow after, that the army was fleeing from the wrath to come, rather than wading on to glory. Thus lightened of their burdens, the men manifested their sense of relief by mirth and song, where before was heard the growl of discomfort. Anon came the voice of singing:

"John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,"

wafted on the air from a choir of marching singers. Thus hour after hour they plodded on, through a rough and heavily timbered country, with scarcely a single evidence of cultivation until they reached the Big Piney.

The winter storms had raised this rapidly flowing stream so high as to render fording difficult and dangerous. A bridge of

wagons was constructed, over which the infantry passed dry shod, while the cavalry plunged through the cold, seething water, which reached their horses' bodies. Reaching their bivouac for the night, arms were stacked, the men went blithely to work gathering boughs and leaves for a couch, camp fires were lighted, and the evening meal was in process of cooking when the sun looked down a good-night glance at parting; and then sleep was the order of the night, which we may well suppose was made a business of.

Waynesville was reached on the 17th, and the regiment encamped near the Big Spring, where the waters of the Roubidoux come welling up from deep cavities in the rock at the rate of many hundred barrels per minute, sufficient at least, if properly improved, to supply valuable mill sites, and furnish water power for manufacturing purposes generally. The waters are clear, cold and limpid, and have their source far up in Texas County, where, after being gathered in a large stream, finally are lost in sink-holes and subterranean caverns, and after meandering for miles through dark, unknown passages, again break forth to the day through rocky crevices, forming this immense spring.

Here the command remained in camp four days, during which time the men limbered up their joints, healed the great blisters on their feet, and in the meantime grew as impatient of the *ennui* of resting as they were on their arrival of the fatigue of marching.

There was not an over supply of army stores brought along with the command, but the soldiers, by methods soon acquired and practised by all, managed to supply their commissariat by other ways than the mode prescribed by the United States Army Regulations. In their perambulations about the country, chickens often mysteriously found their way into haversacks; and wo to the inconsiderate sheep, calf or porker who disported himself within rifle range! Of course, when discovered, the experienced

soldier is never at a loss for excuses, some of which are as droll as they are impossible.

A private, for example, is seen skulking through the brush on his way to camp, with a gun on one shoulder and a slaughtered sheep on the other. Being detected and obliged to account for so unmilitary an accoutrement, with as demure a countenance as he would assume at the funeral of a friend, he protests his innocence of any intentional wrong; that he was compelled to kill the sheep in self defence; that having had permission to leave camp "just to fill his canteen," he was met by this pugilistic sheep, who, on seeing his federal uniform, charged upon him in great fury, and as one or the other had to die, he concluded it might just as well be the sheep; so very reluctantly he was compelled to shoot it. The absurdity of his plea very often enables him to get off without punishment, and proceeding to his quarters he divides his plunder among his comrades and feasts upon delicious mutton at the noon-day meal or at the evening camp-fire.

It was while encamped at Waynesville that privates Cornell and Dyer, from Company E, were caught, by the enraged owner thereof, in the act of skinning a fat yearling. The boys were quite willing to pay almost any price for the animal to get out of the predicament in which they found themselves, but an examination of their pocket-books revealed the unpleasant fact that they had only about half enough money between them to satisfy the rapacious demand of the owner. The provost guard was called, and they were marched with lugubrious countenances and with fear and trembling, into the presence of the Colonel, to whom the enormity of their offence was stated. The Colonel appeased the citizen's wrath by assuring him that the pay-master was expected in a day or two, that when the boys had drawn their pay he should be fully recompensed for his calf. But unfortu-

nately for the owner of flocks and herds, the pay-master did not arrive when expected and sudden marching orders rendered it impossible to satisfy the indebtedness.

The march was resumed, the Gasconade crossed as was the Big Piney, on a bridge of army wagons, and after a weary march over rough, muddy roads, the command reached Lebanon on the 24th of January. The 36th marched directly through the pleasantly situated town and encamped on the edge of a prairie a mile beyond.

Meanwhile troops were converging from all points to Lebanon, and every day witnessed the arrival of some fresh command. Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, with a division from Sedalia, composed mostly of Indiana and Ohio troops, marched by way of Linn Creek and reached Lebanon on the fourth of February; Generals Sigel and Asboth arrived from Rolla with their divisions on the 6th, leaving that Post denuded of troops, except the 13th Illinois. Col. Vandevere with his splendid regiment, the 9th Iowa, soon after arrived, raising the number of the forces collected there to some fifteen thousand men, enough to transform the quiet, sleepy town into a busy, thriving city.

On the arrival of Gen. Curtis, the work of organizing the army into Divisions, the assignment of officers to the command of each, and the detailing of subordinates for staff duty, was proceeded with, and order was evoked from the seeming confusion of military commands and priority of rank. Realizing that before offensive operations could be attempted with an assurance of success, every arm of the service should be made as efficient as it were worthy, the splendid material of which the army was composed was classified, the position and duties of each defined, and the places so allotted that the glories as well as the hardships of future campaigns should be borne and shared alike.

The First Division was made up of the 36th, the 25th and 44th Illinois, the 3d, 12th and 17th Missouri, two battalions of the Benton Hussars (cavalry), two companies of the 36th cavalry, the 4th Missouri Cavalry, Welfley and Hoffman's Batteries, of six guns each, under the command of Brig. Gen. (then Colonel) Osterhaus.

The Second Division was composed of the 2d and 15th Missouri Infantry, the 6th and a battalion of the 4th Missouri Cavalry, and two batteries of six guns each, under the command of Brig. Gen. Asboth.

The Third Division, under the command of Col. Jeff. C. Davis, was composed of the 8th, 18th and 22d Indiana, the 37th Illinois and 9th Missouri Infantry, the 1st Missouri Cavalry, and two batteries, one of four and another of six guns.

The Fourth Division, composed of the 4th and 9th Iowa; 35th Illinois and 25th Missouri Infantry; the 3d Iowa and 3d Illinois Cavalry; two batteries of six guns each and one of four guns—Bowen's battalion of cavalry on escort duty was also attached to this Division—under the command of Col. Carr.

The second Brigade of the first Division was composed of the 36th Illinois, the 12th and 17th Missouri Infantry and Welfley's Battery, commanded by Col. Greusel, of the 36th.

Gen. Sigel was second in command, and the First and Second Divisions were particularly under his charge. Only a few of the regiments were full; large numbers of sick, and details were left at the various posts where they had been formerly stationed for garrison duty, and to guard the long line of communication from Rolla.

We were now in such close proximity to the enemy's lines that collisions between the cavalry patrols of either army were of frequent occurrence. The head quarters of Gen. Price was at

Springfield, fifty-five miles distant, to which place bands of recruits and detachments of irregular commands were rallying in such force as to induce Gen. Curtis to believe that his intention was to hold his position and offer battle there. Springfield is situated in the midst of a superior agricultural district, and by retaining his position there during the fall and winter, he had obtained abundant supplies from the granaries of the country, had gained a good supply of clothing for his troops, and been re-inforced by five thousand fresh recruits from various portions of the State.

After the organization of the army and assignment of each regiment and command to its own proper division and brigade, the reviews and drills were frequent, that movements might be accomplished with the least possible amount of friction and to accustom officers to handle large bodies of men to advantage. The weather was as variable as the capricious temper of a lunatic, from heat to cold, rain to snow, but always with more or less mud.

On the 9th, the regiments were paid, the money lightening rather than adding additional burdens, and imparting a spirit of cheerfulness calculated to sustain them through the trials of the coming campaign. All were ready to move at the word of command, which came soon thereafter, and daylight on the 10th of February found the column in motion, the men of the 36th leaving camp with a shout and on the double quick. Beyond Lebanon the country was less broken, but previous rains had saturated the ground, and in two hours the deep cut roads became quagmires through which artillery and wagon trains were with difficulty dragged, rendering marching for the foot soldiers anything but the agreeable pastime imagination had fondly pictured. The crooked roads of the country winding among the woods and hills

were crowded with troops and heavily loaded trains, which in the half fluid condition in which they were found necessitated frequent halts. These halts were not *bona fide* rests, wherein a soldier could take his ease and unsling his knapsack for a given period; but uncertain stoppages, which might last three minutes or half an hour, and kept every one in a state of expectant preparation. Still the consciousness of marching against the enemy, who at any time might be encountered, was a solace for all the discomforts of the march, and, under the most adverse circumstances, the men were always jolly.

Rebel videttes, like shadowy apparitions flitting through the woods, were first seen at Marshfield, but no opposition was made to our advance, and few if any shots were exchanged. Some of the German troops fired the vacant houses in the outskirts of the town, which were consumed. Stringent orders were issued against a repetition of such vandalism, and during the remainder of the pursuit the way was not marked by the smoke of burning buildings by day or lighted by incendiary fires at night.

In the evening, rebel pickets in strong force were encountered at Pierson's Creek, within ten miles of Springfield, and a lively firing with our advance maintained. The troops were drawn up in line of battle, the light mountain howitzers sent to the front, and soon the gloom of the twilight hour was illuminated by the light of blazing shells winging their weird flight through the air. Carefully the line of infantry advanced, guided through the sombre shades of evening by the flash of guns and the music of light artillery; but before the supports could be brought up to render efficient aid, a brilliant cavalry charge had scattered the opposing forces and sent them in hurried flight towards Springfield, leaving a few of their dead and dying and a number of prisoners in our hands. To effect the charge a high intervening rail fence

was removed in the teeth of the enemy's fire, and then with a wild hurrah, after them went our boys, through the fields, accompanied with the music of carbines and the rattle of sabres, until the last rebel horseman had vanished in the gathering twilight.

The army lay upon its arms, without blankets or shelter of any kind, and shivered the long night through. The firing was heard at Springfield, and when the bleeding, panting fugitives from Pearson's Creek arrived, the enemy was filled with alarm. Price, knowing his position to be untenable, at 9 o'clock P. M. gave the order for retreat. He had remained until the last moment, expecting reinforcements from Ben. McCulloch's army in Arkansas, but not receiving that support he abandoned all hope of successful resistance and hurriedly fled towards Arkansas, leaving Springfield in the night.

Before daylight of the 13th our army resumed its march in line of battle, Companies A and B of the 36th thrown well forward as skirmishers, the cavalry in rear of infantry. Batteries were in readiness, at the first note of conflict, to mingle in the fray and hurl their screaming shells upon the ranks of the enemy. Reaching the prairie the whole vast line was deployed, and moved in battle array toward Springfield. At sight of this the rear guard of the enemy disappeared in the direction of Wilson's Creek, their leave-taking being more hurried than formal. Soon the stars and stripes were floating in triumph from the dome of the Court House, no more to be taken thence until the last armed foe had surrendered, the sun of peace gilded the whole land, and lighted the return of our armies from fields of glory.

That the enemy's departure was hurried was evidenced by the large quantity of stores and camp equipage abandoned by them, and which fell into our hands; as well as from the fact that over six hundred of their sick were left in hospital. During this and

the succeeding day, squads of confederates on their way to join the command of Price, and ignorant of the occupation of Springfield, unwittingly fell into our hands to the number of 400 men, including Brig. Gen. Edward Price, the son of the confederate commander, and Col. Freeman, the indefatigable partizan who had rendered it so lively for our scouts and pickets about Rolla during the previous months.

The service performed by the cavalry in scouting, escort, picket and other duties during this campaign was severe, and at times extra hazardous. Being almost constantly in the saddle, men as well as horses were pretty much used up. Particularly was this the case in the advance upon Springfield, and subsequent pursuit of the enemy into Arkansas. The cavalry of the 36th shared in all the dangers, hardships and fatigue of the campaign; it was the first to enter Springfield and hurry the exit of the vanishing rear-guard of Price's undisciplined and ragged knights of the shot-gun and chapparel. For a life of wild adventure, for examples of fortitude and endurance in storm or in sunshine, commend us to the cavalry arm of military service.

A little nocturnal adventure of Sergt. F. O. White, of Company A, with a squad of eight men, detailed from Companies A and B, might very appropriately be related here, to illustrate the miscellaneous, hap-hazard, night and day, duty which the cavalry were liable at any time to be called upon to perform. News was wanted at Springfield as to the position of Jeff. C. Davis's division, and what (if anything) was going on in front. Sergt. White was selected to head the detail in search of the desired information. Though nearly worn out with cold and fatigue, the men turned out uncomplainingly and faced the keen northwestern blast. The moon shone brightly, but the ground was white with

snow and the night intensely cold. Davis's camp was off the main road and was missed by the Sergeant, who proceeded eight or nine miles and came up with a detachment of the 3d Illinois Cavalry in the extreme advance, which had struck the enemy's rear, and after a lively skirmish, captured a number of prisoners and wagons belonging to the rebel commissary train, and then halted to await daylight before continuing the pursuit. The desired information having been obtained, Sergt. White returned to within a few miles of Springfield, and, in accordance with orders, established a picket post near a cabin, where those off duty found shelter and rest; private Ingham meanwhile being sent to Springfield with such news as had been gained.

Towards morning a vidette came hurriedly in and whispered that "a detachment of secesh were in the hollow not far away." An examination revealed a body of twenty-five horsemen, deployed as skirmishers, coming directly towards the house where the squad had been comfortably quartered. The horses were quickly mounted and then three of the men dashed out of the yard and broke for Springfield at a rate of speed which it was supposed their nearly fagged out steeds could never attain, followed by a scattered volley from the now fast approaching squadron. Escape being impracticable, Sergt. White formed the remainder of his squad for battle, determined, that if necessary, a fight should precede a foot-race. The squadron proved to be federal troopers, instead of mounted "graybacks," and those who were in chase of the three flying 36th boys were, after considerable exertion, recalled. One, a Dutchman, strongly insisted upon following up the adventure to the point of blood-letting, saying: "Vhy dhey no sthops ven I say hollit?" The detachment was from the 3d Illinois Cavalry; one of their number had been shot while on picket, and these were looking for the assassins, but in their

search came near massacring the squad from the 36th. A hard ride was necessary to reach Springfield in time to prevent the three fugitives from spreading a needless alarm through the camp.

No halt, except for a night encampment, was made at Springfield, and on the 14th the pursuit of Price commenced. Colonel Carr, with the cavalry, supported by a section of light howitzers packed upon the backs of mules, which when wanted could be taken from the pack-saddles and placed in battery as readily and in as short a period of time as an ordinary field battery could be unlimbered and set to work, followed down the telegraph road directly in the enemy's rear; while the Second Brigade, including the 36th Illinois, together with the Divisions of Osterhaus and Asboth, under the command of Gen. Sigel, took the right hand road over a rolling prairie country via Little York. The direct road to Fayetteville, over which the main command advanced, led through a more broken and timbered region.

Slowly and cautiously the column pressed its way, expecting at any moment to encounter the enemy occupying in force some strong position, and prepared to dispute our further progress. But no hostile force was seen, only stragglers and recruits coming in to swell the ranks of the now rapidly flying foe, many of whom fell into our hands, and were passed under guard to the rear. It became evident that Price would no longer dispute our progress by making a stand in force for battle. The pursuit on the 16th was rapid, the infantry marching thirty miles and overtaking the enemy's rear at Crane Creek, where, in considerable numbers, they endeavored to delay our advance and gain time for their main force to get away.

It had been Gen. Curtis' design not to press the enemy too closely and hurry his flight, but to enable Sigel to pass his right, and gaining the front to cut off further retreat southward. But Col. Ellis, who led the advance with cavalry, either mistaking, or ignorant of the plans of his commander, commenced a spirited engagement. The howitzers were unpacked and mounted, and shot after shot plunged into the rebel rear, creating considerable disorder; seeing which Col. Ellis ordered a charge, and the wavering rebels were sent whirling in rapid retreat towards Cassville. About a dozen were killed and large numbers of prisoners taken.

The want of forethought and the inordinate haste of Col. Ellis quickened the enemy's march, and thwarted Sigel in his design of getting past and cutting off Price's retreat. From thence the road over which they passed was strewn with arms, clothing, accoutrements and broken down wagons, which, in the hurry and confusion, were cast away to facilitate escape. The 36th, with the division to which it was attached, marched thirty miles that day, testing to the utmost the endurance of the men, whose spirits were buoyed up by the inspiring boom of howitzers firing into the enemy's rear and hurrying their precipitate retreat.

At Flat Creek the cavalry and howitzers again bore down heavily upon the retreating column. A few loud words in the form of cannon shot were exchanged between the contending parties in this interesting foot race, and again the enemy broke and fled before the impetuous charges of the federal cavalry. Then the swelling tide of war continued to roll down the valley of Flat Creek, through the towns of Cassville and Keitsville, into and through the narrow gorge of Cross Timbers Hollow, out of Missouri into Arkansas, a continuous stream of men and

horses, of pursuers and pursued, the advance of the one mingling with the rear of the other in fierce and maddening conflict. The long line of pursuers, heralded by the music of cannon and carbine in exultant triumph, while broken down wagons, worn out horses, saddles, arms, with now and then the pale faces of the dead, marked the line of confederate retreat. Thus onward surged the battle, met by a counter current of prisoners sent to the rear. These, worn out and dejected, contrasted strangely with our victorious troops, with flashing eyes and countenances expressive of the enthusiasm which animated them.

While on the march in pursuit of Price down the "Telegraph road," the main column passed through the little town of Cassville. Some of the passing throng broke into a drug store and appropriated such of its contents as their needs or inclinations suggested. One of the Sergeants of Company A Cavalry, discovered a package of white powder, which he conceived to be saleratus, and at once confiscated it for the use of the Sergeant's mess. Not being quite sure of the chemical properties of his plunder, he submitted the stuff to comrade Judd—who had at one time officiated as a druggist's clerk—for his opinion. Judd pronounced it "saleratus, and no mistake." That night the cavalry companies encamped on a hill near Sugar Creek, and though tired, were jubilant over the prospect of raised cakes for supper, in place of the usual cold water "slap jacks." The fires were soon fiercely blazing, the cakes mixed, and a liberal quantity of "saleratus" sprinkled in.

It was fun to cook pan-cakes in the army: A little flour, salt and water, a good fire, a long handled skillet, a little grease, and one is ready for business. Warm the pan, pour in the grease, douse in the dough, let it sizzle a while, then give it a shake, a

twitch and a flop, and over it goes, just as easy as falling off a log—if one only knows how.

On this occasion the cakes were soon cooked, and the large-hearted, generous Sergeants of Company A cheerfully shared their good fortune with Lieuts. Sherer, Ferre and Reynolds, who composed the officers' mess. That was a delightful repast, heartily eaten and praised by nearly all. One or two of the boys, however, remarked the cakes did not appear much lighter than those made without saleratus. Supper over, the men composing the mess stood around the camp fire talking over the events of the day and prospects of the morrow, satisfied with their surroundings, and even jolly. In a few moments there was a lull in the conversation, the boys were less blithesome and more uncomfortable than usual; a deathly pallor was observed in the faces of some, which but a moment before were wreathed in smiles. Sergeant Snow was seen retreating into the woods, and Sergeant White stole silently away in another direction, followed soon after by Collins, Dynan. Sherer and the balance, and such another entertainment, consisting entirely of vomiting, was seldom ever gotten up on short notice. Oh, the "hee-ups" and "hoo-ups," the tears and groans of that sick crowd will very likely never be forgotten. It was the event of the campaign in the line of gastronomic achievements. It was good bye to supper and to much of the inner mechanism of the mortal corporosity. After a time "the show," like all things else, had an end, and when the performers were restored to their usual equanimity, the question was anxiously asked, "What made those cakes rise at that particular time? and what made them rise so high? Could it be the *saleratus*? and if so, why?" A quantity of the material was taken to Surgeon Young for examination, who kindly informed the boys they had been raising their cakes

with *tartar emetic*! Ever after Sergt. Judd was known in his Company as, "The Apothecary."

On the 17th our advance reached Sugar Creek and found the enemy in a strong position and in battle array crowning the bluffs on the south side of the valley. Price, being strengthened by reinforcements from Ben. McCulloch's army, determined to make a stand here, and endeavor to stem the tide which had swept him on its tumultuous waves out of Missouri. When, therefore, late in the afternoon, the head of the pursuing column struck his rear-guard, instead of a promiscuous throng of terror stricken fugitives, they found a well appointed army in battle array, supported by batteries of artillery, with solid ranks in readiness to give a warm reception to any who should venture across the valley with hostile intent. Batteries were brought up, and from favorable positions on the northern hills opened upon the opposing force with shell, which went wailing over the valley into the thickening ranks which blocked the way, prepared to dispute our further progress. For an hour brisk cannonading was maintained and as fiercely returned; shot answering shot, with no signs of break or waver in the opposing ranks. A charge was finally ordered, and Col. Ellis, with detachments from the Missouri cavalry regiments and from the Third Illinois, dashed across the creek and up the opposite slopes in the face of a rattling fire of musketry, charging right into the midst of their thronging ranks. Had a meteor fallen among them they could not have been more thoroughly startled. Still they fought bravely, contesting the ground inch by inch, teaching their fierce assailants that there were blows to give as well as to receive. Saddles were emptied, and the dead and wounded of both assailants and assailed lay commingled and scattered over the blood besprinkled field. But there was no resisting the impetuous charges of our

gallant troopers when once their blood was up, and with carbine and sabre they dealt destruction to the now demoralized and disheartened foe. Their ranks were broken, their artillery in danger of being captured, when they hurriedly left the field in a wild, tumultuous scamper for Cross Hollow, twelve miles away, where McCulloch, with fresh troops, prepared for a renewal of the conflict. Our losses in this engagement were fourteen men killed, nine wounded, and forty-six horses. Among the wounded were Major Bowen, Major McKinney, of Gen. Curtis' staff, and Captain Switzler, while fifty-three confederate dead or mortally wounded were left upon the field.

These rapid movements had left the infantry far in the rear, and this engagement, amounting to little more than a lively skirmish, was participated in only by the cavalry and light howitzer battery. The cannonading was, however, heard distinctly, and for a time diverted the attention of the infantry from their weary, aching limbs and added a fresh glow to their animated countenances. Nothing but the excitement and expectancy of battle could sustain them in this hurried and fatiguing march. The roar of cannon to the front would at any time arouse their drooping spirits and quicken their lagging pace, as they pressed forward to the combat momentarily expected and eagerly hoped for.

In this long, fatiguing race through Missouri, the baggage and provision trains were left far in the rear, and with starvation now menacing his exhausted command, Gen. Curtis found himself reduced to the necessity of discontinuing the pursuit. Accordingly Davis' Division went into camp at Sugar Creek, while the Division of Carr proceeded to Cross Hollow. The long, slender line of communication with Rolla, liable at any time to be broken, necessitated heavy details for its protection. At frequent intervals stations were established and garrisons

left to hold and occupy the country. Supplies being nearly exhausted, subsisting off the country became a matter of necessity, which in a thinly populated region rendered this a rather doubtful resource. Foraging expeditions rapidly gathered the grain stored in the granaries; mills were set to grinding it. A wide range of country was occupied, extending from the War Eagle Mills on White River west to beyond Bentonville, presenting a front of sixty miles in extent, which, unless sufficient previous notice was given to afford time for rapid concentration, was liable at any time to be penetrated and broken.

Our cavalry advanced to Fayetteville, and found the town a mass of smoking ruins—burned by the orders of Ben. McCulloch, one of the confederate generals. Fayetteville had been the last stronghold of the opponents of secession in Arkansas. When South Carolina seceded, the act was nowhere more severely reprobated than in north-western Arkansas. From first to last a majority of the citizens had steadily and persistently opposed secession. Their opposition to the insane measures of Southern leaders was so pronounced as to excite McCulloch's fiercest indignation, and on his way northward to re-inforce Price, he declared that, should he be compelled to return, he would burn as he went. He kept faith with his threat. After their discomfiture at Sugar Creek, and as the whole confederate army was retreating precipitately through the town to the Boston Mountains, the Arkansas College, the Fayetteville Female Seminary, a large steam flouring mill, four brick warehouses, the Court House and numerous private residences, were fired and sacrificed to his rage. North-western Arkansas will long remember the irascible Texan, not for the brilliancy of his genius, but for the brightness of his fires.

Gen. Curtis, with Carr's Division, established his headquarters at Cross Hollow on the 22nd, within eighteen miles of Fay-

etteville, from which position he watched his rapidly accumulating enemy, prepared to strike such blows as opportunities might offer or circumstances justify. This position in itself was naturally strong, and offered peculiar facilities for defence against a direct attack; but it could be easily turned, and in such case would be practically worthless.

Jeff. C. Davis remained at Sugar Creek in charge of the remaining stores and army transportation. To that point the trains came with such stores as could be hauled over the long road from Rolla. Col. Vandevere, with the 9th Iowa and a detachment of cavalry, proceeded to the War Eagle Mills, situated on White River, forty-two miles east of Sugar Creek. These mills were run night and day in the manufacture of flour for the use of the army.

Sigel, with the Divisions of Asboth and Osterhaus, encamped first at Osage Springs, near Cross Hollow, and subsequently at McKissock's farm, four miles west of Bentonville, subsistence in a great measure being obtained from the granaries and corn cribs found in the country.

While the troops were thus eking out a precarious existence, "living off the country" on scanty gleanings from fields where Price and McCulloch had previously reaped an ample harvest, an important seizure of confederate flour and salt was effected by Corporal Bennett, of Company E of the 36th, at Neutonia, in Missouri. He had been on duty in the topographical office at Department Headquarters, and was not relieved and allowed to proceed to the regiment until it was far on its way to Arkansas. Hastening through Missouri to join his command, he was requested by Lieut. Col. Holland, commanding the post at Cassville, to lead a party to Neutonia to capture stores, which Price, in his inordinate haste, had allowed to remain under the watchful surveillance of sympathizing citizens. Detachments from the

garrison at Cassville were scattered over the country guarding mills and points which were of interest to hold, until there was not a commissioned officer or a dozen men remaining for duty at the post, and no one whatever with whom he could entrust such an undertaking.

Private Edwards, of Company D, also on his way to join the command, was induced to accompany the expedition, which, with a squad of a dozen "Home Guards," constituted the escort for the train of ten wagons, which reached Neutonia in one day from Cassville, a distance of forty miles. These wagons with eleven others pressed from citizens, were loaded with flour and salt, amounting to more than thirty tons, and in two days thereafter the whole was brought in safety to Cassville. This helped materially to relieve the pressing needs of the army.

It now became apparent that the rumors which for some days had been afloat in the air, that we were environed with swarms of mounted confederates, who secretly ranged the country to pick up stragglers, attack unsupported detachments and watch the movements of the federal army, were strictly true.

A mounted Texan regiment, eluding the vigilance of patrols, gained the rear of our army, and on the night of the 25th of February attacked the post at Keitsville, which was garrisoned by a squadron of the 1st Missouri Cavalry under the command of Capt. Montgomery. It was a complete surprise. But one or two pickets were out, and they were stationed at points too far distant to give the alarm. The first intimation of the presence of a hostile force in their midst, was the loud report of musketry and the crash of balls, as volley after volley was poured into the buildings among the sleeping men. A half dozen were killed and a number wounded at the first discharge. The men, thus suddenly aroused from their slumbers, hastily seized their arms,

and, without waiting to clothe themselves, returned the enemy's fire. The night was dark, and the position of the contending parties could be determined only by the flash of fire arms. Montgomery, finding the avenues of escape cut off, fought bravely and with telling effect, and a number of the Texans were made to bite the dust. The first panic over, the troopers, from sheltered positions within the buildings, saluted the enemy with so galling a fire that they finally withdrew, taking with them seventy of Montgomery's horses.

His command was badly demoralized, and as soon as the enemy departed and the way was clear, those who had horses hastily mounted them and made all speed for safer quarters; others, trusting to the agility of the natural man, made their way on foot. All night long the panting fugitives came trooping into Cassville, singly or by twos, without hats or coats and many without shoes. A commissary train on its way to Sugar Creek was encamped for the night within a mile of Keitsville. They were aroused by the heavy discharges of musketry, and hastily harnessing their teams to the wagons, went thundering over the rocky road to Cassville.

Couriers and squads of troops passing to and from the different posts were often waylaid and fired upon from the brush. The whole country in the rear of the federal army was filled with roving bands of reckless men, so that communication with those places occupied by troops was what insurance brokers would deem "extra hazardous."

An artillery man was captured by Texan Rangers in the immediate vicinity of a picket station, and almost within the confines of camp. No patrol or movement of troops could be made without coming in sight of, and sometimes in contact with, these roving knights of the shot gun, dressed in a garb that vied with the soil

in color. The business of dispersing these well nigh ubiquitous denizens of the woods mainly devolved upon the cavalry, but from their imperfect knowledge of the country they seldom met with success.

Prior to these events, a portion of the town of Bentonville, the county seat of Benton County, Arkansas, was burned by a detachment of the Benton Hussars. The town had frequently been visited by troops, both of cavalry and infantry, and a part of the time occupied as a post. Apparently a kindly feeling existed between the citizens and soldiers, and intercourse between them was uninterrupted. Their property was protected from injury, their persons from violence and insult, and nothing for some time occurred that betrayed the duplicity of the people. On this occasion liquor was set out, of which the Huzzars drank rather freely, but no disturbance resulted or other incident to mar the convivial occasion, or to reveal the intense hatred of the citizens toward their "federal invaders." Soon after mounting their horses and departing for camp, one of their number was seized with a sudden spasm of thirstiness which could not be appeased without liquor, and he announced his intention of returning for another drink. His comrades could not dissuade him from his purpose, and he left them with the intention of soon returning, but this was the last they ever saw of him alive. Not rejoining them when expected, the detachment returned to town, but could learn nothing of the whereabouts of their associate. A search was instituted, and after some time his mutilated remains were found in a vault, his skull cleft with a blow from an axe which had been buried in his quivering brain. Just enough liquor had been drank to arouse all the vengeful feelings within the breasts of the Huzzars. The proprietor of the drinking establishment was shot, his building fired, and the torch applied

to a number of the business houses in the heart of the town, which, together with their contents, were consumed. A swift and terrible retribution for an outrage as unprovoked as it was criminal. But such is war—a kaleidoscope of horrors, of brutal atrocities and fiendish barbarities.

A rumor, with sufficient foundation for belief in its truth, was afloat through the camps, to the effect that a large confederate force was passing up into Missouri by the “line road,” which ran along the borders of Arkansas and the Indian Territory, with a view to cutting off our communications with Springfield and Rolla. To ascertain its truth, as well as to menace and skirmish with any such force, Major Conrad, of the 3rd Missouri Cavalry, was placed in command of an expedition of five hundred men, including six companies of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two guns from Welfley’s battery, with orders to reconnoitre the country, and if an enemy was encountered, to ascertain their strength and intentions and report the result of his observations as soon as practicable. Among the infantry detailed with this expedition was Company F of the 36th. The command left the camp near Bentonville on the morning of the 5th of March. The adventures, long marches and hair-breadth escapes of this detachment will hereafter be fully related.

CHAPTER IX.

BENTONVILLE.



RICE continued his retreat to the Boston Mountains, occupying a strong position fifteen miles south of Fayetteville, where, being joined and strengthened by the army of Ben. McCulloch, composed of Texans, Louisianans and Arkansans, he awaited the approach and invited the attack of Curtis. For some days it was known that the enemy was concentrating a large force in these mountain fastnesses, preparatory to swooping down upon the handful of federals menacing them, and with one fell blow terminate the campaign and decide the fate of Missouri and the South-west. A force of two thousand Indians from the scattered tribes inhabiting the territory west of Arkansas, composed principally of Creeks, Cherokees and Chocktaws, commanded by Albert Pike—who, as a reward for his labors in attaching the Indians to the Confederate cause, was commissioned a Brigadier General—joined the forces of Price and McCulloch, and were by them armed and became a part of the army, which was now in numbers assuming formidable proportions. Both Price and McCulloch held separate commands, and generally, unless occasion required their combined action,

were independent of each other. A bitter feud had for some time existed between them, and to such an extent were these personal differences indulged, that the Confederate authorities were apprehensive that individual enmities might be carried so far as to imperil the bright prospects of success which they confidently believed were now about to be realized.

To guard against misunderstandings which were at any time liable to break out between these two commanders, Gen. Earl Van Dorn was designated as Commander-in-Chief, and immediately proceeded to the camp in the Boston Mountains and assumed control of the forces gathered there. Several fresh battallions from the East came with this commander, which raised the number of the Confederate forces to about twenty-five thousand men. Van Dorn arrived at the camp March 2nd, and on the 4th his columns were in motion.

Gen. Curtis was apprised of this change of commanders, and well aware that he had nothing to hope from any differences which might arise from diversity of opinions among officers, and that stubborn fighting would alone decide the issues between the opposing forces. The Confederate advance was so rapid through a broken, mountainous and sparsely settled country, well calculated to conceal their movements, as nearly to surprise the federal commander, and required the utmost dispatch to concentrate our widely scattered forces. On the 5th a foraging party was driven back in hot haste, with loss of wagons and horses, simultaneous with the arrival of a trusty scout, who reported the near approach of the enemy in force, and that his advance guard was even then menacing our outlying pickets. An express was sent to Col. Vandevere at the War Eagle Mills, near White River, to march his detachment of nine hundred men at once to Sugar Creek. The march of forty-two miles was accomplished in fifteen hours, arriving in time to participate in the battle of the 7th.

Sigel's Division was fourteen miles away in camp near Bentonville, and to him also the nearness of the enemy was made known by the timely arrival of scouts, as well as a dispatch and orders from Cross Hollow, directing him to march at once for Sugar Creek. This dispatch was brought by the hands of George B. Raymond, a private in Company D of the 36th Illinois, who at that time was acting Orderly for Gen. Curtis. It was known that nearly every road and by-path was picketed by confederates thrown out from their advance, and that such a trip was attended with danger and difficulty, requiring presence of mind and nerve to accomplish successfully. A citizen, on whose fidelity the General could rely, and who knew the country perfectly, was sent with Raymond. They set out in the darkness, threading their way through the long forest aisles, frequently within sight of the enemy's camp fires, and were rapidly approaching Sigel's camp where they were first hailed and then fired upon by a rebel picket, when the guide fell, shot dead, from his horse. Raymond dashed into the adjoining thicket, and making a wide detour, reached camp and delivered his message. Orders were issued at once to the various regiments and commands to prepare at midnight, to march at two o'clock A. M. The men, who had quite generally retired to rest, could not conjecture the cause for so untimely a movement. Some supposed it was for the purpose of accustoming them to sudden emergencies and night marching; while others, with an air of mystery, remarked, "there's something up," but what that something was, the rank and file of the army had no means of knowing. It was not their province to ask questions, but to obey orders.

The sharp notes of a bugle sounding clear and shrill upon the midnight air proclaimed the hour, and soon the various camps were instinct with life and busy with preparations for moving.

Tents were struck and stowed away in the baggage wagons. Men gathered around the camp fires to cook a scanty breakfast or brew their cup of coffee, all of which in due time was drank or eaten, fulfilling its inevitable destiny of fortifying the inner man against the chilling blasts which came sweeping in gusts through the camp and sighing a mournful requiem among the leafless forest trees.

The 36th was ready to march at the prescribed hour of two, but the narrow roads were cumbered with artillery and army wagons, each in the way of the other, and mingled in what appeared hopeless and inextricable confusion. The column was finally formed and for an hour vainly essayed to march, at the end of which period the rear companies were yet within the confines of the camp we were vainly endeavoring to leave. The night was intensely dark. The wind increased to a gale, bringing on its wings icy snowflakes, which pierced and chilled the men to the bone. Then came an order to break ranks and wait for the appearance of daylight, which order was obeyed with alacrity, and soon great piles of rails and logs were fiercely blazing, while around each pyramid of flame the benumbed and shivering men gathered with their blankets wrapped around them, and speculated as to the reason for so unwonted and at the present time seemingly so unreasonable a movement.

At length the opaline tints of morning began to tinge the eastern sky. Then we were up, and after many a vexatious halt, were away for good, the column headed to the north and east, and after it was once fully drawn out we proceeded without further hinderance. The sun was just peeping over the horizon as we passed through the half ruined town of Bentonville. Away across the prairie, to our right and south of town, a mile or more away, dense masses of men were observed in motion, but the

haze of the early morning so shrouded them in its misty sheen that it was quite difficult to determine if they were friends or foes. Few thought or cared anything about it. Gen. Sigel, with a group of officers, was observed intently watching through his field glass the gathering hosts that were deploying upon and darkening the prairie with their advancing squadrons. The 36th, together with the whole column, composed of alternate bodies of infantry, cavalry and artillery, marched slowly but steadily and in perfect order through the town and entered the woods and thickets beyond, which arched and shadowed the road to Sugar Creek, in blissful ignorance that within the tangled recesses of the forest there lurked a concealed but dangerous foe.

An accident to the regimental ammunition wagon, in a narrow part of the road about a mile from Bentonville, caused a short delay. Company B was left to repair damages and guard its valued stores, while the balance of the regiment marched on. The rear files had but just passed and disappeared around an angle in the crooked road, when five hundred Confederate cavalry burst suddenly from the thicket, surprised the guards and arrested Company B in its work of repairing the wagon. They swarmed around like hornets and summoned the men to surrender. They were surrounded; help nowhere appeared; resistance seemed impossible, and to be shot down and die like dogs not to be thought of. Very reluctantly they stacked their arms and surrendered.

Just then the 12th Missouri came up, and encountering the enemy poured a sharp and destructive fire into their ranks, scattering and driving them back into the thickets from whence they came, recapturing the wagon and carrying away its contents in safety. While the attention of the enemy was diverted by the lively firing from the 12th Missouri, many of their prisoners

escaped, and making their way through the woods joined the column as it was descending a ravine into the valley of Sugar Creek.

We heard the heavy booming of artillery at Bentonville, the rattle of musketry resounding through the forest in our rear, and from file to file the word was passed, "Sigel is practicing with his guns on the prairie." He was, indeed! his target, human beings, that went down beneath his hurtling shot. Few, if any, supposed that the incessant roar of artillery, awakening answering echoes from the hills, valleys and surrounding forests, were voices from the impending conflict, telling of the desperate struggle of Sigel in cutting his way through the swarming enemy, or that the music from his cannon was the reveille ushering in a day of battle, carnage and blood.

We had just passed over the ground. We had seen no enemy or indications of a hostile force so near at hand, and it required other assurances than the booming of cannon to convince us that a fierce battle was then pending but a short mile away in our rear.

While pressing forward in this state of doubt and uncertainty, some of the men from Company B, who had escaped, came up, without hats or coats, in a perfect ooze of perspiration and fever of excitement, and told of the fighting at Bentonville, "that their Company had been cut to pieces, and they alone had escaped to tell the tale." No announcement could have been more startling. Then the appearance of a few wounded stragglers from the 12th Missouri, pale, faint and bleeding, whose injuries being slight, permitted them to walk until their wounds could be bandaged and ambulances found for their transportation. These, together with the continuous uproar of guns, and smoke clouds leaping in sudden gusts or rising lazily up over the trees, was all we could see of the pending strife, but was sufficient to remove all doubts.

Nowhere was there a single symptom of panic among our officers and men. The only thought which found expression in words was, "When shall we, too, mingle in the conflict, witness its horrors, share its vicissitudes and glories?"

Col. Greusel was a mile or more in advance, at the head of his brigade, ignorant of the turmoil of battle in his rear; and without orders or information that the regiment was needed, Lieut. Col. Joslyn would not halt or turn back the column. We moved lazily along down a ravine in the outlying hills, into and across the valley, the men indignant that we were not faced about and allowed to share the golden harvest of glory being gathered by Sigel's battalions in the rear. Capt. Miller was furious at the misfortune which had overtaken his Company and left him with but a shadowy remnant of his command.

The rapid riding of aids to the front soon brought Col. Greusel back, and when he thundered out the order, "About Face! Double Quick! March!" it was received with cheer upon cheer, and instantly the column was in motion, retracing its steps. The men were never more jubilant, urging each other forward to what was supposed to be their first pitched battle. It may not be out of place to make the passing remark that this enthusiasm of unfledged warriors, like the measles, chicken pox and other kindred diseases, is not apt to attack a man violently more than once. It is *not* true, as a rule, that after a battle or two men grow careless as to its perils or regardless of its possibilities. The experience of those who have stood unflinchingly the storm of a dozen battles attests the contrary. Familiarity with the tragic scenes of battle usually gives men self-reliance and coolness, and renders them less liable to panic; but at the same time it tempers their former eagerness and causes them to regard a battle as about the most serious business in which they can engage.

The music of artillery became more audible, and the mingling patter of musketry more distinct as we approached the hills bordering the southern confines of the valley, and over the tree tops we could see smoke wreaths from bursting shell and hear their wailing through the air. Now and then stray rebel shot fell and ricocheted in close proximity to the moving column. It soon became apparent that the tide of battle was moving toward us, and that its turbulent waves would dash its spray of balls over the ground we then occupied. A halt was ordered, skirmishers thrown out, and the regiment formed in line of battle, partially protected behind the banks of a shallow ravine. The different regiments composing the brigade turned off from the road into the fields or thick underbrush on either hand, and in this position the men rested on their arms until the gathering storm should burst upon them.

Soon the regiments and squadrons participating in the engagement filed down the ravine into the valley, and slowly marching along the road in perfect order, passed the position occupied by the 36th. Then came the artillery with its smoke begrimmed cannons, and Generals Asboth and Sigel as cool and smiling as if on dress parade. Then the cavalry, guarding well the rear. A squadron of Confederate horsemen appeared at the mouth of the ravine, with the supposed intention of charging down upon the rear guard. Two guns were taken back, and a half dozen shells in quick succession planted in their midst. A dozen steeds bounded madly and riderless away, an example which the remaining riders, by the vigorous application of spur and gun barrel to their horses, were not slow in following. In a few minutes the Confederate horsemen that came pouring down the hill, disappeared at a rate of speed which outdid their efforts in coming—but as long as there remained a “butternut,” a horse or a straw

hat in sight, the shower of iron was rained among them. Subsequently in passing over this ground, nine Confederate graves told the result of the unerring aim of Hoffman's guns, at this the final repulse of the enemy.

We saw them in vast numbers swarming over the bluffs overlooking the valley of Sugar Creek, scanning the blue line of infantry stretching away in the distance with its myriad of glistening bayonets, but they did not venture within the range of Sigel's terrible guns, for thinned ranks attested the severity of the iron hail.

Thus ended the battle of Bentonville, which all authorities consulted have treated as a part of the subsequent action at Pea Ridge, which was fought more than ten miles away. Without further molestation the command resumed its march up the valley of Sugar Creek, and at four o'clock joined the Division of Gen. Davis already in position.

An inquiry among those who participated in the engagement elicited the following facts in regard to the incidents of the day. The long column of troops, composing Sigel's Division, with its supply trains and transportation, fairly on the march, extended over many miles, winding over narrow and rough roads, mostly through a hilly and heavily timbered country. The rear guard, composed of Companies A and B of the 36th Cavalry and a few squadrons of the Benton Huzzars, on arriving at Bentonville were ordered to halt until the pickets which had been called in and all the stragglers had come up. The troopers unbridled their horses and were in the act of feeding when the steadily increasing force at first noticed on the southern boundary of the prairie began to advance rapidly towards town. The soldiers took it for granted that these were Curtis' troops on their march from Cross Hollow, until the advancing lines broke

to the right and left, with the evident intention of surrounding the little detachment of cavalry. Three-fourths of the command had passed through Bentonville and entered the forest, which commences at its suburbs, when the practiced eye of Sigel discovered the enemy blackening the prairie south of the town and closing rapidly in upon him, enveloping his rear battallions, evidently aiming to force that portion of the command to surrender. Information of the disaster at the ammunition wagon was received when he saw that he was nearly surrounded with enemies in front, flank and rear, and that to effect a junction with that portion of the division in advance he must cut his way through vastly superior numbers. Hurridly ordering the cavalry to mount, he turned to Capt. Jenks, and said, "Captain, the rebels are in our front, on either side and all around us," and raising his hand and bringing it down with vehemence by way of emphasis, he continued, "We must advance; we must cut our way through—*we shall cut our way through!*" The enemy halted for a moment and displaying a Confederate flag, all doubts of their true character were removed. It was estimated that they numbered at least ten thousand, while Sigel had but eight hundred cavalry, infantry and artillery under his control. As the troops moved out of the east side of town, the rebels entered from the west. They had proceeded but a short distance when the timber on either side the road was observed to be filled with Confederates, and across an opening in front others were observed in strong force barring their further progress. Sigel's batteries, which had been concealed by the cavalry, were brought into position, the guns unlimbered, and a storm of shot and shell sent crashing through their ranks, scattering them like chaff before the wind, and the way opened for his advance. The enemy hung upon his rear, and confident in their ascendancy in numbers pressed forward

to the charge, but many falling under the coolly delivered and rapid fire of the guns, they wavered and finally fell back under cover of the woods and natural inequalities of the ground.

Again the march was resumed, but the enemy being continually reinforced, pressed eagerly forward, curled around their flanks, and threatened with annihilation the hundreds who were holding their ground against thousands. Grape shot and shell were hurled into their thickening ranks, but no sooner had one column been dispersed and driven back, than a fresh one appeared in rear or flank, which in turn served as food for our hissing missiles, every one of which marked its course by fallen men and writhing steeds and riders. This charge, like the former, was quickly repulsed, and the shattered ranks of the enemy fled for shelter under cover of the timber they had just left. The column entered the ravine leading down from the plateau to the valley of Sugar Creek, when the timbered bluffs on either side were found covered with the enemy, against whom the artillery could not be used with effect. A portion of the cavalry were dismounted as skirmishers, and charging up the bluffs kept them at bay while the command passed down the ravine. Discovering the small numbers of those holding them in check, the enemy were on the point of rushing down and overwhelming the skirmishers, when a detachment of infantry, engaged in another part of the field, brought their muskets to a right oblique, and emptying the contents into their ranks, forced them back.

In this manner, alternately fighting and retreating, and at all times more or less closely pressed by superior numbers, Sigel made his slow and toilsome way, and extricating himself from their folds, reached the valley and joined the command, as has already been related. But for Sigel's admirable skill displayed

in this retreat from Bentonville, availing himself of every advantage which the nature of the ground afforded for the use of artillery against the crowded ranks of a foe with arms of lighter caliber, he must have been cut off, his trains and artillery captured, and the whole federal army placed in a position of great peril. But one or two lighter pieces of the enemy's artillery could be brought up in time to be of service to them in the action, while our long ranged rifled guns kept them at such a distance as only at unfrequent intervals to subject our men to the fire of small arms. The enemy was severely punished, losing heavily in killed and wounded, but not in prisoners, only fifteen or twenty being taken, while the losses on our part amounted to sixteen killed, thirty wounded, and twenty-six prisoners, all but two being from Company B of the 36th Illinois.

As before related, a junction was effected late in the afternoon with the main army, and a position on the right of Davis' Division, upon the hills to the north of, and overlooking the valley of Sugar Creek. Davis' batteries were planted and temporary earth works thrown up for their protection, and trees felled in such a manner as to afford partial shelter to his men.

Lieut. B. F. Campbell, as officer of the guard, had charge of a portion of the picket line thrown out a considerable distance in advance. When Sigel marched to Sugar Creek, from some inadvertence the Lieutenant was not notified of the movement. Subsequently learning that the enemy was moving upon Bentonville in force, he hastily withdrew the pickets, except four who were captured before he could reach them, and started for camp. He found the whole country swarming with enemies, and every avenue of escape closed. Taking a circuitous route, and pretending to be Price's body guard, he passed innumerable squads of the enemy, borrowing pistols and ammunition of them, giving them

orders, and finally bringing his little detachment in safety to our lines.

Gen. Curtis, on receiving definite information of the enemy's advance, moved the main command from Cross Hollow during the night to the heights on Davis's left, taking up a strong position along the telegraph road. Thus at the close of the day the whole army of the South-west, except details for guarding the long line of communication, and Company F from the 36th Illinois, who were on an expedition to McDonald and Newton Counties in Missouri, were in position on the heights of Pea Ridge, overlooking the valley of Sugar Creek, prepared for action, and numbering all told a little less than ten thousand men.

A few Confederates were seen at intervals flitting among the brush and trees which crowned the opposite heights, but not a shot saluted us, and as the shades of night gathered around, the woods, the fields, the rocks and hills were voiceless and still. Within the camps the hum of conversation was kept up around the smouldering fires until a late hour. Groups of men gathered to hear the story of some participant in the contest at Bentonville, listening with intense interest to the details of the day's adventures; others were discussing earnestly the probabilities and possibilities of to-morrow's conflict. Some were withdrawing rusty charges from their guns or cleaning their pieces for future contingencies. At the camp fires cups of coffee were being brewed, for with campaigners, both old and young, no matter of business can be transacted or victory won, without first being fortified and saturated with that fragrant beverage—"that Heavenly compound which cheers but not inebriates." Then all but watchful sentinels and anxious officers wrap up in their blankets, seek a leafy couch, and retire to peaceful slumbers and pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER X.

PEA RIDGE.



BEFORE proceeding with the details of the sanguinary fighting on the now historic field of Pea Ridge, it may be well to notice the character of the country occupied by the forces participating in the engagement; particularly that portion of it rendered memorable by the storm of battle which swept its slopes, and known in the nomenclature of the country as Pea Ridge.

From the center of Missouri to its southern and south-western border, a range of irregular hills traverse the State, known as the Ozarks. Their rugged slopes once surmounted, a high plateau, diversified with hill and dale, forest and prairie, is presented to the eye. The northern counties of the State of Arkansas are intersected by a similar yet more lofty range, known as the Boston Mountains. These two series of hills unite in the north-western counties of Arkansas and form an acute triangle, and from thence gradually slope away by a series of slight ascents and waves of hills until they finally disappear in the Indian country beyond the western confines of Arkansas. It is at the junction of these hills just below the southern border of Missouri, in the north-western county of Arkansas, that the events about to be related occurred.

While a considerable portion of this elevated region is arable land, yielding a rich reward to the cultivators of its soil, by far the larger part is cut and seamed by gorges or furrowed by rocky ridges and steep ascents. The stage and telegraph-road from Springfield, Missouri, to Fayetteville, Arkansas, passes over the highest elevations of the Ozark range until within five miles of the south line of the State, near the town of Keitsville, where it plunges into a deep gorge which has passed into history as "Cross Timbers Hollow," from the following circumstance. In the flight of Ben. McCulloch and Price from Springfield, at the time of Fremont's advance in November, 1861, believing that a rapid pursuit was intended, trees were felled across the road and hollow, to obstruct the march of Fremont's troops. Afterwards Price was obliged to remove this fallen timber for the passage of his own troops and supplies, on his return and re-occupation of Springfield. The subsequent retreat of Price down this hollow when followed by Gen. Curtis, was too hurried and our fire too hot to allow these obstructions being again placed in the way.

Just before the State line is reached, the creek which courses its whole length, known as the middle branch of Sugar Creek, turns to the west, while the road continuing south, up a lateral ravine, and surmounting a steep ascent, debouches upon the elevated plateau of Pea Ridge, near the Elk-Horn Tavern. South of the State line in Arkansas, and two miles distant, a high range of hills take their rise near the Elk Horn and stretch away in irregular outline many miles to the west. The southern face of these hills are precipitous and rocky, but their northern slopes are more regular and undulating. At the foot of the southern escarpments of rock were cultivated fields, now covered with white and withered cornstalks, stretching away to the west from two to three miles. Along the base of these cliffs a road passes

westward to Bentonville with a lateral branch to Lee Town, a hamlet of a dozen houses crowning the ridge, near the western extremity of the corn fields.

From the foot of this rocky range southward, the surface of the country slopes away in undulating waves to the bluffs which border the deep valley of Sugar Creek, the waters of which flow westward, and, uniting with other streams, finally enter the Indian Country, near the south-west corner of Missouri. Pea Ridge comprises the elevated plateau between the middle and south branches of this stream and occupies a surface of many square miles in extent. Copious springs and shining rivulets have their source at the foot of the rocky range of hills, meandering across the fields and through the forests, at length mingling their soft, murmuring waters with those of Sugar Creek. The valleys of these streams are narrow, while the hills which border and confine them are rocky and precipitous.

The general aspect of the country may be summed up as being composed of alternate undulations of field and woodland and of rocky acclivities. First commencing at the Elk-Horn Tavern, and stretching indefinitely away to the westward, rises the apex of the ridge, with its sharp abutments of rock worn and jagged by the winds and storms of centuries. At their southern base a succession of cultivated fields, averaging more than a half mile in breadth, reaching two or three miles westward with more or less irregularity of outline, and occasional projecting points of timber. Then succeeds a belt of timber a mile or more in extent, covering the heights which overlook the valley.

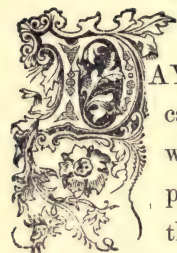
On the evening of the 6th of March all the troops were in position. They occupied the heights to the north of and overlooking the Sugar Creek valley. The left resting upon the telegraph road, the right upon a lateral ravine at right angles with

the main valley, while two miles to the rear at the Elk-Horn were parked the trains and miscellaneous stores pertaining to the army, guarded by the 25th Missouri and a detachment from the 3rd Illinois Cavalry.

Sigel's two Divisions, commanded by Asboth and Osterhaus respectively, occupied the right, Jeff. C. Davis held the center, while Carr was posted on the left ; the line as thus formed fronting south, from whence the Confederate attack was expected. Such was the disposition of our forces on the morning of the 7th ; the regiments well in hand, the men burning with eagerness ; for the enthusiasm of military novices as yet had not been toned down by experience.

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE—FIRST DAY.



DAYLIGHT on the morning of the 7th found the camp astir. Soldiers cooked an impromptu meal with arms in their hands, discussing the while the probabilities of the day. Cavalry horses munched their corn, and the dark-mouthed engines of destruction remained in battery precisely where planted the evening before, as yet silent, but to the imaginative who conjure up phantoms of horror from the smoke wreaths of expected battle, these silent watch-dogs were thinking of the part each were to take in awakening the thunders of the coming hours. The sun arose lazily yet smiling above the smoky horizon, shedding rays of light and heat around and over the scene as if the business in which men were about to engage was not of that character at which it should veil its face.

Very soon staff officers were seen riding rapidly from brigade to brigade, their horses reeking with sweat. Hurried messages were delivered. Officers were seen in brief consultation; their horses were saddled, harnessed and attached to the guns, and throughout the camps all were in a state of readiness and silent expectancy. Soon it was whispered that the enemy declining to

attack in front, had turned the right and was rapidly gaining the rear of our position. Believing that only the intervening timber and underbrush obscured their movements, we expected them upon us immediately.

By this flank movement, what was our front became the rear and the right flank of the army became its left. Soon came the order, shrill and loud, "Fall in, men," when a line was formed, fronting to the northwest, and, advancing a short distance in the wood, we took a position overlooking a ravine. The underbrush was cleared and obstructions to movements in line or column removed, that when the expected attack should come, nothing might prevent a close, rapid and deadly fire. In this position we remained a half hour, straining our eyes through the deep openings in the wood and over the summits of distant ridges, watching for an approaching force—but we looked and listened in vain. Not a movement or sound disturbed the calm repose of the morning. Then came an order to march, when the column was headed to the north-east, reaching the telegraph road, which was packed with a moving mass of wagons, horses, mules and men, slowly drifting from the Elk-Horn Tavern to the shelter of the woods and ravines near the position we had just left.

The Third Iowa Cavalry, and detachments from various Missouri cavalry regiments, came from the northeast and filed towards the left, followed by a section of artillery. Then came Jeff. C. Davis, with his Indiana regiments, moving to the positions assigned them. As yet no hostile battalions disputed our progress, or arrested the disposition that was being made of the forces. We saw no cannon crouching open-mouthed and looking threateningly down upon us. Except the continuous sound of slowly moving columns, the grinding of artillery wheels over the gravel-strewed paths, the braying of mules and the sharp

notes of command, all was peaceful and calm. Hills, fields and forests basked in the morning sunshine, or were gently swept by the shadows of passing clouds.

But at that moment of forboding calm, when everybody was listening for the stern summons to battle—bang! bang! bang! burst forth, a mile away to our right, telling us that the carnival had begun.

After the Indiana regiments had passed, the 36th fell in and marched northeasterly, threading the crooked forest trail until the extreme left of Davis's position was attained. It seemed as if we were marching away from where the roar of cannon indicated that the harvest of death had commenced. Entering a little clearing, we discovered the yellow hospital flags, fluttering from the gables of every house in the hamlet of Leetown, and the surgeons busy with the sad, yet humane task which it was theirs to perform. And now just ahead of us is heard the rattle of musketry, the cheers and yells of opposing forces, the whirr of shrieking bullets and all the awful din of battle. Passing through a narrow belt of timber and reaching the field beyond, the column was being formed in line, when "Look out for the cavalry!" was heard from the advance; then from out the babel of noise and fire, which but just now was heard in front, there rushed a dozen maddened and riderless steeds, and after them came tearing through the fields and brush with headlong speed, down along the marching column, squadrons of terrified cavalry, without hats or arms, in the utmost confusion and dismay. Some shouted as they passed, "Turn back! Turn back! They'll give you hell!" But unmindful of this admonition, the regiment moved on, gained the open field, rapidly completed its line and was ready for the fierce onslaught which now menaced them.

The cavalry disappeared in the woods to the rear, and nothing interposed between us and the long gray lines of the enemy forming in the woods which shadowed the northern side of the clearing. Their skirmishers occupied the field on our arrival, and were seen skulking through the dry and deadened cornstalks back to their lines, and many of their numbers were brought down by the unerring aim of our marksmen, and never left that field alive. The coolness and fearless stand of the 36th restored the confidence of the disordered command preceding it, which was upon the point of flying. Our batteries were planted, Hoffman's on the left, and Welfley's three guns, all he had remaining, supported by Company E of the 36th, on the right. The line of infantry slowly retired to the timber in their rear, forming behind the fence which partially protected them from rebel shot. The enemy, thinking we were retreating, showed themselves on the opposite side and threw down the fence, with the apparent intention of charging upon us. At once our batteries opened and rained upon their exposed ranks a tempest of shot and shell. We saw their lines waver as great gaps were made in their quivering ranks. Their dead and dying thickly strewn the field, while some in sudden panic hurried to the rear. Then the opposite forest became vocal with the thunder of artillery, and rebel batteries sent back a responsive tempest of shot. The greater part of the rebel fire was concentrated upon the batteries and supporting infantry, including Company E. of the 36th, who stood exposed to the pitiless storm upon that unprotected field. The men lay down and closely hugged the earth while shell went shrieking over their heads into the woods beyond, some, indeed, striking uncomfortably near, causing a little excitement among those under fire for the first time.

A shell killed John H. Harris and tore an arm from William Gibson, both of Company C. He started to find the hospital

alone, and when asked by Col. Greusel if he should not send some one to help him along, heroically replied, "No, Colonel, the men are needed here; I can find my way alone," and pale and bleeding he tottered to the rear to seek the surgeon's aid. A shell shattered a leg from Ira Fuller, of Company E, and in a dying condition he was borne off the field. Not a soldier flinched. The ranks of the brave closed up, and still the rending storm went on.

But if their shot flew fast and furious, our batteries hurled an answering response of grape, shell and shot, which mowed down their ranks as with a whirlwind of fire. What could they do but bend beneath the storm and finally melt away before it, withdrawing their wavering ranks to the cover of sheltering woods? After their batteries had been silenced, and their menacing lines were no longer visible, Companies B and G were sent across the field and into the brush beyond to discover the enemy's position, and, if possible, their intentions.

A squad from Company B when near the fence saw a mounted officer making his way through the brush and coming towards them. When near by, they fired, and the Confederate officer fell dead from his horse. The skirmishers sprang over the fence, and Peter Pelican secured the gold watch found upon the dead body of the officer. Another of the boys was in the act of securing his belt and pistols, when a volley was poured upon them, and they fled back to the field and assumed their position in the line of skirmishers. The officer whom they had shot proved to be the Confederate General, Ben. McCulloch.

Our skirmishers found a number of Texas and Louisiana regiments in ambush behind the fence, with whom a lively contest was maintained for fifteen minutes. The fence seemed actually fringed with fire; every length of it concealed a score of sharp

shooters, safely protected behind rails and logs, and able to select their living target, take deliberate aim and send their shot with fatal effect. Protected as they were, scarcely a federal bullet harmed them. Already many a wounded hero sprinkled Arkansas soil with his blood. To remain beneath that withering fire was but to perish, and to fall back became a necessity. But the overwhelming numbers and concentrated fire of the enemy had told heavily upon the thin line of skirmishers, and they retired, fighting, to their first position with the regiment, having twenty killed and wounded.

A charge from the enemy was looked for and guarded against, and then our batteries opened upon them with thunder bolts of wrath launched with unerring precision and merciless fury into their devoted ranks.

With fixed bayonets the 36th advanced across the field in splendid order, no flinching or falling out of line. The storm which howled about their heads might destroy but could not stop them. But the enemy did not wait their coming. They fled in a disorderly rout into the recesses of the forests. No enemy again appeared in force in this portion of the field during the remainder of the day. Occasionally a puff of smoke might be seen among the distant trees, followed by the muffled roar of cannon and the shriek of a projectile, to be met by an instant reply from Hoffman and Welfley.

There being no longer an enemy in our front, the attention of the batteries were called to a high elevation in the line of hills west from the Elk-Horn and more than a mile distant, from which position the whole field of widely scattered and contending forces could be overlooked. It was believed that the Confederate commanders were there, superintending the battle and directing the movement of troops to points most needing their presence. The

hill was fairly black with Confederates, when Lieut. Beneca, of Welfley's battery, elevating his guns, dropped three shells in quick succession right in their midst. Numbers were observed to fall, while the living scattered like frightened sheep. We saw a white steed and its rider lifted into the air as a shell exploded underneath. That hill was quickly vacated, except by the mangled remains of the enemy's dead and dying. During the afternoon small numbers ventured to occupy its crest, but one or two shells exploded upon its summit was sufficient to clear it instantly of rebels.

About three o'clock P. M. a strong column of the enemy made a furious onset upon Jeff. C. Davis's Division, which was posted on the right of Osterhaus. Soon the contending forces were hotly engaged. Volleys of musketry mingled their sharp tones in the grand concert, while there was an incessant crashing of guns uniting their voices in one sublime chorus that reverberated through the forest and among the hills. Wave after wave of rebel infantry bore down upon our thin lines, and a half mile of flame and smoke leaped from their serried ranks. The men of Indiana fell like leaves before an autumn blast, and the 18th and 22nd Indiana were forced to recede from their positions.

Davison's Peoria battery next engaged the attention of the enemy, when from out the belt of timber to our right solid gray lines of troops came surging over the field and thronged in dense masses over and around the battery, while from their lines flashed volley after volley of sulphurous flame. The artillerymen stood by their guns until pierced by shot they fell, or faint and bleeding moved slowly from the field. The guns were captured, their brave defenders with decimated ranks falling back to the timber adjacent to Leetown.

Onward across the field surged the rebel hosts, when Welfley's guns poured in a deadly fire which cleft great openings in their ranks, covering the ground with winrows of dead and wounded, causing them to falter, but by the exertion of officers they closed up again, and like a huge tidal wave moved majestically on. Welfley and Company E were in retreat, but firing as they ran. The battery was then withdrawn to the timber near Leetown. The 12th and 17th Missouri with portions of the 36th met the thronging host, greeting them with a terrific shower of lead, which staid the advancing tide until Welfley returned again to the field. His guns rained grape and canister into the now wavering Confederate ranks, and they broke and fled in dismay. Company E drove those away who were holding Davison's guns, the battery was recaptured and returned to its rightful possessors, and thus ended the conflict on the left.

The cavalry, though not in the front line of battle, did good service in reconnoitering and picking up stragglers from their main command, who, making their way unperceived through the thick brush, annoyed our flanks and rear. Company B while guarding the flank, encountered a straggling detachment of Louisianans, and captured thirty-eight prisoners, including Col. Herbert and five other commissioned officers. A part of this Company, under Lieut. Chapman, supported a battery at Sugar Creek, and did not participate in this day's engagement.

During the contest in which Davis' infantry was engaged, a Lieutenant from one of the Indiana regiments had a finger shot off by a stray bullet. He ordered two of his company—a sergeant and a private—to accompany him to the hospitals in the rear. Col. Greusel meeting him and seeing how slight was his wound, asked why he required two attendants, when men were so much needed in front, adding that if each man who should be

grazed with a bullet required so many attendants to conduct them to the rear, there soon would be none left in front to carry on the fight. The Lieutenant halted, and while in the act of giving his reasons for such a proceeding, a solid shot came crashing through the brains of his attendants and struck him in the breast, passing through his body, hurling all three to the earth, a mangled mass of blood, of shattered bones and quivering flesh. At such a time there was more danger in leaving the ranks and crossing the fields, which were swept with a deluge of iron and lead, than to remain and face the storm.

Away to the right, all day long the roar of battle was terrible and continuous. Our forces there were hard pressed, and, after urgent appeals for aid and an order from head quarters, Asboth's Division filed across the fields, which were deserted and still, except by the moans of the dying, and marched towards the Elk Horn, to aid Carr in the stubborn fight he was maintaining on the right. The conflict was over on the left; the enemy driven in confusion and with heavy loss from the field. Night came on, with its veil of darkness, to hide the bloody scene.

The incidents occurring along the line of an extended field of battle cannot be viewed from a single point of observation. Particularly is this the case when the country is diversified with hill and valley, field and woodland. We can hear the distant roar of guns and see the thin, vapory clouds of smoke arising from different portions of the field, under whose sulphurous sheen tragedies are being enacted, which the imagination alone can fill with horrors and color the picture with dark and fearful shadings. That portion of the battle in which the 36th Illinois participated during the conflict of March 7th, has been detailed. A survey of the whole field and an outline of the extended operations of the forces engaged, will give a more intelligible idea of the magnitude of the

contest, and the bearing which the operations of each separate regiment, brigade, or division had upon the general result.

The very difficult, and often dangerous, movement of changing front to the rear was executed, and new positions occupied, as soon as information of the enemy's movements was obtained. Our left rested upon the margin of the fields adjoining Leetown; our right extending into the woods at and beyond the-Elk Horn tavern, presenting a front to the northwest and at least two miles in extent. While this change of base was being effected, Gen. Osterhaus sent forward a part of the Third Iowa and detachments from various Missouri cavalry regiments, with two guns from Wefley's battery, to feel the enemy, ascertain his strength, his position and intentions. Clear and shrill the bugles sounded the advance, and the squadrons crossed the fields and entered the dense timber and underbrush on the north, which was crowded with masses of the foe, concealed from sight. A dash was made upon a force discovered in front; a portentous silence pervaded the thickets on the left, which masked the hosts preparing to spring upon our devoted band. On goes the charging column, not seeing, or at least unmindful, of the danger lurking near. Suddenly, like a blast from the infernal regions, out of the quiet thickets flashed volley after volley into the passing squadrons, while a body of mounted Confederates charged upon the flanks of our column of cavalry and broke it in two. Officers and gallant soldiers fell like leaves in Autumn, their blood dyeing the woodland with its sanguinary hue. Horses and riders, in ever increasing numbers, thickly strewed the field, while every horse attached to the guns was killed. So sudden a transition from a tilt on horseback, to the position of targets for rebel marksmen, concealed in the dense underbrush, against whose withering fire no effective resistance could be made, was anything but

agreeable. For an instant the column paused in uncertainty ; then suddenly from out the bloody covert swarmed thousands of Confederate soldiers, who overwhelmed both cavalry and artillery, and swept their disordered ranks from existence. The dismounted Federals dashed into the brush for safety and were met by the deadly rifle, the uplifted tomahawk and flashing scalping knife, in the hands of savage Indians, who spared none that fell within their merciless grasp. Others threw away their arms, spurred their horses through the ranks of their enemies, and, plunging madly across the field in a disordered flight, imparted a sensation of terror to the infantry, which was just being formed in line along the northern boundary of the cornfield. The inspiring words or stern commands of officers dispelled the panic which was seizing them, as the terror stricken fugitives fled to the rear. Of the three hundred men who entered that volcano of death, half were either killed outright, made prisoners, or left writhing in agony upon the field. In less than five minutes from the time they entered the timber with flaunting pennons, their ranks were broken, and a wild stream of frightened fugitives returned with headlong haste, and in dire confusion disappeared to the rear. The Indians who had taken service in the ranks of treason ranged the field for plunder, and subsequently thirty dead heroes of the 3rd Iowa Cavalry were found divested of their scalps. Our two guns remained in the enemy's hands, but without horses they could not be used or taken away through the underbrush.

Lieut. Col. Joslyn, as cool as if at a Fourth of July celebration, by word and example did much to maintain the courage and confidence of the infantry, and forming them in line of battle advanced to meet the yelling savages and their brutal white companions with a withering fire which sent them howling back again to the cover of the woods, where the rapid and destructive play of

artillery kept them until after the fall of their leader, Ben. McCulloch, when they abandoned this portion of the field and the left was clear of enemies. In the midst of the artillery duel which succeeded the operations of the morning, skirmishers advanced to the scene of disaster and in the face of a rattling fire of musketry, brought off the captured guns which had been abandoned, and dragging them across the field, they were restored to Capt. Welfley, and soon hotly engaged in wiping out the disgrace of the morning, by hurling shell into the cowering ranks of the foe.

While Sigel's guns were thus holding the enemy in check and preserving his own lines intact, a column of rebel infantry was hurled with irresistible fury upon Jeff. C. Davis' lines in the center. Desperately the men of Indiana and Illinois stood side by side fighting to maintain their position. Wave after wave of gray infantry were met and rolled back among the hills, only to return again with augmented numbers and persistent obstinacy, before which our brave boys bent beneath the murderous rush of bullets which howled about them as a storm howls through the harvest fields in autumn. The wounded creep to the rear, while some of the best and bravest lie dead upon this fatal field. Slowly our troops fall back a few yards to a less exposed position, where under cover of timber and sheltering inequalities of ground no amount of hostile lead and iron can move them. Before our solid ranks and galling fire the enemy faltered, then filing obliquely to the right, enveloped Davison's Peoria-battery, and for a brief period hold it. They swept on towards the left when a hot, enfilading fire from Osterhaus' Division and from Welfley's and Hoffman's guns checked their further progress. Attacked in flank, in front and rear, they could not stand, and the dark masses of the enemy were broken and melted away in a disorderly

retreat. The Peoria-battery was retaken by the men of Company E of the 36th Illinois, and was soon in full play upon the now rapidly vanishing enemy. The center recovered its former position, and the left and center remained unbroken in the place first occupied, interrupted only by the occasional wail of a shell as it came arching over their heads, its salutation being responded to by our batteries with terrible emphasis.

These demonstrations upon the left and center were in the main mere feints on their part to divert attention from the right, which was their main object of attack. Sheltered by the range of hills west of the Elk-Horn, and hidden from sight by the dense timber which covered them, they pressed steadily on to the telegraph road, silently gaining our rear and cutting off all retreat northward. About nine o'clock in the morning their advance encountered Col. Phelps' 25th Missouri Regiment, whose term of service had expired, and who were guarding the stores which had been hastily removed to the Elk-Horn. The 25th interposed a stubborn resistance, maintaining their ground until the transportation, and many of the stores were removed to a place of greater safety. At length by mere weight of numbers the enemy succeeded in dislodging the gallant 25th from the heights, but not until a quarter of its numbers were left on the slopes to attest its heroic devotion. The remainder of Carr's Division was hurried to the scene of threatened danger, and while pressing through the deadened cornfields, which lay at the foot of the cliffs, it came in contact with masses of the enemy posted at the foot and upon the rocky heights, who received them with an iron shotted salute from deep-mouthed, rebel guns, planted on elevations commanding all the approaches, which launched their deadly missiles upon Carr's advancing columns. A line of battle was quickly formed in the woods and fields adjoining the

Elk-Horn, the right, under Col. Dodge, occupying a position on slight elevations east of the road, overlooking a ravine which opened into Cross Timbers Hollow. The enemy soon came thronging up this ravine to the attack, but Dodge's artillery held them in check for several hours. The enemy dragged several pieces up the slopes of the opposite acclivities and responded, while bodies of infantry pushed their way through the broken ascents and tangled underbrush towards our batteries, and soon all were hotly engaged. Volley answered volley in close and deadly conflict, but without definite results or material advantages on either side. The men of Iowa, brave and determined, maintained their ground, giving not an inch, though the attacking force was greatly their superior in numbers. Col. Dodge was everywhere present, rallying and encouraging his men, and though wounded, refused to quit the field. His ranks, exposed to an enfilading fire, were terribly thinned, yet firm and undaunted his troops tenaciously held their position until late in the afternoon, when, failing to receive support and the brigades to his left having been forced back, he relinquished the ground, consecrated by the best blood of Iowa.

Col. Vandevere, with the 9th Iowa and Dubuque battery, occupied the road a little to the north of the Elk-Horn Tavern. Here, hour after hour the battle raged furiously, the enemy constantly augmenting their attacking columns, and plunging a tornado of shot from numerous batteries crowning the heights to the left and front. Here Price and Van Dorn in person watched the progress of the conflict, and concentrated their heaviest efforts. The rattle of musketry was terrible and continuous; the air seemed full of lead, yet the cruel music of these missiles disturbed not the equanimity of our men. From every elevation on the circuit of hills rebel batteries rained their thun-

derbolts in a perfect deluge into our ranks or went shrieking like fiends over the heads of the men who bravely clung to their position. Backward and forward the battle raged as temporary victory or defeat crowned the efforts of the opposing armies. Lieut. Col. Herron, of the 9th Iowa, was wounded, and taken prisoner. A strong rebel column forced its way up the road, and notwithstanding great gaps were made in their ranks, they charged upon the Dubuque battery and captured some of its guns. The balance were withdrawn and occupied another position, from whence they hurled defiance at the advancing foe. While the guns were being withdrawn, a caisson filled with ammunition was disabled and about being abandoned, when an artilleryman threw a burning quilt into the ammunition chest, which in a few minutes exploded in the midst of the enemy with a thundering crash, as though all the explosive elements of earth and air were collected there. Bloody clothing and mutilated remains of men were tossed high in the air, and hung in gory shreds from the tree tops, or were scattered mangled and bleeding over the ground. It was reported that fifty men were either wounded or killed outright at this point.

When Col. Carr found he had the main Confederate army on his hands, he speedily notified Gen. Curtis of the fact and importuned him for reinforcements. Detachments not otherwise engaged were dispatched to his assistance, and even the General's body guard and light howitzers were hurried forward to assist in holding the enemy in check until reinforcements could be brought over from the left, where the contest had virtually ceased. Desperate charges were made, followed by hand to hand fighting at close range and with the bayonet, in which the enemy lost nearly all the ground he had won. Though temporarily defeated, they were speedily reinforced by regiment.

after regiment, and returned to the assault in overpowering numbers, threatening to surround and annihilate the handful of brave men who stubbornly contested their advance. Carr looked on his thinned division with gloomy forebodings as he continued to fall back towards his camp of the morning. Messengers were hurrying from head-quarters to the different division commanders for aid, but at that time Davis was too closely pressed to spare a single regiment or gun. Sigel, after the death of McCulloch, was confronted only by light detachments, but was fearful of another attack, and hesitated to weaken his line by sending troops to the right until peremptorily ordered to do so by Gen. Curtis. Asboth, with the greater portion of his division, marched to Carr's assistance, arriving in time to participate in a charge in which the enemy was forced back a half mile to the Elk-Horn, and much of the ground lost by Carr was recovered. It was a fierce conflict, in which both sides fought desperately for the mastery, and the losses sustained by each were severe. Among the wounded was Gen. Asboth, who, though severely hurt, remained upon the field in command of his division. At a later period, the conflict having ceased in the center, Jeff. C. Davis sent the 2nd Ohio battery to Carr's assistance, which rendered good service until darkness put an end to the conflict, this battery firing the last shot of the day.

For eleven hours, from nine o'clock in the morning until eight at night, the conflict raged on the right without interruption. From our position we could see nothing; a dense cloud of smoke enveloped the field, from whence rolled up to us the awful din of battle. Beneath that smoke enwrapped landscape we knew our brothers loyal and true, were fighting for the good cause, but no lines of gray or blue uniformed men could be seen or movements of troops as the battle surged to and fro, and positions

were either lost or won. Long after darkness had canopied the earth the bloody tournament continued; the flashing of guns as vivid as lightning, the deafening war reverberating among the hills, formed a panorama of sights and sounds never to be forgotten.

The sun was sinking below the horizon when the 36th was ordered to the right to support the bleeding columns that were maintaining the desperate conflict. We marched to a cornfield contiguous to the enemy's position, and remained there until one o'clock in the morning. No fires were lighted, for we knew the enemy was near in unknown numbers, and the glimmer of the feeblest spire of flame might light us on to destruction. We heard the tread of their sentries and the low hum of conversation but a few yards away, and subsequently learned that five Confederate regiments were bivouacked not twenty yards distant. The weary men lay down upon the damp ground, with no covering except the hazy sky, and slept soundly, though chilled by the frosty night air. On the left a glorious victory had been achieved. The right, though shattered and driven a half mile back from their position in the morning, were not disheartened, and with a few regiments to aid their stroke might be able to inflict a blow that would be fatal to rebel hopes of victory. But a few hundred yards intervened between the two armies as they lay down to rest, or made fresh preparations for renewing the struggle in the morning. The dead and many of the wounded were left where they fell. Some of the regiments were terribly reduced in numbers, and many in Carr's division, where the conflict had been more severe, were oppressed with doubts as to the final result. The night was rendered more sombre by the pitiful braying of mules and horses, which for twenty-four hours had been without forage or water. Neither had the men tasted

food or water since the early morning, and between hunger, cold and fatigue were not in exuberant spirits.

At midnight the division commanders assembled at the Commanding General's quarters, and reported the condition and strength of their respective commands, together with such opinions and advice as to future operations as their present condition and previous experience suggested. Carr and Asboth, in view of their thinned ranks and the rude treatment they had received, were filled with gloomy forebodings, while Davis, Sigel and Osterhaus, whose losses had been small, were hopeful and confident. From the verbal reports of his subordinates, Gen. Curtis was able to grasp the whole situation, and believed that by a contraction of his lines and a combined effort of the whole army upon the heights about the Elk-Horn, the contest would no longer be a doubtful one, but that victory would speedily result. In pursuance of this object all the troops were called in and new positions assigned which embraced a line of battle of less than half the extent of that of the preceding day.

Accordingly at 1 o'clock A. M. the order was passed in whispers to proceed to the telegraph road, and we silently left our position in the field, groping our way among the deadened cornstalks, clambering over fences, meandering through woods, falling over logs, ascending steep hills and crossing ravines, until after an hour's painful marching we reached the road, near where a muddy rivulet trickled by. We rushed to the banks, and, lying prostrate upon the earth, quaffed great draughts of the precious beverage and found refreshment and vigor in its cooling waters, the whole brigade brightening up under its invigorating influence.

Soon little impromptu camp fires were blazing in the hollows; frying pans and bake kettles, borrowed from other commands,

were brought into requisition, and a few hastily and half-baked flap-jacks, made of flour and water, were the first morsels of food which had passed our lips for nearly twenty-four hours. This, in a measure, appeased our ravenous hunger, after which a craving for rest was gratified by an hour's sleep upon the muddy ground. The damp, cold air, and a want of blankets and sufficient clothing, rendered this a most chilly and restless affair. This dumping down by the roadside is not suggestive of special comfort, but we were thoroughly tired out, and had reached a point where sleep, however uncomfortable, was a necessity.

No one removed his sword or separated himself from his gun. Horses stood saddled, ready for instant service. The mules continued their braying. Pickets stood with eyes and ears open, ready to give warning should a night attack be attempted. Such as could not readily close their eyes in sleep, looked up through the branching tree tops to the sky arching over all, and the stars moving calmly on their appointed way, and thought of the utter absurdity and wickedness of this whole game of war. Within an area of two square miles lay thirty-five thousand men; some stiff and stark, looking with visionless eyes up into the pitying heavens; some tossing in agony on hospital beds or lying maimed and bleeding under the trees, while yet other thousands were hugging in their sleep the weapons with which to-morrow they were to renew the work of death. Bound up with the lives and safety of these thousands was that of other thousands at the home firesides, and far beyond and over all the fate of our country. And here comes in the moral and patriotic elements of war, to which animal passions, strength and skill must be subservient. Looking at the subject in this light, no doubts disturb us as to our duty to stand up and fight it out to

the bitter end; and, notwithstanding our contempt and horror of war, we must, in view of all the mighty interests at stake, feel that we were in the right place on this blood-stained battlefield. With such thoughts crowding upon the brain, sleep comes at length, and another long day was over.

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE—SECOND DAY.



IN THE morning of the 8th, before it was fully light, we were aroused and homeopathic doses of flap-jacks served to the men, who then proceeded to make ready for whatever hardship, trial and endurance the day should demand. The smoke of yesterday's conflict hung in drapery folds over field, woodland and mountain, and there being no breeze to drive it away, the sun appeared dim and red, and shone with a mellow radiance through the drifting sheen.

While sitting around the camp-fires, and, like Tantalus of the classic myth, looking and longing for a more substantial breakfast than the one which had been meted out to us, suddenly from out the smoky mist came the report of a cannon, followed by a bursting thunderbolt, and so near as to seem within the precincts of the camp. Then followed explosion after explosion in quick succession, while whizzing balls and fiery shell winged

their doleful way through the air, clipping the leafless twigs from the trees just over our heads and striking a hundred yards beyond. Our batteries galloped up the road, the guns were unlimbered, the horses brought back fifty paces to the rear, and in an instant roared forth an answer to the morning salutation accorded us. Shot answered shot, and battery after battery mingled in the thunders of the hour.

Their guns lowered, their range and shot were dropping within the bounds of camp, too uncomfortably near to render our position one of entire safety. A shell exploded in the midst of a camp-fire, around which a score of the men of Company K were sitting, and flaming brands, earth and ashes were scattered promiscuously over the dismayed and startled group, who suddenly recollected that they had urgent business in other portions of the wood.

Swiftly from regiment to regiment the order was passed to advance. The men sprang to their feet, grasped their muskets and fell into the moving lines. Field officers, worn out by fatigue, roused themselves, were soon in the saddle, at the head of columns with which the woods seemed alive, all moving in perfect order towards, and not away from the enemy.

The Second Brigade, including the 36th Illinois, formed by the roadside; its field officers lead the way, and hurrying up the road it neared the sulphurous field where the continuous roll of cannon told us that no idle hands were at the work. Leaving the road, we filed to the left and passed close along the rear of batteries planted in the edge of the fields and pouring a responsive fire to the guns of the enemy, which from the heights looked frowningly down upon us. Behind the batteries and in the edge of the timber large bodies of troops were forming in line of battle, and as we rushed past them at a double quick, cheer upon

cheer greeted and encouraged us. We moved up a wooded slope, while on galloped the batteries to the top of the ascent; then wheeling to the north we entered the field, and advancing in line over the rough ground a hundred yards or more, the guns were unlimbered and added their thunders to the volcano of noise, causing the very earth to tremble. Our line was formed on the left of those already on the ground; regiment after regiment arrived and were added to the blue line of infantry stretching away to the left, while at frequent intervals batteries were planted, and at once it seemed as if a mile of sheeted lightning was leaping from black-mouthed cannon and a murderous rush of hissing missiles hurled into the dense masses of the enemy who were now in plain sight before us. Never were guns more admirably handled than those which all along the line were shaking the earth with one continuous and tremendous peal that seemed the prolonged howl of a hundred thunder storms mingled into one. There were moments when the firing would slacken, when, perhaps, a single gun away off to the right or left would be heard; then the roar of half a dozen in succession, so quick that each succeeding wave of sound lapped on the preceding one. Then the lapping would become indistinguishable, and the whole forty guns would be wreathed in volumes of smoke and flame, the thunders of each merged in one terrific volume.

In this sulphurous atmosphere Sigel was perfectly at home, and utterly regardless of the balls which were hailing around him, he rode from battery to battery, encouraging the men and giving his directions as coolly as if on parade. Dismounting from his horse, he personally sighted the pieces, directed where to fire, and by his example induced the gunners to redouble their efforts, thus sweeping the ground with such an incessant

storm of iron that the enemy dared not advance in a decisive charge across the open fields.

But our batteries had not an entire monopoly of the awful thunders of the day. The fatal precision with which the enemy's shot came tearing through our ranks told us that the opposing batteries were not handled by novices in the art of war. The infantry were ordered to lie down on their arms a few yards in rear of the artillery; and while lying thus upon their faces, closely hugging the ground in vain endeavors to escape the storm of shot which was raining around, a solid shot ricochets over the field and through the dry corn stalks, and passing within a few inches of Col. Greusel's head, for a moment paralyzed and forced him half way to the earth; then with a dull thud it plunged in the midst of Company E, and was buried a foot beneath the surface, in its passage killing private Ray instantly.

It soon became evident that the rebel lines were shaken by the superior accuracy of our fire, and save an occasional shot, one after another of their batteries were silenced. One, however, situated in front of a belt of timber near the Elk-Horn, persistently kept up the cannonade, with scarcely a moment's intermission for three hours, directing its fire upon the right of our line, firing shell and round shot with immense rapidity and such good aim that most of the casualties in this part of the field were caused by this, Woodworth's Arkansas battery.

As the enemy's fire began to slacken, skirmishers were sent out, and the whole line advanced until the now wavering ranks of the enemy were within close range, when the batteries again opened upon them with terrible effect. They abandoned the fields and swarmed up the heights to the rear of the first position, which was fairly blackened with their batallions, pouring a heavy fire of musketry down upon the unprotected heads of our

skirmishers as they advanced gallantly to the foot of the rocky battlements in splendid order, their long ranged, rifled minnies doing fearful execution at a distance which the squirrel-rifles and double-barreled shot-guns of the enemy could not reach. At 10 o'clock A. M. the Confederate forces seemed to be breaking up and scattering in every direction, and whenever a flying squadron could be detected within range, a few shells launched in their midst would give an additional impetus to their flight, while cheer upon cheer went up from our ranks as we saw them wildly scatter on receipt of a message from the guns.

A rocky and almost inaccessible point three-fourths of a mile in front was persistently held against all efforts of the skirmishers to dislodge them. Then the guns were elevated and screaming shells bursting in their midst scattered masses of earth and rock mingled with the shattered remains of men and horses which were tossed in the air and lodged in the branches of the trees. Not long could they stand the storm which swept them as with the besom of destruction, and those who survived the wholesale massacre sought shelter from the deadly effect of the guns by retreating into the woods and down the opposite slopes. We were told that at this point two shells bursting in the center of a compact mass of human beings, killed and wounded sixty of their number. The line then rapidly advanced, cheering as they went, the whole army wild with a delirium of joy. Our right encountered a scattering fire of musketry which rather accelerated than impeded the charge, and then the last remains of the rebel army were put to flight. Battle flags, guns and prisoners were taken, but not a hostile shot broke in upon the shouting which rent the air.

The 36th Illinois reached the foot of the rocky parapet, the last strong-hold occupied by the enemy, its precipitous sides pre-

senting an impassible barrier. But to the left a narrow passage was found by which the cliffs were scaled and their summits reached. Great God! what a scene was there presented! The mangled trunks of men lay thickly scattered around, and so close as to require the utmost care to avoid stepping on their cold remains. From each tree or sheltering nook the groans of the wounded arose, while muskets, saddles, horses, blankets, hats and clothes, hung in shreds from every bush or in gory masses cumbered the ground.¹ Then ten thousand wild cheers from valley and hill-top, from field and wood-land, proclaimed the victory ours.

As we moved down the northern slopes of the ridge we found the smouldering camp-fires, remains of half eaten breakfasts, sacks of flour, sides of bacon, blankets, old hats, guns, and other paraphernalia pertaining to soldiers, scattered about the woods in wild confusion. What remained of the evening's repast was devoured by our hungry men, who, seizing upon everything eatable, greedily crammed it down their throats as they marched along. Reaching the telegraph road, the two wings of the army met at the head of Cross Hollows, and officers and men shouted themselves hoarse. Gladness beamed from every countenance; all were feeling well. Sigel's eye had a less nervous and more joyous twinkle than when, an hour ago, he was sighting the guns which had caused the wrecks lying all around us. Asboth's stoic face for once was wreathed with smiles; and Osterhaus, never more jolly or at home than on the battlefield, was overflowing with encomiums upon "der prave poys," and expressions of entire satisfaction with the result; while towering over all was the massive brow and stalwart form of noble Curtis, who, in stentorian tones, congratulated the army upon the glorious victory it had achieved, and ordered a swift pursuit of the flying enemy.

In the gladness which ruled the hour, the wrecks of humanity thickly scattered in field and wood were not neglected; and Federal soldiers shared the contents of their canteens with thirsty wounded Confederates. The fierce passions which animated them an hour before, while panting for each other's blood, had subsided, and pity for the maimed supplanted the feelings of hate and fury.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PURSUIT AND BATTLE-FIELD.



SHORT were the moments allowed for congratulation, for Sigel was ordered to continue the pursuit on the Keitsville road, up which a considerable force, with that portion of their artillery which the enemy had succeeded in saving, were in full retreat. At every side ravine and forest path little detachments filtered away from the demoralized rabble surging in terror through Cross Timbers Hollow, leaving by the wayside muskets, blankets, and every possible article which could encumber their flight, so that on their arrival and passage through Keitsville scarcely enough men remained to drive the horses attached to the guns.

Three days of constant fighting, the weary watches of the succeeding nights, the heat, dust, fatigue, and above all, the hunger of the men composing the pursuing column, rendered the forced march of twelve miles extremely tiresome and depressing; and with all the efforts we were able to put forth, the retreating squadrons of the Confederate army could not be overtaken. Night coming on, we bivouacked in the valley a short distance below Keitsville, and hungry, cross and supperless, stretched our weary limbs upon the ground and slept soundly.

The march was resumed the next morning and continued to Keitsville; the 36th having in charge three or four hundred rebel prisoners who had been captured at various periods in the progress of the battle. Among them was Col. Hebard, of the 3rd Louisiana, and Billy Price, a nephew of the Confederate general, then a member of the so-called Confederate Congress. His answers to the multitude of questions with which his captors, Yankee like, assailed him, were sharp, intelligent, and as keen as a rapier. By this time all hopes of overtaking the enemy were abandoned. The prisoners were sent to Springfield under guard, while the command retraced its steps to the valley and halted during a severe rain storm, which saturated our clothing, filled the rivulets to overflowing, and changed the road to a quagmire.

We were here joined by Major Conrad, with his detachment, which had left Cassville in the morning, Company F again taking its position in the regiment. The arrival of a provision train under their escort was most opportune, and it was good to see with what thorough zest and enjoyment the half famished soldiers devoured their hardtack and bacon. After the storm had subsided, we proceeded to Pea Ridge and encamped in the woods on

the banks of a rivulet, the cooling waters of which had satiated our thirst on the night of the 7th.

How it was possible for the whole vast Confederate army to slip so completely through our fingers with the capture of only a few hundred stragglers, was a matter of surprise to all, for at the time the last gun was fired, vast numbers were observed scattering in every direction and vanishing among the hills. Although the pursuit was instantaneous, no considerable numbers were afterward seen, and from seven to eight hundred comprised all the prisoners captured during the engagement, not including the wounded who were left in our hands.

Meanwhile burial parties were detailed from the various regiments, who traversed the length and breadth of the late battlefield, to its remotest corners and where the hottest fury of man's wrath had expended itself, gathering up the remains of the dead and putting them quietly away to rest side by side in common and nameless graves. Along the position occupied by Dodge's brigade, and all through the cornfields about the Elk-Horn, where Carr had so long maintained the fearful contest, thickly lay the defaced and broken human caskets, emptied of all that made them manlike, and so blackened, repulsive and distorted as scarcely to retain a semblance of humanity.

The ground was thickly strewn with arms, knapsacks, cartridge boxes, clothing, the carcasses of horses, and thousands of shot and shell. Go where you would, through field, wood, ravine or over mountain, the walk would be amid the debris of battle and the dead, until the heart grew sick and faint with horror. Here was a lifeless trunk, the head of which had been blown entirely away; the limbs of some were torn from the bodies, while others were perforated with shot. So ended the career of hundreds, the beloved of many a sad and breaking heart, who were buried

with no headstones to mark the place where rest their sleeping ashes.

Climbing the rocky citadel behind the Elk-Horn, where our broadsides swept their ranks with destruction, scores of Confederate dead lay in every conceivable attitude; some grasping their muskets with a look of stern defiance indelibly stamped upon their faces, while the features of others told of the horror and despair which filled their souls when the fatal missile struck them. Some lay in positions of calm repose, the expression of their countenances calling forth words of tenderness and respect from the burial parties, who knew that away off yonder in some Southern home the heart of wife or mother was wrung with anguish over the sad results of this fearful game of war. Not for these mangled forms need we reserve our pity, but for the broken home circles, of which the cold remains before us once formed a valued link. The widow, the orphan, the lover, these claim our pity, sorrow and tears.

Aside from the dead, the whole plateau bore fearful evidences of the severity of the strife. In the wood every tree was pierced with shot or cut with bullets, gashed and scarred as if riven by the fiercest lightning. Some were bereft of branches, and the trunks of others, more than two feet in diameter, penetrated through and through. Not a fence remained, not a building, but was wrenched from its foundation with bursting shell, or scarred and battered with bullets; not a field but that been plowed with artillery, its soil moistened with the life-blood of heroes, or trodden by armed and desperate men—no spot but that carried its mute testimonial of the awful conflict which for two days raged over the now historic field of Pea Ridge.

Soon after the termination of the conflict a flag of truce was received from Van Dorn, accompanied by a burial party, asking

permission to collect and bury their dead, and the request was granted—a task, which, from the rugged nature of the country, the wide range of the conflict, and the dense thickets where many had crawled away to die, was rendered particularly difficult.

Our pursuing columns had not yet returned, and but few knew of the presence of this party. The next day, while numbers of men, by permission, were ranging the fields and woodland in search of lost comrades, or to gratify an inordinate curiosity and collect mementoes of their first battle, they came suddenly upon the Confederate burial party; mistaking them for the advance guard of an armed force, they broke for camp, frantically shouting as they ran that the Rebels were upon us in countless numbers. Quickly the alarm spread to other parties, and soon the whole vast concourse of stragglers were madly rushing through the cornfields and brush from every quarter toward their respective camps. The bugles sounded the alarm; drums beat to arms; lines of battle were formed; batteries wheeled into position; cavalry horses saddled ready for instant use, and officers with field glasses galloped hither and thither to reconnoitre the country and determine the strength of the approaching force.

No surprise was ever more complete than that which came over our terrified men whose imaginations magnified the numbers of the peaceable burial party in the quiet performance of their humane task, into countless thousands of infuriated enemies, thirsting for Federal blood. This ripple of excitement having passed away, the equanimity of the men was restored, and they proceeded quietly to the performance of their respective duties.

Hospital tents were erected in eligible positions convenient to wood and water, where the wounded were collected and their sores began to heal under the assiduous attention of the Surgeons. The wounded of the 36th were gathered at Leetown, some in

tents, others in a vacant storehouse, and volunteer nurses from every company watched over and ministered to their wants.

Our losses in the series of engagements at Bentonville and Pea Ridge numbered 1351 men, of which 203 were killed. Among the wounded were Gen. Asboth and Col. Dodge, while Cols. Chandler and Herron were wounded and taken prisoners.

The enemy's loss in killed, according to the reports of the burial parties, was about 600. Many, however, of their severely wounded, who crawled to secluded corners in the thickets and died, were not found, and for weeks their festering corpses tainted the air and furnished food for birds and beasts of prey. Among their unburied dead were seventy Indians, whose atrocities on the field of battle were too keenly remembered for us to administer the rites of sepulture, and as their white allies did not do it, their flesh served as food for crows, their bones scattered and left to whiten in the sun.

Among their dead were Generals McCulloch, McIntosh, Clarkson and Slack, and many officers of lesser note.

The following comprised the killed and wounded of the 36th Illinois.

COMPANY A.

Charles G. Cox, shot in the thigh.

COMPANY B.

Ernest Ansorg, wounded.

C. M. Kemble, wounded.

George Miller, wounded.

Wm. L. Campbell, wounded.

James Eddy, wounded.

Robert N. Thompson, wounded.

Thomas Boyd, wounded.

Oliver Brownlee, wounded.

Wm. Van Ohlen, wounded.

COMPANY C.

John H. Harris, killed.

William P. Criswell, arm, slightly.

William M. Gibson, arm shot off.

COMPANY D.

Andrew Scofield, arm, severely.

COMPANY E.

Ira Fuller, killed.

John Ray, killed.

COMPANY F.

Paul Stevenson, killed.	Abel Christopherson, shot in leg.
Walter E. Partridge, shot in arm.	

COMPANY G.

Sergt. J. A. Dispennet, shot in leg.	Thomas Olson, killed.
Corp. Wm. M. Stitt, shot in ankle.	Lewis Jones, shot in leg.
David Bardwell, shot in thigh.	Charles Pratt, shot in arm.
Alexander Stitt, shot in lungs.	Seth Slyter, shot in heel.
Edward Lyon, shot in leg.	Franklin Small, shot in arm.
Thomas Malcolm, shot in hand.	John Corkins, shot in arm.
Dison Clark, shot in ankle and arm.	.

COMPANY H.

Orrin Pickett, killed.	Alvin Bunker, wounded in thigh.
Cornelius Kimplin, killed.	Jackson Conroe, wounded in
Charles E. Owels, wounded in foot.	shoulder.

COMPANY I.

Frederick Witzkie, wounded.	Michael Manning, wounded.
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COMPANY K.

Sam'l McCartney, wounded in head.	Henry Holmes, wounded in arm.
Benj. Simmons, wounded in arm.	Frances Sampson, wounded in leg.
Jas. McCrarey, wounded in side.	Edw'd Mayberry, wounded in leg.

Total, six killed and thirty-two wounded.

The following extract from the report of Col. Greusel, commanding the Second Brigade, gives a complete summary of the part taken by the 36th Illinois in connection with the other regiments participating in the actions of Bentonville and Pea Ridge, which was dated at Pea Ridge March 12th, 1862, and directed to Col. Osterhaus, commanding the First Division.

COL. GREUSEL'S REPORT.

MARCH 6TH.—I received your order to march the brigade back to your assistance from Sugar Creek about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately halted the regiments and batteries on the road and marched them back on the double quick about three miles, where I found you hotly pursued by the cavalry and artillery of the enemy. I formed the 36th Illinois regiment in line of battle until you gave the order to fall back slowly for a mile, where I reformed four companies in ambush and marched the other six companies one mile east and formed them in line.

The enemy having given up the pursuit, I re-formed the regiment and marched to camp on Sugar Creek, the 12th Missouri Volunteers bringing up the rear, under Major Wanglin, whose horse was wounded in the retreat.

MARCH 7TH.—I received your orders at 8 o'clock A. M., and marched two regiments of infantry, Capt. Hoffman's battery and three twelve-pound howitzers of Capt. Welfley's battery in an open field or farm a little north of Leetown, where I formed the 36th Illinois regiment on the left, Hoffman's battery next on the right, the 12th Missouri on the right of Hoffman's battery. Three pieces of Welfley's battery supported by Company E of the 36th Illinois.

Previous to the arrival of my command on the field, the 3rd Iowa, the 1st Missouri cavalry and the Benton Huzzars, with two pieces of Welfley's battery, had charged the cavalry and infantry of the enemy in a cleared field about half a mile from our position. Just as the 36th Illinois Volunteers got into line, and while the 12th Missouri was forming, the cavalry commenced a precipitate and disorderly retreat which threatened a general stampede. It was a critical moment, and on the courage and firmness of the infantry depended our success. The officers, by their good example, inspired confidence in the men, the 36th Illinois and 12th Missouri standing their ground like veteran soldiers and preventing a disgraceful rout. Two pieces of artillery and one of Welfley's howitzers were left on the field, but Capt. Welfley succeeded in spiking them before he retired. These pieces were afterwards recovered by Company E of the 36th Illinois Volunteers.

It is to be regretted that the men attached to these guns were compelled to leave them by our own cavalry, who rode down, indiscriminately, men and horses, eight of Welfley's men having been severely injured by them. At the moment the last of our cavalry left the field, I opened a brisk fire of shell and shot in the bushes occupied by the enemy, which prevented them from following up the retreat of the cavalry. This fire was kept up for an hour and returned by them.

At this time my attention was directed to a high and steep hill on my right and about a mile distant from our line. I believed it to be the place selected by the Confederate commanders from which to direct the movements of their troops and to reconnoitre ours. I directed Lieut. Beneca's section of Wel-fley's battery to shell that point, causing them to disperse in double quick time.

My attention was now called to several regiments of infantry in our front and immediately opposite the 36th Illinois Volunteers, whereupon I threw out Companies B and G of that regiment as skirmishers. These companies crossed the field, and on entering the timber discovered the enemy in ambush—three regiments drawn up in line and others formed in square, evidently expecting another attack from our cavalry. A rapid fire was opened up by the enemy and returned by the skirmishers, which was kept up for fifteen minutes. Finding that they were wasting ammunition to but little purpose, the skirmishers retired in good order, with a loss of twenty wounded—thirteen in Company G and seven in Company B.

It was during this skirmish that an officer on horseback, who afterwards was found to be Gen. Ben. McCulloch, was shot dead by Peter Pelican, of Company B of the 36th Illinois Volunteers. The dress worn by the officer was a black velvet coat, vest and pants, long boots and white felt hat.

After the skirmishers retired I ordered shot and shell to be sent among the ambushed enemy, and then moved the 36th Illinois Volunteers forward, but the enemy retreated to a fence and thick underbrush, from whence they were shelled and scattered in great confusion. After the enemy fled I returned with the command to its first position.

At this time the 37th Illinois Volunteers, which were formed to my right, was attacked with great fury, and a heavy fire of musketry poured into the ranks of the 18th and 22nd Indiana regiments. This fire was returned by them in conjunction with the 12th Missouri, which did good execution and at last forced the enemy to retire with great loss. The 36th Illinois and 12th

Missouri then skirmished the woods and fields over an area of a mile square, taking several prisoners, after which, in accordance with your orders, I removed my command to a field about two miles in advance of our position of the morning, where we remained until midnight, when your orders were received to march to the Keitsville road, where we remained until the next morning. My command having had nothing to eat or drink for near twenty-four hours, and neither shelter or blankets during the night, suffered greatly from fatigue and exposure.

MARCH 8TH.—At 7 o'clock A. M., the enemy having commenced firing shot and shell, I received your orders to "fall in," and marched to an open field about a mile in advance, where I formed my command in the following order: Welfley's battery on the right, joined by the 12th Missouri; Hoffman's battery and the 36th Illinois on the left, in close column, by divisions. Having been informed that a cavalry attack would be made upon us, we were prepared at any moment to form a square.

The enemy fired shot and shell while we were forming, and kept up a heavy fire for about two hours, which was briskly returned by our batteries until the rebel guns were silenced or ceased firing. After this I discovered several regiments of the enemy's infantry on the high hills in advance, and directed two companies from the 12th Missouri and from the 36th Illinois, which I increased to four from each of these regiments, to skirmish the fields and hill slopes. The skirmishers advanced in splendid style and drove the enemy before them, those of the 12th Missouri capturing three guns and a very fine silk Confederate flag from the Dallas battery.

At this time (10 o'clock A. M.) the 17th Missouri joined the brigade and the whole command moved forward, skirmishing to the telegraph road, repulsing the enemy, taking a number of prisoners and guns, a quantity of ammunition, flour and salt. From this advanced point, in accordance with your order, we followed up the repulsed and retreating rebel army rapidly for eight or ten miles, when we went into camp for the night. After this we saw no more of the rebel army, they having dispersed in all directions as they fled before our victorious columns.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONRAD'S EXPEDITION—RECUPERATING.



OR A number of days prior to the advance of the main Confederate army, roving mounted bands of reckless men traversed the country and showed great activity in their predatory incursions. Now they were hovering about our flanks, menacing the camps, harassing foraging parties, picking up stragglers, and perhaps the succeeding day or night the same bands would be heard from far in our rear, vexing the posts or trains and interfering with our communications. A thousand rumors were rife of an intended advance in force, but the report which gained most credence was to the effect that large numbers of Price's followers were drifting back into Missouri, passing our flank along the State line road for the purpose of demonstrating on our line of communication. The night attack upon Keitsville, the acts of lawlessness and of murder in the neighborhood of Cassville, together with the apparent ease with which these marauders traversed the woods, hills and valleys in the perpetration of their outrages, strengthened and gave color to such a belief.

To gain definite information of these reported movements, Major Conrad, of the 3rd Missouri Cavalry, was placed in command of a reconnoitering expedition, with a force of six companies of infantry, a section of artillery and sixty cavalry. They proceeded from the camp near Bentonville on the morning of the 5th of March. Among the troops detailed for the expedition was Company F of the 36th Illinois Volunteers.

The weather was just cold enough for comfortable marching, the roads in excellent condition and the men in fine spirits. The first day's march of twenty-five miles was accomplished without fatigue or hardship. The general course pursued was southwesterly and west, and on the second day they reached the line road between Arkansas and the Indian Country, which they followed to Marysville, a straggling border village of some note, inhabited by a mixture of whites and Cherokee Indians. The fine prairies of this region was a welcome sight to the men from Illinois, who were reminded of their homes in their own loved prairie State.

Little squads of mounted horsemen, the outlying pickets of the rebel advance, were observed skurrying over the country, like the mist which heralds the storm, and was the occasion of some lively little cavalry chases, resulting in the capture of six prisoners during the day. But no information was gained of the movement then going on, until the arrival of a messenger from Sigel, telling them of the danger which menaced them, and ordering a rapid return to Bentonville. In attempting to execute that order the command suddenly found themselves nearly surrounded by largely superior numbers, but favored by the woods and inequalities of the country they finally succeeded in extricating themselves from the trap into which they had unwittingly entered.

A rapid retreat into Missouri was now their only chance for escape, and by making wide detours through the woods, following unfrequented paths and winding among the hills, they managed to elude the enemy who ranged the country on the outskirts of the battle-field, where a fierce contest was raging within hearing and almost within sight of their line of retreat. All attempts at reaching the command being thwarted, the expedition directed its march towards Keitsville. All day of the 7th the thunder of cannon was wafted to their ears, and although they were but a few miles away from where the conflict was raging, the whole rebel army lay between them and their comrades, which it was madness to attempt to pass through. Learning something of the strength of the enemy and position of the combatants from the inhabitants of the country, the command reluctantly retired to Keitsville and ultimately to Cassville. The arrival of trains with stores for the army, accompanied by strong escorts, swelled the force at Cassville to one thousand men, a majority of whom were clamorous to be led against the enemy and force their way to the main command.

Later in the day a slight demonstration was made upon the pickets and one of them killed, which somewhat cooled the ardor of those madcaps, who in the morning professed to be "spoiling for a fight." Other parties were seen at a distance, and it was thought quite possible that those who wished to exercise their shooting propensities could be gratified without leaving Cassville. The muttering of cannon at Pea Ridge, which was distinctly heard, intensified the excitement, while the absence of news from the scene of conflict caused a state of feverish anxiety and suspense nearly as trying to the mind and body as though mingling in the dread realities of the battle-field. Rumors of a Federal victory reached Cassville during the night, which were confirmed

in the morning; when the command set out for Sugar Creek in charge of the provision trains, joining Sigel's column at Cross Timbers, the whole proceeded to Pea Ridge; the detachment having marched one hundred and fifty miles in five days, without the loss of a man or gun.

The unwholesome atmosphere at Pea Ridge, caused by the putrefying remains of hundreds of dead horses, induced Gen. Curtis to remove head-quarters as well as the whole army to Camp Stevens, in the valley of Sugar Creek, while Bentonville was occupied by a portion of Davis's Division. Our cavalry penetrated to Fayetteville without opposition, and without seeing a hostile face or hearing an unfriendly word. Foraging parties ranged and partially ravaged the country westward to the Cherokee line, and north to Pineville and beyond, without in a single instance being molested. The late Confederate hosts had melted away like frost before the sunshine, had abandoned the country, while their leaders, gloomy and dejected, had fled, Price to Fort Smith, and Van Dorn to Batesville and Jacksonport, with only shadowy remnants of their once confiding but now despondent followers. Rebellion had received a stunning blow, and for the time being all surface indications proclaimed the sudden collapse of treason in Missouri and North-western Arkansas.

Arrangements for an exchange of prisoners were effected, by which means Lieut. Walker and twenty-six enlisted men of Company B returned to duty. They reported that from the officers and many of the men they received courteous and kindly treatment, while others heaped upon them the most violent abuse.

The flight of the Confederates after the battle was as rapid and tumultuous as their consternation and dismay could make it. All broke for the woods, over the hills and through thickets, avoiding the roads and each other as much as possible. It

seemed like a wild scamper, each endeavoring to reach Van Buren first. While the prisoners were being hurried along, a squad of fugitives rushed by, when one of our boys cried out, "Hello, stranger; Bull Run number two, aint it?" "No, sir, by G— this is A number one," was the response.

In a few days many of the slightly wounded returned to duty, while those more seriously hurt were removed to Cassville, and when sufficiently recovered to stand the journey, conveyed in ambulances to Rolla, and from thence to their homes with an honorable furlough. Others languished upon beds of pain and were brought very near to the gates of death, perhaps, after months of intense agony, to be turned out upon the world broken and maimed, a mere wreck of former manhood.

Among the reinforcements which came to supply the losses of battle and the waste of the campaign, was the 13th Illinois Volunteers and the 3rd Missouri Infantry, altogether adding to our numbers more than sufficient to repair the losses we had sustained.

An advance into Arkansas from our present position was for a time contemplated and preparations made accordingly, but the spring rains setting in, the roads became fearfully cut up, rendering it next to impossible to move the trains. To transport supplies and maintain the long, slender line of communication for any greater distance from our base at Rolla into a country already exhausted, was too hazardous to attempt. Added to this, rumors were current of the concentration of a Confederate force at Pocahontas for the invasion of South-eastern Missouri, which induced Gen. Curtis to withdraw the command into Missouri, to a position favorable for movements in any direction. Accordingly head-quarters were removed to Cross Timbers, the different regiments dotting the country with their camps from Keitsville to the Arkansas line.

During the few days of quiet which succeeded the fatigue and excitement of the battle, the most extravagant and untruthful reports prejudicial to officers were circulated through the camps and became topics of common conversation. One which originated among the German soldiers was to the effect that, at the close of the second day's fighting, after Carr had been forced back, Gen. Curtis became despondent, and at the subsequent meeting of officers, at midnight, announced his determination to surrender. That it required all the influence of Sigel to dissuade him from that purpose. That thereupon Gen. Curtis turned over the command to Sigel, and it was under his supervision and leadership that victory was snatched from an apparent defeat. This report was readily believed by many in the army, was published in the newspapers and scattered broadcast over the country. So general was the belief in the truth of the report, that Col. Vandevere, a personal friend of Gen. Curtis, who knew the utter absurdity and want of truth in the story, directed a letter of enquiry to Gen. Sigel, who promptly responded, as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS 1ST AND 2ND DIVISIONS,
KEITSVILLE, Mo., MARCH 27, 1862. }

GENERAL:—It is with great displeasure that I have read the letter of *Col. Vandevere* to *Capt. Curtis*, your A. A. G., and I will do all in my power to find out the author of an assertion which is, as far as I know, untrue. You did never give the command of the army to me, and I regard it as a calumny if it is said that you spoke in my presence about surrendering. This I declare on my honor, and hope that the officers and soldiers of this army will do what they can to preserve the mutual good feeling and good understanding amongst us, instead of creating animosities by forwardness and misrepresentation.

I am, General, with the greatest respect, yours truly,
F. SIGEL, Brig. Gen.

Major Gen. S. R. CURTIS,

Commanding army of S. W.

Now that all personal animosities have subsided, and the object of these calumnies is dead and gone to his reward, we feel sure that before the impartial tribunal of history, the verdict of a grateful people will be that Gen. S. R. Curtis was not found wanting in courage and patriotism in the hour of trial.

Considerable quantities of grain yet remained in the country, which was taken to the mills and ground for the subsistence of the troops. It was necessary to guard these mills to prevent marauding bands from interrupting our sources of supply. For this purpose Companies A and C, with detachments from other regiments, under the command of Lieut. Col. Joslyn, were sent to Gadfly, where extensive mills were situated, which were kept running night and day.

A scouting party from Gadfly penetrated the country to Granby, the center of lead mining operations, where had been produced vast quantities of lead for the use of the Confederate army. The people were known to be intensely hostile, but not an adult male was found at home. Of women and children there were no lack, who represented that the town was inhabited entirely by war widows and orphans, who with mournful pathos repeated the story of their bereavement. One of the soldiers, of an inquiring turn of mind, while peering around the mines for mineral specimens, or for contraband articles of war, accidentally cast a stone into one of the shafts, that fell to the bottom with a dull dead thud, as if striking a softer substance than solid rock. Immediately a howl of distress and pain came up from the dark depths of the mine. In answer to a summons to come forth, a gaunt, long-haired Missourian emerged from the earth. The hillsides were honeycombed with mineral shafts, and by probing them with rocks they were made to yield up the mortal remains of the husbands of many of Granby's fair widows, who had not

so much as a "thank you, sir," for restoring their once dead, now living husbands to their arms. In this way a number of the aiders and abettors of treason were hunted from the holes and marched as prisoners to the Federal lines.

The hardships of the campaign told fearfully upon the health of many of the officers, who were granted leaves of absence and returned for a short period to their homes. Among these were Gen. Sigel and Col. Dodge, whose slight, physical frames were not proof against the excitement of mind and privation of body they had been subjected to. These officers for their gallant deeds were promoted to higher grades of rank, and subsequently assigned to more important fields of action. Indeed, Pea Ridge was a harvest field of honors to meritorious officers, and the mails came laden with promotions and commissions for those whose fame had been trumpeted to the War Department at Washington.

Gen. Curtis was raised from Brigadier to the rank of Major General of Volunteers. Likewise Gen. Sigel, who was assigned to an important command in West Virginia. Those promoted to Brigadiers were Cols. Dodge, Osterhaus, Heron, Benton, Jeff. C. Davis and Carr. Among the officers of the 36th Illinois who had had enough of war, was Capt. Camp, of Company I and Lieut. Wilson, of Company F, who resigned their commissions and left the service forever, their places being filled by O. B. Merrill to the vacant Captaincy, and George G. Biddolph to the position of Lieutenant.



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CHAPTER XV.

FROM KEITSVILLE TO CAPE GIRARDEAU.



THE long, tedious march of the army of the South-west through Southern Missouri and to Batesville in Arkansas, commenced April 5th, the 36th Illinois being among the first to break camp and push on with the advance, reaching Cassville at 11 A. M. and proceeding nearly due east from thence, through a sparsely settled and mountainous country among the spurs of the Ozarks, reaching Flat Creek and camping on its banks near its junction with the James river on the evening of the 6th. The streams were all high and rapid, their waters cold, and clear as crystal. Flat Creek was crossed on a bridge of wagons at Cape Fair, as was the James at Galena, late on the evening of the 7th. Companies A and C marching from Gadfly, overtook and joined the regiment on the 7th.

The people inhabiting this gloomy and forbidding region of chert hills and pine forests were mostly loyal and Union-loving men, who had contributed generously to the ranks of the loyal Missouri regiments. In the dark days of rebel domination, when the whole South-west was overrun with McCulloch's desperadoes and Price's marauding hordes, the Union men of

Stone and Barry Counties combined their forces and successfully resisted all attempts to coerce them into the heresy of secession. The skin clad mountaineers, who almost from the cradle had been taught the use of fire arms, hesitated not to use them when the hated minions of secession penetrated their narrow valleys for conscription, plunder or mischief. Some of our most daring scouts and trusty guides were from the poor but loyal inhabitants of this mountain region, pre-eminent among which was Charles Galloway, subsequently Major in the 1st Arkansas Cavalry.

The first sight which greeted the eyes of Gen. Curtis upon his arrival at Galena, the county seat of Stone County, was a cloud of smoke and crackling flames from a burning building belonging to a loyal Union man, that had been fired by some of the German troops in Osterhaus' Division, who were in the advance. The General was indignant at such a wanton and unprovoked outrage, and, notwithstanding it was nearly night and a cold storm setting in, he ordered the division to cross the river, where they were at liberty to indulge their house burning propensities upon the grim forest trees. The 36th being attached to this division was included in the order, and as might have been expected there was some grumbling and many hard things said of "Old Curtis" as they crossed the ice cold stream in the darkness, exposed to the pelting of rain and sleet; and it was ten o'clock before the tents were pitched and the men sheltered from the storm.

The army reached Forsyth, the county seat of Taney County, situated on the north bank of White river, April 10th. The line of march from Cassville was through a country of the most weird and uninviting character, generally over the crests of mountains, now winding along stupendous ridges, skirting ravines of dizzy depths, then up abrupt ascents or between vast heights

and along the rocky channels of mountain torrents, the towering hills scantily clothed with a scraggy growth of oak or crowned by scattering pines, which moaned in the wind like the sad notes of a funeral anthem. From the summits of some of the higher elevations a vast panorama of mountain waves, valleys, streams, rocks and woodland was presented to the enraptured view.

The arrival of Col. Hassendible, of the 17th Missouri, was the cause of Col. Greusel being relieved from the command of the 2nd Brigade, that officer outranking the latter. The unsophisticated volunteer unacquainted with military etiquette could scarcely reconcile with his ideas of right, the sweeping changes which were sometimes made, by which officers who had led in fatiguing marches and commanded in desperate engagements, gave place to those whose distinguishing traits were absence from places of danger and the sterner duties of the campaign.

During the occupation of Forsyth the cavalry were engaged in scouting the country and ferreting out bands of desperadoes that were wont to call themselves "Price's men," who depredated upon the surrounding country with a degree of malignity unparalleled in the annals of crime. A detachment of the 3rd Illinois Cavalry, under Lieut. Col. McCrellis, proceeded to Talbot's ferry, near the mouth of the north fork of White river in Arkansas, and destroyed the saltpetre works in that neighborhood. Every boat had been removed and secreted in such a manner that only a small dismounted detachment was able to cross the river in a "dug out;" they dispersed the Rebel guard, broke up the steam engine, kettles and other property, and then fired the buildings, making a complete wreck of everything pertaining to the works, without a single casualty or mishap to the command.

A part of the 4th Iowa Cavalry proceeded down White river in the direction of Yellville, breaking up the ferries and other appliances for crossing the stream; in the execution of this a number of sharp encounters occurred with the enemy, in one of which a Lieutenant was shot, and in a day or two died. His comrades buried the remains on the crest of a hill, in the midst of a pine forest in Douglas County, Missouri.

Heavy provision trains came lumbering over the mountains from Springfield, together with reinforcements of troops, which joined the command at Forsyth; among them was the 4th Iowa Cavalry, a full and well equipped regiment of twelve hundred men.

On the 16th of April the march was resumed in the midst of a rain storm, the column headed eastward, through Taney, Ozark and Douglas Counties, to West Plains in Howell County. Day after day the rain came pouring down in unmeasured quantities. The country was deluged, the streams filled to overflowing, rendering a detour necessary, far up among the hills towards their sources, to enable the army to cross the roaring torrents. The passing of men, horses and vehicles over the execrable roads soon mixed the spongy soil into mortar, through which plashed the slow moving columns of mud-incased horses and men at the rate of less than a mile an hour. A march of ten miles a day was all that could be accomplished by the light armed troops, while batteries were with difficulty dragged along by doubling up their usual teams, and came plowing up the mud in the rear, often not reaching camp until late at night.

While storm-bound in one of these camps, an old man, bowed with the weight of years, accompanied with two buxom daughters, entered the camp on horseback, with the enquiry :

“ Whar’s the Ginerel ? ”

Being directed to head-quarters the old man dismounted, and grasping the hand of Gen. Curtis he thus addressed him :

“Gineral, I’ve rid twelve miles to see yer. I fit with old Jackson at Orleans, an it does my old eyes good to see yer follerin arter the bravest man that ever fout, an a holdin up the old flag as he did. My name’s William J. Dotson, an I’m risin of eighty-five years old, but I can give as ginuine a hurraa for the kentry as when I was a youngster. We’ve had it mighty tough down here; them secession cusses hev stole mighty nigh all we’ve got, drat em, an they’ve been ravin an a tearing around right smart. They’ve threatened to shoot me, but as I’m already too old to hev any business above sod, I tell em to shoot and be dogond. They hung Jack, and they druv Sam away from hum, but the gals are with me yit; and when the dogoned secession skunks pull down the flag that I always keeps a wavin from my cabin, I hev the gals sew another one together an set it flyin agin. But now I’ve seen you’ons I can go hum and die contented.”

And thus the old patriarch beguiled a pleasant hour with the General in detailing his experience with the “dogoned secesh.” The whole staff was impressed with the venerable appearance of the old man, and began to think that these rocks, hills and barren wastes might after all be worth fighting for, as long as such sterling patriots were left to cheer and bless our efforts.

The 36th Regiment remained for a number of days encamped at Lyon’s Mill, the owner of which, being a Union man, gladly allowed his mill to be run in the interest of his country. By this delay they escaped much of the rain and bad roads which the advance divisions encountered, and in three days’ time marched as far as the other divisions had in ten, overtaking the

main command at the crossing of the north fork of White river. While on the march, winding through the deep valleys and traversing the pine clad hills, universally prevalent in this poverty stricken country, a private of Company I, named Martin Rinehart, sickened and died, and was buried by the roadside in the depths of the gloomy forest, away from the sight of man, with nothing but the wailing pine to stand guard and watch over his lonely forest grave.

A halt of two days was made at Salem, the county seat of Fulton County, Arkansas, to rest and recover from the fatigues of the previous march. The little town of Salem nestled romantically among the verdure-clad hills of Northern Arkansas, smiling in the unfolding beauties of spring. An isolated peak to the north of the village, called Pilot Hill, arose like a sugar loaf to the height of five hundred feet. A view from its summit, over an undulating region of hills, vales, blooming prairies and smiling woodland, amply repaid for the fatigue of the ascent. The climate was delightful; the weather warm and spring-like, the sky clear and bright, and the groves were vocal with the melody of a thousand songsters. Overcoats were no longer needed, and the men were permitted to turn them over, together with all superfluous clothing, to the Quarter-Master, a privilege which many gladly availed themselves of. Our presence aroused quite a latent Union sentiment, which had until now been forced into silence, and many were the congratulations which greeted our march through the country.

A detachment under Gen. Asboth, composed mostly of cavalry, with a battery of light artillery and a few regiments of infantry, among which was the 36th Illinois, left Salem at three p. m. May 1st, and pushed rapidly forward towards Batesville, with the intention of surprising and capturing a Rebel force

reported to be there, under the command of the notorious Col. Coleman. Gen. Curtis accompanied the expedition, while the remainder of the army were to follow, the succeeding day, in a more leisurely manner. The advance entered Batesville and took quiet possession of the town on the morning of the 3rd of May, capturing a half dozen Confederates, who were not apprised of our presence until summoned to surrender. A large amount of sugar, rice and other stores fell into our hands.

Col. Coleman was encamped on the opposite side of the river, and a few of his men were seen, as the cavalry came sweeping through town, who took to their heels and imparted information of our presence to their commander. Coleman soon made his appearance with one or two hundred ragged brigands at his heels, who, posting themselves behind trees, logs and an old store house, opened a rapid fire from the opposite side of the river, but at too long a range to be effective. A howitzer was brought up and Bowen tossed over a few shell, which sent them flying. They were observed to carry away four of their number, either killed or wounded, while no one was injured on our side.

Batesville was by far the most important town that had as yet fallen into our hands. The streets were wide and airy, with good sidewalks, and well built up with substantial business blocks of brick, and scattered here and there were tasty residences, embowered in trees, and from gardens the perfume of roses, then in full bloom, burdened the air. A college building, together with three or four churches with spires pointing heavenward, looked homelike, and to men who for months had been wallowing in camps or wandering over the fag-ends of creation, it seemed a paradise. The people were well dressed, generally well behaved and intelligent, and for once, had the fates so ordered

it, the men composing the 36th Illinois would have been content in the performance of garrison duty at Batesville.

People came flocking in scores from the surrounding country to take the oath of allegiance, and obtain protection papers which would secure their persons from insult and their property from confiscation. Many, no doubt, were sincere in their professions of loyalty; others were heartily tired of war and its attendant woes, and willing to purchase immunity from its dread consequences at any cost. Some who had been the most active aiders and abettors of secession, had stirred up mobs and persecuted Union men with the utmost malignity, were the first to come in with professions of a "change of heart," and to claim protection from personal harm, immunity from arrest, from a just retribution for past acts of license, rapine and murder, and exemption of their property from confiscation.

Among those on whose fidelity the General could rely, who never wavered under the most trying circumstances in devotion to their country, were Judge Elisha Baxter, afterward Governor of the State; C. C. Bliss and Reuben Harpham, of Batesville, and the venerable Isaac Murphy, of Huntsville, who, when the waves of secession broke with fury over the State, carrying away on its eddying tide those on whom the people most depended to stay the rolling flood, had the moral courage and heroism to stand up alone before the seething multitude which thronged the halls and corridors of the convention and steadfastly vote No! on the passage and adoption of the ordinance of secession. A grateful people remembered this grand, heroic act, and subsequently elected him the first Governor of free and reconstructed Arkansas. Then there was Col. James M. Johnson, who for his outspoken Union sentiments became an outcast from his home, but afterwards took an active and prom-

inent part in the military and political affairs of the State. We might mention many others, but these stood out pre-eminently as honest men, as heroes, statesmen and patriots.

Some of the spacious but now untenanted mansions, once doubtless the abode of genial hospitality, were unceremoniously seized upon for offices and officers' quarters. Empty ware-houses were likewise appropriated for the storage of ordinance or provisions. It was evident that this profanation of Rebel mansions by the "miserable Yankees" created a ripple of excitement in Rebel circles; but never a word of remonstrance was uttered, only volleys of indignant looks and contemptuous gestures showed that the equanimity of the neighborhood, if not of the now slumbering household gods, was disturbed at the intrusion. As we walked through the streets it was evident that all whom we met were not friends. Somehow a feeling of hatred towards the North would manifest itself in a thousand different ways. If a flag floated over a sidewalk, some fair dame would sweep out into the street to avoid walking under it. If a comely face at an open window attracted attention, a sudden slamming of window-blinds would ensue; but as none of the masculine portion of the inhabitants joined in these petty demonstrations, the young men of the 36th put on their best looks and smiled blandly upon the fair daughters of Secessia, while those who had wives at home enjoyed heartily these dashes of Rebel pepper as giving pungency to their experiences.

While lying lazily in camp at Batesville, the men were indefatigable in their explorations among the vegetable gardens and poultry yards for means to refurnish their depleted larder. Many articles of prime necessity in the provision department were wanting, and to their credit it may be added they usually returned successful in the object of their reconnoissance.

By certain mysterious winks and vague hints thrown out by those who were in the secret and understood only by the initiated, it was whispered among those noted for their bibulous proclivities, that in the cellar of a certain business house there was secreted a number of suspicious casks, from whence might be extracted a genuine article of corn-juice. Soldiers were seen skulking from camp with empty canteens, and if challenged, were "only just going over to a neighboring farm house for milk." On their return, a suspicious swelling under their shirts announced their success in securing the so-called lacteal fluid. Then came marching orders for the ensuing day, and a consequent run upon the source of supply of the precious extract. Among those who were always constitutionally thirsty was Todd, the Drum Major of the 36th, who on this occasion found himself one of a clamorous crowd of thirsty souls collected around an open window, through which empty canteens and greenback dollars were passed in, and then passed back minus the dollars, but filled with tarantala. Todd was known and addressed as "Major" by the crowd, who at this time was getting numerous as well as boisterous on account of not being served fast enough, and threatened to pull down the shanty about the proprietor's head. He appealed to the "Major" for protection, and thinking the broadness of the stripes decorating his sleeves was emblematic of highness of rank and a guaranty of integrity, admitted him into his place of business as a precaution against threatened violence. But the "Major's" efforts to placate the crowd were ineffectual, and he advised the proprietor to go to the Provost Marshal for a guard, while he would remain and preserve his goods, chattles and effects from pillage and harm. No sooner was his back turned than a lively sale of the fluid commenced. Todd was busily engaged in pock-

eting greenbacks when the proprietor returned, accompanied by a genuine Major and a file of soldiers to disperse the noisy rabble.

At once the whisky trade was broken. Consternation seized our knight of the drumstick as he saw the shadow of a German Major darkening the door, and in imagination he saw the guard house, a drum head court martial, and a little shooting affair at sunrise. He instantly broke for the rear of the store, sprang through a window and landed fifteen feet in the back yard below, the German Major the while shouting "halt! halt!" But Todd could not wait. Important business called him away. Every moment he expected a battery of a hundred guns to open upon him, and picking himself up he ran like a deer through back yards, clearing ditches and fences at a bound, until he found himself in his tent, buried from sight, trembling with fear and sweltering beneath a ponderous mass of blankets, knapsacks, etc.

Meanwhile, at Col. Greusel's request, the 36th was transferred from Osterhaus' Division to that of Gen. Asboth. One reason for this change was that the 36th, being the only regiment in the division composed of native Americans, the other troops being Germans, united in charging all the peccadilloes of the division upon the 36th, a proceeding which all were beginning to be heartily tired of.

A ferry-boat having been constructed and everything in readiness for a forward move upon Little Rock, Asboth's and Osterhaus' Divisions crossed White river on the 7th of May, the 36th being the first regiment over, and encamped on the south bank of the stream. The regiment had marched about fifteen miles when an order was received to turn back. A requisition had been made upon Gen. Curtis for ten of his best regiments to reinforce the army of the Tennessee, then investing Corinth. The order was imperative and the General reluctantly complied, which so

reduced the numbers of the army of the South-west that the expedition to Little Rock, which had commenced under such flattering circumstances, was necessarily abandoned.

The long, fatiguing march of Asboth's and Davis's columns to Cape Girardeau commenced on the 11th of May from Batesville. For a day or two some little delay was occasioned in shoeing horses, making repairs and generally overhauling and re-arranging the stores. At eleven o'clock on the night of the 13th the drums and bugles aroused the men, and at midnight the command left its camp on the Strawberry river. Then commenced a march, the character of which has but few parallels in the records of the war. At three o'clock on the morning of the 14th, before the sun had begun to purple the east, the column passed through Smithville, a straggling south-western town, the first met with after leaving Batesville. It was nearly deserted; the houses were empty, and only a few terror stricken women and children peered out into the darkness at the fleeting shadows of men and horses, wagons and artillery passing by. The day dawned and passed without a cloud; the sun poured down its fiercest rays, raising the temperature to fever heat, under which man and beast suffered intensely. All that hot forenoon the column pushed bravely on, amidst clouds of dust, crossing Spring river at eight A. M., reaching Eleven-Points river a little before noon, which was crossed, and the regiment went into camp on its eastern banks at one P. M. Not a third of the troops were able to keep up with the marching column. They fell out of the ranks by scores, and each shady nook by the wayside was monopolized by squads of exhausted, dust covered men, who all day long wearily dragged their way to camp.

Many horses gave out, and about eleven o'clock a wagon containing hospital stores broke down too badly to be repaired. To

abandon the stores was not to be thought of; not a spare wagon pertained to the command, and one must be had from some source. J. C. Dennison and Ralph Miller volunteered to hunt one, and ranged the country over fifteen miles alone, in the midst of a hostile population, in what bid fair to be a fruitless search, looking through barnyards and out of the way places where it was thought possible a wagon could be secreted. At length one was found, but the hearts of the boys almost failed them before the pleading remonstrance and tears of the lady proprietor. It was all the vehicle she possessed, had cost two hundred and twenty-five dollars in gold, and "shame on the men who would rob them of it." A fine looking young lady united her supplication with that of her mother, which nearly overcame the susceptible hearts of the young men. But no, the necessities of the case were urgent, and with many misgivings and heartily ashamed of themselves they took the wagon, in spite of the tears of the matron and the blandishments of youth and beauty, reaching the regimental camp at two o'clock in the morning.

The next day the regiment marched to Current river, a deep and rapid stream. The ferryboat at the place of crossing was small, and much time was consumed in passing over. Some of the advance regiments had crossed in safety, when the boat capsized, and eight or ten of the men belonging to the 15th Missouri Infantry were drowned. Efforts to resuscitate them were unavailing, and their death and burial on the banks of the stream caused a chill of sadness to pervade the army.

It being impracticable to ferry the remainder of the command at this point, the 36th marched up the river five miles and crossed at a deep and dangerous ford. The rapid current swept many of the mule teams from their feet and some were drowned, but the men and stores were got safely over. The Black river

was reached and crossed on the 18th and the St. Francis on the 19th, at the town of Greenville, through which the army marched by platoons, with flying banners, the rattle of drums and the shrill blast of bugles.

The two succeeding days it rained incessantly, but through the mud and storm the column plunged at the rate of from twenty to thirty miles a day, notwithstanding the country was broken, the roads rough and badly washed by storms, being in many places nearly impassible.


After crossing the White-Water river at Dallas, the road to Cape Girardeau was in fine condition, and no delays by exhausted teams or broken wagons interrupted the march. Though worn with fatigue and foot sore, the men were in good spirits, for another day would end their ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp, and give them a chance for much needed rest. At two o'clock P. M. of the 22nd of May the city of Cape Girardeau was reached, proceeding to the banks of the Mississippi, and gazing across its turbid waters to their own loved prairie State, some gave vent to their exuberance of spirits by giving three hearty cheers, while from the fortifications loud pealed the cannon in a joyful salute in honor of the arrival of the heroes of Pea Ridge and of a march of one thousand miles.

Physically, aside from fatigue which would soon wear off, the men were robust, sunburnt and healthy, but their clothing was in a complete state of demoralization—their whole appearance like a crowd of vagabonds chased from the borders of civilization. The 36th was made up of men of education and refinement, but rags, dirt and fatigue had taken much of their manly pride away, and in the dilapidated condition which they entered Cape Girardeau it is doubtful if they would have led an assault or charged a battery with the spirit and confidence of well dressed

soldiers, knowing that in doing so, if they were killed they were too ragged and dirty to be thought worthy of a decent burial. Thus terminated this campaign in the South-west. Henceforth the regiment was destined to gather rich garlands of glory in other fields east of the "Father of Waters," which it crossed as an organized body for the last time.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPE GIRARDEAU TO RIENZI.



EN. JEFF. C. DAVIS' Division preceded that of Gen. Asboth's some days, and on the arrival of the latter at Cape Girardeau, Davis' troops were just embarking for Tennessee. Food, raiment and rest were absolutely required before Asboth's command

would be in condition to follow. The soles of the shoes supplied at Batesville were largely composed of oak-wood, chips, and fragments of felt colored on the outside, or covered with thin pieces of leather. The furnishing of these shoes was one of the many gigantic frauds perpetrated by contractors upon the Quarter-Master's Department, the common soldiers, in almost every instance, being the victims. A few days' marching served to use up these shoes, and on entering Cape Girardeau many men were barefooted, their feet so lacerated and swollen as scarcely to be able

to hobble along. Had the contractor who perpetrated the swindle at that time been so unfortunate as to have fallen into the hands of his enraged victims, a halter and limb would have been resorted to as a most efficient means of cancelling his shoe contracts forever.

The next morning a supply of clothing was obtained, and the persons and wardrobe of the men were thoroughly renovated. One night's sleep and two "straight meals" rested and restored them to their average fighting calibre. In twenty-four hours the aches and fatigues which days of hard marching through heat and dust, the want of food and rest had produced, were in a measure forgotten. Those who by sickness were incapacitated from active service, were removed to the city hospitals, and subsequently when restored to health, rejoined the command at Rienzi.

The camps were thronged with peddling "lazaroni" from the city, composed of slovenly, dirty-faced girls, ugly old women, dilapidated men and thieving boys, with their ceaseless importunities to buy their peanuts, fruit, jack-knives and gingerbread. The soldiers were liberal patrons of the pie and cake venders, whose stock in trade disappeared like frost before the warm sunshine. Rank smelling haversacks, that for months had been the receptacles of only foul-looking slices of the flesh of that long snouted incarnation of uncleanness, known as the hog, suddenly grew plethoric with gingerbread and turnovers. When the order was given to cook four days' rations, but few fires were kindled and few camp kettles simmered with their usual contents of bacon and beans.

At four P. M. of the 23rd the infantry portion of the regiment embarked upon the steamer Planet, and within an hour the boat was headed down the Mississippi, plowing its way through the

turbid waters, arriving at Cairo at ten o'clock in the evening. While laying at Cairo, a member of Company G accidentally fell into the river. He was fished out with difficulty, and barely saved from drowning. The rain poured down in torrents, but the men had become too well accustomed to aquatic habits of life to mind an ordinary rain-storm. By spreading tarpauling over the bulwarks and decks they were in a measure shielded from the aqueous drippings from the clouds.

The trip up the river to Paducah was almost a continuous ovation. Steamers thickly crowded the Ohio in passing to and fro, and from each, cheer upon cheer went up when it became known that the troops thronging the Planet, from pilot-house to deck, were the heroes of Pea Ridge. At Paducah the boat was detained several hours for coal. Numbers of contraband Africans, fleeing from the plantations, had congregated there ready to do any and all odd jobs necessary in helping along the good cause. They readily found employment, and worked like beavers in the dust and hot sunshine, soon accomplishing the task of coaling, and the Planet was enabled to proceed up the Tennessee. Major Kenney came on board at Paducah and made the men happy by the payment of three months' wages. Otherwise the trip to Hamburg was accomplished without incident worthy of notice. *

Companies A and B Cavalry left Cape Girardeau on the 24th in the steamer Minnehaha, reaching Hamburg and joining the regiment on the 27th of May. The long marches, numerous scouts, and vast amount of extra duty required of them in Missouri and Arkansas, had used up many of their horses, but these were replaced with fresh ones before proceeding to the front.

The 36th encamped a half mile from the river, remaining there until the afternoon of the 28th, when Asboth's Division took up

its line of march to join the large army under Gen. Hallock, then investing Corinth. The afternoon was oppressively warm, and wearily the column plodded on, over roads that were mere forest trails, through a thickly wooded and brushy country with few evidences of cultivation, and winding over low rocky ridges, succeeded by swamps through which the roads were corduroyed, now pitching into hollows washed by recent rains, and then up a short but steep ascent to the level of the surrounding country. At every bad place (and Southern highways were full of them) accidents to artillery or wagons caused uncertain halts and wearisome delays. Such was the character of this, which, like all marches, over rough roads in new and sparsely settled countries, was anything but pleasant.

Passing over a portion of the battle-field of Shiloh, every tree, field and building attested the severity of the conflict. Trees were pierced by shot and shattered by shell; fields were plowed by cannon balls, and the ground everywhere littered with broken muskets, fragments of knapsacks, cartridge boxes and articles of clothing, while the stench arising from the festering carcasses of horses poisoned the air and sickened the passing soldiers. Now and then the sound of distant cannonading in the direction of Corinth was borne to the ears of the soldiers, awakening conjecture and brief comments; but this music had become too common, and the day was too intensely hot to arouse the dormant energies of the troops or quicken their march. It was painful to see many poor fellows sink down by the wayside, overcome by the heat. Three or four being nearly exhausted and too sick to proceed, were left behind.

The declining sun was followed by the evening twilight, and twilight deepened into darkness; still the column pushed on until eleven o'clock at night before a halt was ordered, and the

troops went into camp, having marched sixteen miles. With very little food in their haversacks, there was nothing for the men to do but roll themselves in their blankets, and lay down upon the damp ground, without tents to shield them from the heavy dew, and no pillow but the earth. The provision and hospital trains were many miles in the rear, slowly plodding along, surmounting the rough ascents or floundering through swamps all night, only reaching the command at daylight, after the column was formed and ready to resume the march.

On the 29th the division reached Farmington, reporting to Gen. Pope to whose command it was attached. From thence it quickly moved into position in rear and in support of the line of earth works, where noisy batteries, posted at every available position, were pounding away at the batteries and entrenchments of the enemy, and heavy supporting bodies of blue infantry lined the works, the opposing forces grimly facing each other in expectation of a bloody encounter at any hour.

Gen. Hallock, who held the chief command, had assembled a splendid army around Corinth of more than one hundred thousand western troops. He had spent more than a month in dilatory movements, creeping snail-like from Shiloh, fortifying each step of the way, even when there was not a Rebel picket guard to menace or endanger the safety of his vast army. As he gradually neared Corinth, sharp and bloody skirmishes between pickets and detachments thrown out in advance, were matters of every day occurrence. During this time but two or three engagements had occurred that arose to the dignity of pitched battles, and these were barren of results. Gen. Pope, who commanded the left wing, had encountered the enemy in strong force at or near Farmington, resulting in a number of fierce conflicts; and more recently, Gen. Sherman, who commanded the right,

had taken a strong advanced position at Russells, after a short but sharp contest, in which both sides suffered considerable loss.

On the 28th the whole line was advanced, entrenchments thrown up, artillery brought into position, and on the arrival of the Pea Ridge Divisions, arrangements were matured for a combined attack of the whole army on the following day. A heavy and incessant cannonade was kept up, sweeping the intervening space between the opposing hosts with an iron torrent. Shells went screaming over the parapets, bursting near the advance, while not a few projectiles reached the line of reserves; but as no damage was done in the immediate vicinity of the 36th, the whizzing of round shot and the shrieking of shell lost their power to charm, and the regiment remained quietly in its position, wholly unmindful of the storm of war raging in the advance.

The 6th Wisconsin battery was assigned to Gen. Asboth, and such changes made as were necessary to promote the efficiency of the division and put it in the best fighting trim. The trains were not allowed to come up to the position occupied by the regiment, and the men, who had had but little to eat for twenty-four hours, were obliged to send some distance to the rear for rations and cooking utensils.

That night, in the intervals between the roar of cannon, the shriek of locomotive whistles and the rumbling of railroad cars, indicated an important movement going on within the enemy's lines. At daylight a succession of loud explosions, followed by dense clouds of smoke arose from the town; at once it flashed upon the minds of all that the enemy were blowing up their works preparatory to abandoning Corinth. Skirmishers were thrown out to feel the enemy and learn the cause of so unusual a commotion, who, finding the defences abandoned, reported the fact to their commanders. At once all the advance divisions

pressed forward, pouring over the abandoned earthworks with tumultuous shouts which rent the very air, and entered the now nearly deserted and silent town. The Mayor, under a flag of truce, met the advance and formally surrendered the place. Beauregard had effected his escape in comparative safety with a small loss of arms and munitions of war. Many prisoners were captured, and deserters thronged to our lines in such numbers as to become a nuisance. Large quantities of corn and commissary stores fell into our hands, with locomotives, cars and valuable railroad property. Thus fell Corinth without a struggle, after every preparation had been made to capture the place by storm.

Gen. Pope, being nearest their line of retreat, at once commenced a vigorous pursuit, and in the afternoon Asboth joined in rear of the pursuing column. The roads were narrow and badly obstructed as well as crowded with troops, and but little progress was made. Many Confederate soldiers, who had straggled from their commands, were captured, and hundreds voluntarily surrendered without an effort to escape. A counter-current of soldiers in Confederate gray set in towards Corinth, where they were parolled and allowed to depart wherever they liked.

The country was intersected with marshes and sluggish streams, the bridges crossing them being destroyed; added to which, on the first, second and third days of June, rain fell in torrents, and the thousands of horses, wagons and men thronging the roads reduced them to the half fluid condition of mortar-beds.

The 36th being in the rear, made only such progress as the crowded state of the roads would allow. To advance or retreat with celerity over wretched highways, through a half submerged country, was an utter impossibility. The occasional muttering of cannon far to the front, faintly heard through the mist laden air, indicated the course to pursue, and onward toiled the troops,

plunging along through the mud, their knapsacks and accoutrements dripping with rain, their clothing thickly encased with Mississippi soil. The wagons rolled slowly along, sinking to the hubs; or, striking an apparently bottomless rut, turned completely over, scattering camp kettles, tents, and the contents of broken boxes over the storm-swept earth. Officers and men were alike exposed to the pitiless fury of the storm, and compelled to bivouac without tents, often without blankets, lying promiscuously about upon the saturated ground in vain efforts to sleep.

The command reached Boonville, thirty miles distant from Corinth, on the 6th of June, and encamped on the line of the Mobile & Ohio railroad, near a spring of excellent water. Gen. Pope's advance had here encountered the Confederate rear in force, and sharp skirmishing ensued with considerable loss on both sides, but they were worsted and reluctantly continued their retreat to Tupelo and Okalona. The pursuit was then discontinued, and for some days the army lay quietly in their camps.

It was at Boonville that Col. Elliott, during the last days of the siege, with two regiments of cavalry, had destroyed a portion of the railroad track, a number of engines and cars laden with arms, ammunition and army supplies. He captured one hundred prisoners, burned the buildings, including passenger-depot, store houses, water-tanks, and so effectually broke up the single line over which their supplies were brought, as to necessitate and hasten the evacuation of Corinth.

While at Boonville, the suspicions of a party of men were aroused relative to the peculiar formation of so-called Confederate graves. One, which, according to the inscription upon the head-board, purported to be the grave of a Confederate Major who had been wounded at Shiloh and subsequently died, was examined, when a fine brass cannon was unearthed, and on pursuing

their investigations, a number of others were discovered buried in a similar manner. It was some days before the trains were able to come up, during which time the process of cooking was performed after the most primitive style, without camp-kettles or cooking utensils, while their scanty meals were eaten from chips or flat stones in lieu of plates. The only casualty of the campaign occurring to the 36th was the accidental shooting of Lieut. Dyke, by himself, in the foot, causing a painful wound.

Lieut. Col. Joslyn, who had been on leave of absence since April, returned on the 10th, and was welcomed with three hearty cheers. The whole family of regimental field-officers was again united, but this happy condition of affairs lasted only for a single day, for on the 11th Col. Greusel obtained thirty days' leave of absence, and started at once for a season of rest and enjoyment with his family at Aurora. The command of the regiment in the meanwhile devolved upon Lieut. Col. Joslyn. On the 12th the greater portion of Gen. Pope's army returned to Rienzi and established permanent camps.

The weather was warm; the roads, in marked contrast with the former march, were dry, and great clouds of dust enveloped the column. Men breathed dust, smelt it, tasted it, and stratas of Southern soil gathered upon their clothing, changing the regulation blue to the hue of the butternut. All were in good humor, and grinned at each other through their brown masks. Arriving at Rienzi the regiment encamped near the railroad, on uneven, open ground, badly situated for water, and without protection from the broiling heat of the sun. But in a day or two the camp was removed about a mile north of its first location, to high and healthy ground, in a grove of oaks, which furnished constant shade. A thousand willing hands cleared away the underbrush

and arranged the tents in military order, presenting a clean and tidy appearance, characteristic of men of taste and refinement.

Under Col. Joslyn's supervision, an officers' school was instituted, for the purpose of instruction in tactics, army regulations and the general duties of officers. The men likewise were thoroughly taught in guard, picket and other duties, and the knowledge gained in these schools of instruction was frequently called into requisition in guarding against the predatory attacks of a vigilant and enterprising foe. Flying detachments of Confederate cavalry at all times ranged the country, sweeping down upon the pickets, picking up stragglers, menacing the camps, until for prudential reasons it was found necessary to throw up rifle pits, and in many places more elaborate works, for self protection. Large details from the 36th, in connection with similar parties from other regiments, by a vigorous use of pick and shovel, surrounded the post with formidable entrenchments, from behind which the picket-guard frequently observed the enemy's cavalry skurrying over the hills and were enabled with ease to thwart all their efforts at a surprise. But woe to the luckless forager for blackberries, or parties engaged in private marauding among the sheep-folds and poultry-yards of the "natives," outside of the picket lines, for such were pretty certain to be "gobbled up" and immured in some filthy, vermin-haunted prison pen, where the luxury of blackberries and cream, as well as all other dainties which give zest to scanty prison fare, were denied them.

Among those who became personally cognizant of the ubiquitous character of the enemy's cavalry, and the alarming nearness and frequency of their hostile demonstrations, was the wife of Capt. Pierce, of Company D, who one day was captured by a Rebel scouting-party. She had proceeded outside of the infantry pickets, accompanied by privates Gillimore and Benedict, for the

purpose of procuring vegetables for the use of the hospital and her own mess. Knowing the cavalry pickets were a number of miles in advance, the party thought it safe to drive five or six miles into the country. Suddenly they were beset by a squad of armed men, who sprang out of the bushes and demanded their surrender. They were hurried away to Ripley, twenty-seven miles west of Rienzi by the direct road, but the Rebel escort conducted them by obscure, out-of-the-way paths, a distance of forty miles. The men and ambulance were retained as lawful prizes of war, while Mrs. Pierce was turned over to the Rebel commander, who catechised her closely relative to affairs within our lines. The interview was unsatisfactory and barren of results, except to teach him that he had a woman of spirit and shrewdness to deal with, from whom he could gain nothing of importance to his cause. She was treated with courtesy and fared as well as could have been expected under the circumstances. The next day she was returned to our picket lines, where in a few minutes after, Capt. Pierce, in a fever of excitement, arrived with an ambulance, and was much relieved as well as pleased at so favorable a termination of his wife's adventures while in search of greens.

The misfortunes sustained by the Confederates in the West, by the destruction of their Mississippi river fleet before Memphis, the capture of New Orleans and the opening of the Mississippi above and below Vicksburg, together with the brilliant victories and uninterrupted series of successes attending our Western armies, aroused them to the most stupendous efforts. The conscript-law was rigidly enforced; every man capable of bearing arms was forced into the ranks, and their armies, which, after the evacuation of Corinth were demoralized and on the point of melting away, were subsequently reinforced and greatly strengthened.

Gen. Hallock's splendid army in the meantime had been broken up and scattered to every point of the compass, which enabled the enemy to act on the offensive. The troops at Corinth and Rienzi did little but watch their wily and energetic foe from behind entrenchments, while Bragg, with augmented numbers, was secretly organizing for a descent into Tennessee and Kentucky. The hot summer weather was not favorable for exertion, and while detachments were employed in building railroads and in post and guard duties, the enemy was harassing the posts, demonstrating upon our lines of communication, and sweeping unopposed through the country. Early in July their cavalry, to the number of four or five thousand, attacked Col. Schneider, commanding an outpost held by detachments from the 2nd Michigan and 2nd Iowa Cavalry, armed with Spencer and Enfield rifles, who, dismounting, gave their assailants a warm reception. The enemy found it quite a different matter attacking men thus armed, than in putting to rout, with a yell and a dash, a body of men on horses, armed only with revolvers and sabres. A few volleys cooled their ardor and sent them flying to the rear with greater rapidity and impetuosity than they manifested in making the charge. Heavy skirmishing with the pickets continued for six hours, when they retired, without making an impression on our lines. To meet successfully similar attacks, a battery was sent to the front with Companies B and C of the 36th, under the command of Capt. Miller, where they remained several weeks detached from the regiment, until relieved by Company F, which remained on picket nearly as long. Other demonstrations succeeded this, and Asboth's, Hamilton's and Jeff. Davis's Divisions were several times called to arms in anticipation of an attack.

In June, Gen. Grant marched upon Holly Springs from Grand Junction, while Gen. Hamilton lead a co-operative column from

Rienzi. The town was taken and occupied by Grant's troops, Gen. Hamilton proceeding only a part of the way and returning without encountering an enemy, except flying detachments of cavalry that were just saucy enough to keep the soldiers awake and vigilant. Aside from this, no other movement of importance proceeded from Rienzi. Skirmishes upon the picket line and sudden alarms were of frequent occurrence. So unexpected and serious was one of these attacks that storehouses were rifled of cotton-bales and temporary breast works hastily erected for defence. Subsequently a strong force of the enemy rushed unexpectedly upon the picket station on the Ripley road. Quite a number of the 3rd Michigan Cavalry, stationed at that point, were captured. Moving rapidly toward the camps, they were confronted by well constructed ramparts of earth, behind which gleamed a forest of polished bayonets. The prospect was too uninviting for a closer intimacy, and, wheeling their horses, they were away, carrying off their prisoners.

Independence Day at Rienzi was befittingly commemorated by a salute of thirty guns in the morning, and more or less firing during the day. In the afternoon the troops were marched to brigade head-quarters, where a stand had been erected, and the ever glorious Fourth-of-July was celebrated. It was not like the usual celebrations gotten up at Aurora, Elgin and country towns generally, where the militia, with clean faces, starched collars and glittering uniforms, meet and play soldiers; but a concourse of swarthy, sunburned men, armed with real guns for deadly war, and with real cannon ready at the word to hurl their missiles into the ranks of opponents.

The Declaration of Independence was read, and Jefferson's immortal enunciation of life, liberty and happiness to all, was responded to with cheers. The bands poured forth their liveliest

strains, and the stars and stripes, the hallowed emblems of all the past glories of the Republic, floated in the swelling breeze. To the universal and clamorous call for a speech, Col. Ed. Joslyn responded with an earnestness proceeding from a heart thoroughly warmed up in the cause of the country. It was one of his happiest efforts, and was loudly applauded. At the conclusion of the Colonel's stirring address the bands struck up with the "Star Spangled Banner," and on their return to their quarters the love of the men for the old flag was strengthened and the determination intensified to mete out double vengeance to those who should trample its sacred folds beneath their traitor feet.

Camp life at Rienzi was rather barren of incidents, and aside from picket duty and the usual battalion and brigade drills, it was of the laziest order. With few opportunities of listening to the music of Rebel bullets, and fewer chances for covering themselves with glory, the men resorted to novel reading, letter writing, sleeping and dreaming. Magazines and newspapers were read through, advertisements and legal notices included, and however ancient the dates, their contents were ever interesting and devoured with a zest never before experienced.

Rations were in abundance, but independent of the army supplies the men generally helped themselves to sweet potatoes, peaches, melons, apples, blackberries, and such vegetable products as the country afforded. Nearly all the convalescents from the Missouri and Arkansas campaign, and such as had been on detached service, except those who by transfer or promotion had become attached to other organizations, returned, and numerically and in discipline the 36th compared favorably with any other regiment in the field.

Col. Greusel returned on the 23d of July, with health restored, and in cheerful spirits assumed command of the regiment.

The weather in the meantime was fearfully hot. Each day the sun poured down its fiercest rays, driving men and panting animals to the forest shade. Persons who had endured the heat of the tropics, or waded through the fiery sands of Mexico, confessed they had never experienced anything like the heat which prevailed during the summer of 1862 at Rienzi. There was no thermometer in camp to mark the temperature, but Lieut. Clark, a standard authority in such matters, gave it as his candid opinion that it stood "somewhere about fifteen hundred in the shade," which was too much even for his ardent constitution. Some sickness prevailed in consequence; Lieut. Col. Joslyn succumbed to the climate and was compelled to go North. Realizing that an officer away from his command was of little service to the country, he, together with Major Barry and Surgeon Hawley, tendered their resignations. The authorities long hesitated in accepting them, but they were eventually approved, and their connection with the 36th was ever after one of the pleasing memories of the past.

About the 1st of August Gen. Granger was placed in command of the division, relieving Gen. Asboth, who proceeded to Washington and was assigned to other duties. The first orders of the new commander was the arrest of all officers and soldiers found away from their commands without proper authority, and for negligence while on duty the most severe penalties were threatened. By placing officers as well as privates on the same footing, a check was put upon what had become a serious and growing evil. Gen. Granger was a strict disciplinarian, harsh and often unreasonable. For infractions of duty or military etiquette, he could cause a soldier to be tied by the thumbs, or administer the lash with as little compunction as he would apply the same mode of punishment to a dog.

Eventually the long summer days began to wane, and were succeeded by the fine marching weather of early autumn. From certain precursory indications along the lines of the various armies which confronted each other, it was taken for granted that more active operations would soon be inaugurated, and *when* and *where* were questions which were uppermost in each soldier's mind. But day succeeded day and still the troops remained in their present encampments, the 36th clinging to the shade of the venerable oaks that spread their protecting branches over the camp. Food and clothing were in abundance, and once a week, perhaps, each man took his turn at guard mounting, either at the post or on the picket line. More or less drilling consumed the cooler hours, while the remainder of the day was spent in idleness. Somehow the letters written from Camp Rienzi were wonderful productions as to length and frequency, indicating that business with the boys was not rushing, and time of but little moment.

About head-quarters, officers' levees were held, at which were found many bright intellects with rich stores of thought and experience, who kept the social current ever flowing. Old stories were brought out, refurbished, and told anew. Battle pictures were drawn, personal experiences related, and bits of humor sparkled around the circle like flashes of electric light. At such times camp life was relieved of some of its prosy dullness, and ceased to be a hum-drum affair.

One day, however, camp was thrown into a feverish state of excitement by a sudden dash of Rebel cavalry upon the 1st Kansas Regiment, which was encamped about a mile from Rienzi. They had managed to slip by the outer cavalry pickets, and so dense was the cloud of dust which covered their movements that the infantry could not determine their character, but supposed

them to be our own cavalry until it was too late to give the alarm. In some mysterious manner the Kansians had received notice of the movement, and as the enemy neared their camp on a gallop, perfectly confident of a surprise and easy conquest of the Kansas troops, they were met by a close and well directed volley from the seven-shooting Spencers with which the 1st was armed. Many saddles were emptied, and the riderless horses sent into the fields and woods, followed by the whole Rebel command, with a host of yelling Federals close at their heels. The rattle of musketry spread the alarm through the camps. Troops were promptly under arms, ammunition dealt out, artillery horses harnessed, guns brought into position, and every preparation made for an attack. It was believed that heavy supporting columns were following up the cavalry, and that a general engagement would ensue. The troops remained under arms during the day and were ordered to sleep with their guns by their side at night. The pickets were strengthened, the guards doubled, and every precaution taken against surprise. The Kansians, however, had effectually scattered the enemy, and the men were generally glad that the threatened matinee had been postponed to a later day and more suitable weather.

Such was the audacity of these prowling Rebel bands that the utmost vigilance on the part of officers and sentinels on picket was required to guard against surprise and night attacks. One night, after Rebel cavalry had been reported in the neighborhood, the pickets were cautioned to be more than ordinarily alert. Joseph Sanders, of Company G, being stationed in an exposed and rather threatened position, was very watchful. About midnight his ear caught the sound of crackling brush, and peering into the gloom he discovered a moving object in the edge of the timber. Supposing it to be a man in his shirt sleeves,

he called out, "Who comes there?" No response being given, he fired upon the object, thereby arousing the officer of the guard, who hurried to the post, and on being directed to the spot where the suspicious prowler had been seen, found a spotted cow in the last agonies of death. Joe was laughed at by his comrades, but complimented by the officers for his vigilance and superior markmanship.*

Very soon after the evacuation of Corinth, the cavalry companies belonging to the regiment were placed on detached service. Capt. Jenks was appointed Provost Marshal at Corinth, the command of Company A devolving upon Lieut. Sherer. Capt. Smith, of Company B, was arrested on charges which had previously been preferred against him, and was subsequently cashiered and dismissed from the service, his company in the meantime being commanded by Lieut. Francis E. Reynolds. Company B was on detached service from the time of its arrival at Corinth, first as escort to Gen. Rosencrans, subsequently for Gens. Granger, Asboth and Jeff. C. Davis, reporting to the latter for duty July 24th, and participating in the Buell campaign to Nashville, through Tennessee and Kentucky to Louisville. An independent cavalry company on escort duty has so many opportunities for feats of dash and daring, both as a company and individually, that we have no doubt, had this portion of the history of Company B been written, it would appear that hardly a day passed but some member or members of the company, in carrying orders, acting as advance or rear guard, or as scouts, would be immortalized by acts of gallantry and adventure. We regret that the materials before us, relative to this portion of the history of Company B, are so meagre that we can only give an outline of its marches and vicissitudes.

Company A was detailed as escort to Gen. Hamilton, then commanding three brigades. In the latter part of June, Gen. Hamilton marched with a strong force from Corinth, via Rienzi and Ripley, towards Holly Springs, to co-operate with Gen. Sherman in a movement upon that place. The town was captured by the latter force, and Gen. Hamilton returned with his division to the neighborhood of Jacinto, and subsequently to his former camp at Corinth. While at Ripley, detachments from Company A scouted the country far and near, capturing many noted secesh, among whom was William Boyd, a member of the Confederate Congress. On the 30th of July, the company was detailed as escort for Gen. Rosencrans, with head-quarters anywhere where night overtook him : sometimes at Corinth, then at Rienzi or Jacinto, while details for other commanders and other purposes were frequent. Fourteen men remained with Gen. Granger, fourteen others with Gen. Stanley, and a large portion of the company was scattered over the country as orderlies, on escort, or other service requiring superior tact, enterprise and industry. One phase of army life, and the haphazard nature of detached service, may be illustrated by the story of "COL." DUFF.

One of the drollest characters of Company A was Nathaniel Duff, of Sandwich. He was of Irish extraction, and endowed with an unusual amount of native wit. There was always fun in camp when Duff was there. A boon companion was James McMullen, and it was universally conceded that the two could take up more honey, gather more apples, pick more chickens and confiscate more forage than any other six men in the army. After the arrival of the company in Mississippi, Duff was detailed as an orderly for Gen. Sullivan. The honor was no sooner conferred, than he secured a couple of eagles from the heading

of a newspaper, mounted them on cardboard, pinned them upon his shoulders and announced himself as COL. DUFF. It was not long before his title was acknowledged by the rank and file. Shortly after Duff's "promotion," he was sent on an errand: as he returned to head-quarters, when passing the guard he brought his hand to the side of his face, after the style of a Lieutenant General, but for some cause was unnoticed, and failed to receive the customary salute accorded to field officers. Suddenly wheeling his horse and drawing his sabre, he exclaimed, "D—n it, man, why don't you salute the Kernel? Are yer eyes so poor you can't see my shoulder-straps?" Duff appeared so terribly in earnest as to frighten and confuse the guard, who brought his musket up to a "present" in double quick time. Ever after that the "Kernel" received the proper salute *when he was known*.

At the battle of Inka, Duff ventured too far to the front and was wounded with a minnie ball. He managed to get to head-quarters, but the wound not being properly cared for, gangrene set in. He was removed to a hospital at Keokuk, Iowa, where he died of his wounds, December 4th, 1863.

The subsequent history of Company A was entirely distinct from the infantry arm of the regiment. Seldom were the two in the same department, and as the company not long afterward was assigned to the 15th Cavalry, we shall notice its brilliant career in a separate chapter.

Resignations and changes among officers were of frequent occurrence. Many who at the outset had vowed to stand by their men to the last, in their intense anxiety to see their wives, their children or sweethearts, threw up their commissions and retired from a service which their experience at Rienzi during the long summer of 1862, taught them was one of inglorious

inaction. Some had had enough of soldiering, while others from disappointment, and chafing because promotion did not come soon enough to fill the measure of their ambition, left the service. Notwithstanding their exit, the affairs of the nation went right along as usual, and but few realized the loss the country had sustained by being thus deprived of their valuable services. Ill health forced from us many brave fellows who were ready and willing to stand up and face the dread realities of battles, whose devotion and courage had been tried on the blood-stained fields of Arkansas and Missouri. Others, unable to realize that *waiting* is an essential element of war, grew restive at the delays and inactivity incident to the development of military plans. Battles and victories looked to them a long way off, and not being possessed of the power of omniscience, to see that the day of glory was sure to come, left the rich harvest to be gathered by others more patient and willing to watch and wait.

The following were some of the changes about this time or shortly after among the officers of the 36th:

Lieut. Col. E. S. Joslyn, resigned, succeeded by Albert Jenks.
Major A. H. Barry, resigned, succeeded by Silas Miller.
Capt. M. B. Baldwin, Co. A, resigned, succeeded by Geo. D. Sherman.
Capt. Silas Miller, Co. B, promoted, succeeded by Benj. F. Campbell.
Capt. E. B. Baldwin, Co. C, promoted, succeeded by Jas. B. McNeil.
Capt. Wm. P. Pearce, Co. D, promoted, succeeded by Geo. D. Parker.
Capt. Chas. D. Fish, Co. E, resigned, succeeded by Albert M. Hobbs.
Capt. Merit L. Joslyn, Co. H, resigned, succeeded by T. L. Griffin.
Capt. J. Q. Adams, Co. K, resigned, succeeded by Aaron G. Holden.
Capt. Albert Jenks, Co. A Cav., promoted, succeeded by G. A. Willis.
Capt. H. A. Smith, Co. B Cav., dismissed, succeeded by S. B. Sherer.

Many of these changes and promotions were made in the regular order of rank. Some were for meritorious services at Pea Ridge, or in the umbrageous shade of the oaks at Rienzi. Col. Greusel was not without his share of military honors, and was


placed in command of a brigade composed of the 36th, 44th and 27th Illinois, the 2nd Iowa Infantry and the 1st Indiana Battery.

The same meed of praise and lavishness of honors was bestowed upon privates as well as officers, and it was thought that the authorities at Springfield or Washington, from whence many of the commissions emanated, regarded the whole regiment as a band of heroes, worthy positions of honor and trust. The 36th had the honor of furnishing officers for other State organizations, some of whom taken from the ranks attained the position of Colonel. Among these were :

M. La Rue Harrison, private Co. K, to Colonel 1st Arkansas Cavalry.
James Roseman, private Co. G, to Lieutenant 1st Arkansas Cavalry.
Fred. A. Raymond, Sergeant Major, to Captain in 127th Illinois.
Addison A. Keyes, Q. M. Sergeant, to Lieutenant in 127th Illinois.
Bent. D. C. Rolland, Corporal Co. A, to Lieutenant in 16th U. S. C. I.
Jas. H. Moore, private Co. A, to Lieutenant 71st Illinois Infantry.
Robt. N. Thompson, private Co. B, to Lieutenant 1st Arkansas Cav.
Geo. W. Raymond, private Co. D, to Captain 1st Arkansas Infantry.
L. G. Bennett, Corporal Co. E, to Major 4th Arkansas Cavalry.
Thos. W. Chandler, Sergeant Co. G, to Major in 127th Illinois Vol.
David H. Dickson, Corporal Co. K, to Lieutenant in 16th U. S. C. I.
Jas. J. Johnson, Sergeant Co. B Cav., to Major 1st Arkansas Cavalry.

CHAPTER XVII.

RIENZI TO LOUISVILLE.



URING the summer of 1862, the different armies in the West, like gladiators, manœuvred for positions from which to strike effective blows. After the evacuation of Corinth, Beauregard fell back to Tupelo, his troops demoralized, and their ranks considerably thinned. Subsequently he retired from the army on the plea of ill health, but the want of success in his management of affairs in the West, somewhat clouded the brilliant reputation he had gained at the commencement of the war. The large army which Gen. Hallock had gathered at Corinth, in a short time was broken into fragments and scattered over a wide extent of country, each detachment so absorbed in building railroads, maintaining long lines of communication, and guarding Southern plantations, as to leave little time to attend to the main business in hand—the suppression of the Rebellion.

A column under Gen. Buell moved leisurely eastward into Tennessee, and in the direction of Chattanooga, which Beauregard in his retreat had left uncovered. With the exception of a small force in Eastern Tennessee, there was at that time no Confederate troops in the State, and by a little exertion on the part

of Gen. Buell, both Chattanooga and Knoxville might have been captured, and the State freed of the last vestige of a Rebel army. Strong positions in Alabama and Georgia could have been occupied from whence successful movements in any direction might have interposed a barrier and frustrated all attempts of the enemy to gain a foothold in either Tennessee or Kentucky, the battles subsequently fought in the environs of Louisville and Murphysboro would have been transferred to soil more steeped in rebellion, and these States escaped the pillage, destruction and ruin which marked the progress of armies within their borders. Instead of this, the army was halted, and remained idle at Nashville. Unimportant expeditions were sent out, where movements in force should have been made. No obstacles were interposed or plans devised to thwart their designs upon these States. In fact, barriers were thrown down and invasion invited.

Gen. Bragg, who succeeded to the command of the Confederate forces, prepared to assume the offensive. His cavalry and numerous guerilla bands swarmed around the posts occupied by our troops, for the purpose of mystifying the Federal commander in regard to his ulterior purposes, which were to slip by his hesitating foes, and by a bold and rapid movement into Kentucky, menace Cincinnati and Louisville, and compel the withdrawal of armies which, at a cost of much treasure and blood, had obtained a firm foothold in the heart of the Confederacy. The plan was well conceived, and to carry it out successfully the whole vast energies of the South were concentrated. Reinforcements were drawn from all parts of the country, and the conscription rigidly enforced, adding large numbers of fighting men to the ranks.

The country was friendly, and no long lines of communication needed protection. The inaction succeeding the Federal successes

achieved during the winter and early spring, gave them abundant opportunities to recuperate, which they were not slow to take advantage of, and the prospects of the Confederacy from the Atlantic to the Mississippi every day grew brighter. The situation of affairs changed materially, and everything favored the invasion by the combined armies of Bragg and Kirby Smith, who, if they gained nothing, had but little to lose. The magnitude of the interests involved certainly justified a movement which, under other circumstances, might be deemed extra hazardous and rash.

Early in August, Kirby Smith commenced his march northward from East Tennessee, pushed his columns over mountains, subsisting upon the scanty products of the country, and unopposed reached Richmond, in the heart of Kentucky. The scattered Federal garrisons were attacked in detail and overpowered, offering little or no resistance. Richmond, Lexington and Frankfort, one after the other fell into the hands of the Confederate leader. The Federals lacked Generals of military intuition, and of sufficient nerve to hold in hand and successfully wield an army, and want of combination worked their ruin.

While Kirby Smith was demonstrating in the direction of Covington and Cincinnati, Bragg's army was operating further south, having entered Tennessee by the way of Chattanooga, keeping up a show of offensive attack upon Nashville, and at the same time pushing his way northward, capturing Mumfordsville and other garrisoned towns on his route, and in a short period of time accumulating ten thousand Federal prisoners of war. He in a great measure succeeded in deceiving Buell as to his real object until he was far on his way to Louisville. His purposes were at length discovered by means of intercepted dispatches, and had Gen. Buell's movements been characterized by his

usual slowness and deliberation, he would have come out second best in the military race which succeeded, and all the grand achievements of our armies in the West in the earlier months of the year, with the immense sacrifice of valuable lives offered up on the altar of the country, would have been expended in vain.

The country was seized with consternation at the imminent danger which menaced the cities on the Ohio river. The excitement at Cincinnati was so great as to paralyze business, and the citizens stood appalled at the threatened peril of the city. The Governors of Ohio and Kentucky issued their proclamations, calling out the militia as well as all able bodied citizens to take up arms in defence of their respective States. Those from Ohio flocked in mass to Cincinnati with such arms as could be gathered up in the country, presenting about as motly an assemblage of "squirrel hunters," farmers and backwoodsmen, as was ever brought together. Poorly armed, undisciplined, and without a competent leader, the city was nearly as much endangered as secured against Rebel assault. At this crisis Gen. Lew Wallace was placed in command, and essayed to bring order out of the general chaos which reigned supreme.

Gen. Grant was called upon to furnish such of his veteran regiments as could be spared from his department. His response was prompt, and orders were at once issued for a portion of the troops at Rienzi to proceed forthwith to Cincinnati. Col. Greusel's brigade was among those selected, and in obedience to the following order, the troops were in motion for Corinth at six o'clock on the morning of September 6th:

HEAD-QUARTERS RIENZI, SEPT. 6th.

COLONEL:—You will leave in the morning with your command for Columbus, Kentucky. If on your arrival you should find river transportation for Louisville, Kentucky, you will proceed

to that point without delay, and report to Brig. Gen. Boyle. While *en route* to Columbus you will have guards properly arranged and stationed on the cars, so as to guard against any and every attempt of guerillas to surprise you or molest the train. At all stopping places guards will be thrown out on each flank, and to the front and rear, so as to secure the safety of the train and your command. Your troops will keep their arms in hand from the moment of their departure from Corinth, until their arrival at Columbus. All officers will remain with their companies and at their posts. These precautions and instructions will be strictly observed day and night on the river or cars. You will report your arrival at Columbus to me by telegraph.

Your obedient servant,

G. GRANGER,

Brigadier General Commanding.

COL. N. GREUSEL, Commanding 2d Brigade.

There was a necessity for just such an order as this, for guerilla bands were ranging the country, and cavalry raids were not unfrequent. Never was summons to march more welcome. Tired of serving the country in camp under the shadow of Mississippi oaks, any change was hailed with delight. Before sunrise the wagons were loaded, and at six o'clock the column was *en route* for Corinth. The shady avenues of Camp Rienzi, deserted and still, were never more to be tenanted by the 36th, yet the many pleasant associations connected with it, will ever linger in the hearts and memories of the men.

The day was hot, but the men marched well, and the intervening miles were quickly measured. Arrangements were made for transferring such stores and equipments as were to be taken along, while the remainder were turned over to the Post Quartermaster. The next morning all were safely crowded upon the train, and shortly under way for Columbus. Every car was packed, and numbers climbing upon the top, blackened the decks, their muskets grasped and gleaming in the bright sunshine,

while bayonets, protruding from doors and windows, made the cars resemble huge porcupines, with every quill erect, ready for the onset.

Among officers, and to some extent among the men, there was not the most perfect feeling of security. The recent movements of Price and VanDorn in the vicinity of Holly Springs had resurrected every Rebel bushwhacker in the country, who, issuing from their retreats, were perpetrating outrages upon loyal citizens, burning bridges, obstructing railroads, and firing upon passing trains with impunity. The whole country was suffering from their ravages, and it was not at all improbable that the command might be the recipients of a volley from some secret ambushade. The country offered every facility for such a purpose, being heavily timbered, the shadowy depths and tangled undergrowth furnishing opportunities for assailants to retire in safety. Thoughts of danger from this source were banished entirely as the train neared Columbus, which place was reached at six o'clock in the evening. A rain set in, rendering it anything but pleasant transferring the stores from the cars to an empty storehouse near the depot. Then distributing themselves promiscuously about, the men found quarters and shelter from rain in empty buildings and sheds. The next day the regiment embarked upon the steamer Tecumseh, reaching Cairo in the evening, and at once transferred the baggage and camp equipage to the cars of the Illinois Central Railroad.

On the trip to Cairo a misfortune befell Company G, in the loss of "Jack," a favorite dog, who by some mishap was either drowned, or by other means came to an untimely end. This dog was recruited in a somewhat mysterious manner at Rolla, Missouri, and was adopted by the company, to which he became devotedly attached. He was a splendid specimen of the canine

species, a cross between a bull and a mastiff. "Jack's" forte was in catching hogs, and as a forager had not an equal. Whenever fresh meat was wanting, "Jack's" services were indispensable in securing it. At the battle of Pea Ridge he unfortunately came in violent collision with a Rebel bullet, and for some time was disabled for service. His wounds were dressed by his comrades, and in a short time he reported for duty again. He was never known to fail in the hour of need, and when his connection with the regiment was severed, the men of Company G bewailed the fate of poor "Jack."

The levee at Cairo was literally covered with boxes, bales, barrels and stores designed for the various armies operating in the Mississippi and Ohio river valleys. A few raw, unsophisticated recruits, fresh from the green fields of the North, were on guard to protect these stores from theft or destruction. A pile of barrels, some of them marked eggs and other creature comforts not contraband of war supposed to be conducive to the health and happiness of soldiers in the field, was presided over by a light-haired and freckle-faced youngster in the garb of a soldier, who, with musket in hand, was supposed to be looking after the safety of said barrels. Unfortunately for the guard, (and we may say for the regiment) toward the end of his relief he was caught napping, and in the confusion incident to the transfer from boat to cars, a number of barrels became unaccountably mixed with regimental property and loaded on the train. On examination, each barrel was found to contain a keg of Bourbon, snugly packed in straw or chaff. The nature of the prize became known throughout the command, and during the long ride over the Central Road to Odin, whisky, ice, eggs and commissary sugar, thoroughly mixed, circulated freely, and as a natural consequence the boys were unusually smiling and

happy. Some became oblivious to the world and the surroundings, and were tenderly laid away in the litter and dirt of the cattle cars.

Through Illinois the trip was hurried, and neither citizens or soldiers were particularly demonstrative. But at the Indiana State line the patriotic "Hoosiers" turned out in thousands, and the choicest viands their larders afforded were brought out and forced upon the troops without money and without price. At Seymour, on the arrival of the train, tables were already spread and laden with all the delicacies as well as substantials which the country afforded, to which the soldiers were heartily welcomed. Great and boisterous was the rejoicing of the people at the appearance of the "Regulars," as the soldiers were called.

Their progress from Vincennes to Cincinnati was a continuous ovation. The roads were lined and the stations thronged with enthusiastic and excited multitudes, ready with their sustenance to feed the men and welcome and cheer them through the State. How marked the contrast with the studied coldness or open hostility of the people at the South. What an infinite difference between riding by rail through a region densely populated with an intelligent, well-to-do and patriotic people, with fields smiling with abundant harvests, and the weary, toilsome marching through the wilds of Missouri and Arkansas.

The brigade arrived at Cincinnati at two o'clock on the morning of the 11th. Debarking from the train, the column was formed and marched to the head-quarters of Gen. Wallace, which were in the upper stories of a centrally located business block. On arriving, Col. Greusel went up several flights of stairs to the General's room, in person reported his brigade, and asked for orders and quarters for his men. Gen. Wallace, supposing him to be a new-fledged militia brigadier with a rabble of "squir-

rel hunters" at his heels, somewhat crustily directed him to quarter his men on the first vacant sidewalk he could find, and remain there until morning for orders.

This was rather rough—entirely unlike the kindly hospitalities of the "Hoosiers," but the Colonel was too much of a soldier to ask questions or demur, and proceeded sullenly down stairs to obey orders. In fact, he was angry, and on gaining the street, where his tired and sleepy men were laying wearily about on boxes, sidewalks and curbstones, he thundered his orders in tones that rivalled the voice of a cannon. "Attention, Battalion! Shoulder Arms! Right Wheel! Right Shoulder-shift—Forward—Guide Right—March!" In all the turmoil and excitement of the times, the streets of Cincinnati had not reverberated orders so strictly military as those. Not one in a thousand had a voice as stentorian as Col. Greusel in those days. His orders were heard many blocks away, and the startled citizens flew to the windows and peered into the darkness, thinking, perhaps, Kirby Smith or "Old Nick" himself had surely come.

Gen. Wallace was about as much astonished as the denizens of the city, and at once every officer and attachee about headquarters were at the windows gazing down upon the long line, every man in his place, marching with the regularity and precision of regulars. The General gave a hurried order, and an aide-de-camp came rushing down to the street, shouting, "Stop that Brigade—stop that Brigade!" The Colonel enquired, "What's wanted now?" "Oh, sir, the General took you for militia, who for the last week have nearly worried him to death. Halt your command and come up stairs. Gen. Wallace wishes to see you." A halt was ordered; the General was profuse with his explanations and apologies, and directed the Colonel to send the troops,

under another officer, to the City Market Hall, where the best the city afforded awaited them.

This was even so. Tables were set, loaded with viands as toothsome as manna, and presided over by little less than a brigade of ladies, the beauty and worth of Cincinnati. At sight of the tempting meal set before them, the soldiers, who for five days had been trundled and tumbled about in close box-cars to their supreme disgust, exchanged their scowling for countenances more in harmony with the genial and hospitable surroundings. When all was ready, they took their places and partook of the bounties set before them as orderly as an orthodox Sunday School at a pic-nic. Their slightest wishes were promptly attended by beautiful ladies, who, like winged flowers, glanced hither and thither, supplying all their sharpened appetites craved, and urging them to partake of more. Breakfast over, three as hearty cheers for the ladies of Cincinnati as ever stirred the midnight air rang through Market Hall. This to the tired soldiers was the ideal breakfast of their lives, about which there lingered a fascination in their memories for many a day. Then with fealty to their home-loves for the time sadly impaired, they quietly took their places in the ranks and early in the morning were marched across the "bonnie Ohio" on a pontoon bridge, to the city of Covington, Kentucky, where temporary quarters were assigned them in the City Market House.

Kirby Smith, with forty thousand Rebel troops, was reported but a few miles distant, and marching upon the city. The excitement of the people was at fever heat. The militia of Ohio and Indiana were pouring into the city in vast floods. The public parks, the sidewalks and every available square inch of space was occupied by the undisciplined rabble of "squirrel hunters" and farmers fresh from field and plow, partially armed with shot-guns

and old rifles, making quite as rusty an appearance as Price's horde of copper-bottomed Missourians. Ohio was awake to the requirements of the hour, and when Governor Todd issued his proclamation for troops, the citizens grasped rusty fire-locks and responded in mass to the call. Men seventy years of age, with heads whitened for the grave, and boys fifteen years old, rushed to the front and lined the rifle pits, hastily thrown up to cover the approaches to the city. Martial law was proclaimed, business houses closed, and all work but that of arms suspended. Governor Todd was there in person, bubbling over with patriotism, but knowing little of military matters or of disciplining the mighty host he had evoked. All had "blood in their eyes," and were fully bent on "damaging Rebels" if they ever came within reach of their long-ranged rifles.

With the arrival of Greusel's brigade of veteran troops, whose mettle had been tried on the battle-field, the fears of the citizens were at once allayed. With such troops behind breast-works, which each hour were being strengthened, they felt that a successful resistance could be offered to all the assaults which Kirby Smith could organize against them. Never was there such a revulsion of feeling from despondency to confidence, as was experienced by the citizens of Cincinnati on the arrival of the "Pea Ridge Brigade." A great weight was lifted from their hearts, and they could not too warmly testify their satisfaction and gratitude. Stores were thrown open, and such of their wares as the soldiers wanted were at their command without remuneration. Cheers followed their march through the city, flags floated from house-tops, and the streets presented the appearance of a vast laundry from the handkerchiefs which fluttered from every window. We doubt if the dread scenes of subsequent conflicts

are more indelibly stamped upon the memory of the soldiers than the reception accorded them by the citizens of a grateful city.

Col. Greusel was placed in command of nineteen regiments, who were furnished with picks and shovels and set to work upon the intrenchments in rear of Covington. They worked like beavers, and vast embankments gradually enclosed the city.

The 36th was commanded by Capt. Miller, of Company B, the senior officer present for duty. Covington had many attractions for the men, who wandered away from the Market House singly or in squads, and when the Captain called for a detail for the performance of some fatigue duty, scarcely a man could be found. Those in the quarters were put on guard, with orders to prevent any from passing out, while the city provost guard and police were directed to arrest the stragglers wherever found and bring them in. But few delinquents were caught, and many of those remaining managed to slip by the guards and get away. The Captain's patience was sorely tried; he declared it as his belief that if but one man remained in the quarters and all the residue of the regiment were set over that man, he would devise some way to elude the guards and escape. At supper-time all were in their places, hungry as sharks, sedate as high churchmen, seemingly quite unconscious of having disturbed the equanimity of their commanding officer, or of being guilty of unmilitary conduct in ranging over the city, and away from their quarters without permission.

The next day the 36th marched to a position near the line of fortifications in rear of Covington, relieving a regiment of Cincinnati militia, made up of clerks and book-keepers. Their camp presented more the appearance of a lady's boudoir than the temporary quarters of soldiers. In addition to their muskets and accoutrements, each was armed with a brace of wine and

Bourbon bottles tucked beneath their waistbands. Their commissary was garnished with lager beer kegs, champagne baskets, hams, crackers, sardines and oysters, while as many women as men were in camp, looking after the morals and ministering to the comfort of their "brave soldier boys." The veterans were in hopes Kirby Smith would make an attack, just to give these "counter hitters" a chance to enjoy a mixture of gunpowder and lead with their other luxuries, and afford an opportunity to display their valor. Just imagine a charge upon a fortification with a musket in their hands, a baby on one arm and a wife clinging to the other! When they were gone the thirsty "Pea Ridge boys" occupied their quarters, and had a good time smelling empty bottles and beer kegs. While at this camp, William W. Kerns, of Company G, was accidentally shot. A stack of guns falling over, one of them exploded; the ball penetrating his side, shattered a rib and disabled him for six months. This was the only casualty to the 36th during the campaign.

For six days the troops lay in the trenches on the banks of the Licking, in constant expectation of an attack. But the movement of the main Confederate force, under Bragg, toward Louisville, the sudden departure of Kirby Smith from before Covington, and his forced march and junction with Bragg at Frankfort, threw off the mask which had so long enveloped their plans, and left no room for doubt that Louisville was the real objective point of the campaign. The excitement which a few days before had prevailed in Cincinnati, was now transferred to Louisville, and frantic calls for veteran troops were made upon the Department commanders. Gen. Nelson, who, after the defeat at Richmond, had fallen back, was assigned to the command of the city, and proceeded to arm the citizens, to fortify and place the city in a complete state of defence. Cincinnati being no longer menaced,

Col. Greusel was ordered to proceed to Louisville with his command. The greater portion of the troops embarked upon transports and proceeded down the Ohio river, requiring nineteen steamers to transport the command, which had now assumed the proportion of a division. While the boats were passing the city the people crowded the wharves and waved a heartfelt adieu.

The 36th proceeded by rail *via* Indianapolis and Seymour, of pleasant memory, reaching Jeffersonville at noon on the 19th. Such was the press of business incident to the confusion growing out of the panic that the ferries and ordinary methods for crossing the river were crowded with fugitives from the panic-stricken city, and were inadequate for the purposes of transportation. Other troops had the precedence, and the 36th waited at Jeffersonville until evening before being ferried over; then marching five miles they went into camp in a cemetery in the south-eastern suburbs of the city.

The exciting and somewhat exaggerated reports which were being circulated of Bragg's near approach, and the overwhelming numbers of his forces, filled Louisville with alarm. Merchants hastily removed the contents of their stores across the river, and household goods, in many instances, were carried a hundred miles into the interior of Indiana. Women, children and non-combatants generally were sent away, that in case of a bombardment there might be no helpless and frenzied objects of compassion to cumber the movement of troops and retard the defence. Col. Greusel, as at Cincinnati, was put in charge of the defences, and under his supervision earth-works were constructed, extending around the city from the Marine hospital to the banks of the Ohio. The able-bodied citizens were pressed into service against their inclination, and set to work in the trenches, digging, sweat-

ing and swearing, while the veterans, with arms in hand, stood by to see that each did his duty without shirking.

Each hour but intensified the terror of the people, and every preparation was made for the reception of the doughty knights under Smith and Bragg, when on the 25th of September Gen. Buell entered Louisville instead of Bragg, he having come out ahead in the race across Kentucky. Even then, from a general lack of confidence in Buell's generalship, the apprehension of the people was not entirely allayed. On his arrival he found an order from the War Department' suspending him, and placing Gen. Thomas in command, which the latter absolutely refused to assume, and by his persistent efforts succeeded in having the order recalled and Gen. Buell retained.

After the junction of Buell's and Nelson's forces, the army numbered nearly a hundred thousand men, a majority of whom were old soldiers, whose valor had been tested—a number sufficient, if skillfully handled, to have annihilated Bragg and swept his vagabond hordes from existence. Buell's army was worn down with hard marching, and poorly clothed. The enemy was likewise suffering from similar causes, and no good reason existed why the forces then assembled at Louisville should have been detained there a whole week, during which the country was ravaged and property destroyed to the value of many million dollars.

On the 29th, Gen. Nelson was shot by Gen. Jeff. C. Davis and killed. This affair resulted from the insolence of the former which Gen. Davis would not endure. Nelson had long been connected with the regular service, and though a man of courage and a strict disciplinarian, was rough and overbearing in his demeanor to inferiors. To retort was sure to be followed by insult and often with blows. This was rather more than many of the impetuous

and hot-blooded officers would patiently endure. Nelson had assigned Davis to an unimportant command over raw and insubordinate home-guards, who were constantly vibrating between their homes and commands, and it was extremely difficult for an officer to tell at a given time the exact number he could depend upon in case of an emergency. At this time Nelson met Davis in the hall of one of the principal hotels of Louisville, and in an imperious manner asked the number in his command. Davis could give only the approximate number, at which Gen. Nelson flew into a passion and struck Gen. Davis in the face. The latter borrowed a pistol from a bystander and shot the former while passing up the hotel stairs.

Gen. Nelson's insolence not only impaired his usefulness as an officer, but alienated the affections of the men who served under him. The people, particularly negroes, with whom he came in contact, were treated by him more like serfs than free men. At the funeral, when the coffin was brought out and the remains exhibited to the assembled thousands, a passing cloud obscured the rays of the sun, when the poor negroes who were present, with one voice exclaimed, "De Lord am done gone and hid His face from one dat kicks de cullered folks and break dar bones."

Gen. Gilbert succeeded Nelson in the command of the Third Corps, in which was the 36th, being part of the 37th Brigade in Sheridan's Division. The Brigade was composed of the 36th, 44th, 88th Illinois, the 24th Wisconsin and the 21st Michigan Regiments of Infantry, with Hiscock's Missouri and Barrett's 2nd Illinois Batteries, under the command of Col. Greusel.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADVANCE INTO KENTUCKY.



IN THE 1st of October, after the Rebel cavalry had quite effectually raided upon and devastated the country up to our picket lines, Gen. Buell marched out with a formidable army in quest of the enemy. The columns were cumbered with wagon-trains over twenty-two miles in length, and moved exceedingly slow, averaging about ten miles a day. Gen. Gilbert's corps occupied the Bardstown pike, passing through a country far different in appearance from the rough chert hills of Missouri or the marshy lagoons of Mississippi, a region that had felt but little of the rude effects of war, and smiling in autumnal beauty. Here and there elegant country seats adorned the wayside, and at the gates of many stood the occupants, tendering cups of water to the men, while from window or piazza ladies waved their handkerchiefs—woman's banner in grief or joy—in token of patriotic sympathy. The pike was one crowded mass of infantry, cavalry, artillery and wagon trains, moving in double lines and rumbling over the solid but dusty road. Fields, farmyards and woods were full of soldiers, and when the marching

columns had passed, many of the plantations were denuded of poultry, pigs and sheep. Slowly feeling its way, the army moved against the Rebel invaders, affording ample opportunities for stragglers to elude their officers and depredate upon hen-roosts and potato fields.

Stringent orders against foraging were promulgated by Gen. Gilbert, and much of that officer's time, and by far the most onerous of his duties, was the protection of the hen-roosts and "truck patches" of the fellow citizens of his native State, many of whom were away from home and might have been found in the gray Confederate ranks under Bragg, ready to shoot down at sight the soldiers in blue, guarding their homes and plantations from pillage. A little episode upon this march illustrates the testy disposition of Gen. Gilbert, the coolness of Capt. Miller, and the fearless devotion of the men to their comrades and commander. The weather was warm, and the men somewhat fatigued, when the regiment halted a few moments by the wayside, opposite an orchard, the trees of which were loaded with delicious fruit. A few of the men scaled the fence and were filling their pockets with apples, when Gen. Gilbert chanced to pass that way and caught them in the "infamous act" of stealing. The General was furious, and ordered his escort to fire upon the men thus engaged. The order was scarcely uttered, when every man by the wayside sprang to his feet, seized his musket, and the ramming of cartridges and click of gun-locks was fearfully ominous, and warned the escort to desist from putting the order into execution. The General saw the look of defiance and determination gleaming from the eyes of the men, and did not repeat his heartless order the second time, but angrily demanded, "Where is the officer in command of these miscreants?" Capt. Miller, who was sitting cross-legged upon his

horse, was pointed out. The General advanced, and with harsh invectives assailed him. The Captain remained cool as if in a drawing-room, and to the torrent of abuse curtly replied, "General, "one word from me will call the boys out of that orchard a d—d sight sooner than you can shoot them out; and should it come "to that, I have the honor to assure you, General, that my boys "never allow themselves to be outdone in this shooting business. "I think your fellows had better put up their shooting irons, for "the first flash of a carbine at one of them boys will be the death "knell of every mother's son that has a hand in the business." Such insubordination could not be overlooked by one of Gen. Gilbert's phlegmatic temperament, and the whole regiment was ordered under arrest.

The country was undulating, and from the summits of the higher elevations one could look back over the line of march and see the long blue columns streaming over the gentle acclivities, the bayonets glistening in the sunshine, while in front the mighty coil of armed men stretched away among the picturesque hills until lost in the hazy distance. In the evening, temporary camps were formed along the banks of streams and water courses, while mile upon mile of camp fires flecked the hill-sides, wrapped the country in flame, and lighted up the misty air of night with a weird, sapphire glow, presenting a scene grand beyond conception. The troops, after finishing their suppers, retired to some leafy couch under the thick foliage of trees, and sought repose.

In perusing the pages of the men's journals, relative to the incidents connected with this campaign, we find little worthy of notice transpiring on the march from Louisville to Perryville. All were in fine spirits and eager for an encounter with the enemy, who were slowly retiring with their plunder before the advance of our solid columns. Each day yielded its usual har-

vest of rumors, frequently throwing the newly formed regiments into a fever of excitement, but not disturbing the equanimity of the older troops.

Eventually these rumors were changed to reality, as the cavalry came in contact with the rebel rear guard, and frequent skirmishes marked the progress of the advance. The squads of lean and ragged rebel prisoners captured in these encounters, as they marched to the rear, were regarded with the utmost curiosity by the new troops, now upon their first campaign. Some taunted them as traitors, while others comforted them with words of pity for the unfortunate condition in which they were placed.

Near Bardstown, a large force of the enemy was overtaken, who manifested a desire to dispute our further progress. A halt was ordered, skirmishers thrown out, the artillery brought up, and considerable firing at long range ensued. The advance guard was principally made up of new troops, it being the day when the 36th and the older troops of Sheridan's Division were in the rear. The enemy stubbornly maintained their ground, presenting a bold front, against which our skirmishers and field guns made but little impression. Matters began to wear a serious aspect, and a general engagement was immediately expected. This was contrary to Gen. Buell's policy, which was, apparently, to keep just as far from Bragg as possible and maintain the semblance of pursuit, and if, by accident, the enemy should be encountered, to fight him lightly. Orders were sent back for Greusel and Leibold's Brigades of veterans to advance at once, to ascertain the temper and disposition of the enemy. In a few moments the troops were under arms and moving at a double-quick down the dusty road, cheering as they ran, with little Phil Sheridan, their division commander, at their head, as noisy and enthusiastic as if in a buffalo hunt, and with words of cheer which rang out

like "Napoleon's," inspiring his men with confidence equal to a reinforcement of a thousand men. Reaching the point of threatened conflict, they were only in time to see the gray backs of the foe they were in search of disappear in rapid retreat. Disappointed and sullen, the troops returned three miles to camp, heartily despising a foe whose courage oozed out at sight of men who meant fight.

On the 6th, the 36th Regiment was detailed as rear guard, and did not get under way till noon. The country was broken and parched with summer heats. Water-courses were dried up and the few springs filled with offal of the retreating enemy and rendered unfit for use. Here and there, tall chimneys, built according to southern fashion, on the exterior, and a few charred and smouldering remains, marking the site of ruined mansions, told of the devastation of war and the fearful retribution which the passions of men had inflicted upon once peaceful and prosperous communities. Aside from the gray ashes which marked the place where houses and fences once stood, this part of Kentucky was a fair land to look upon. Its gracefully rounded hills and dark masses of wood, robed in autumnal glory, combined to make a bright and beautiful picture, in spite of the fresh traces of the destroyer and the ruins around which gathered the dejected and houseless owners, brooding over the fragments of their ruined possessions.

This day's march was about as severe as any the troops had been subjected to. Without water, they pushed on through blinding clouds of dust, that darkened the sun and yet added intensity to its heat. They passed through Springfield, a half-deserted and dilapidated town, odorous with bad whiskey and rebellion, and did not reach camp until eleven o'clock at night. The summer and autumn had been unusually hot; the fields were

parched, the grass withered, and thirsty soldiers looked with wearied eyes on the beds of streams and rivers, either totally dry, or shrunken into little, heated, tired-looking threads of water—brackish and disagreeable to taste and smell.

The few springs and sparkling brooks were usually monopolized by Gen. Gilbert, who sent an aid in advance to select romantic spots near by, in which was pitched the General's marquee, and a detachment of body guards posted to protect the sacred precincts, as well as the spring, from intrusion. Near the close of this sultry day, the 36th, soiled with dust and famished with thirst, came up to a spring of clear, cold water, near which were located the headquarters of Gen. Gilbert. The men, acting upon the campaign maxim, "wherever and whenever you can secure a square meal or a drink of cold water, do so," eagerly crowded around the spring, with the inevitable tin cup and canteen, quaffing great draughts of the refreshing beverage, to quench a thirst of eight or ten hours duration. A dapper little staff-officer came up and ordered the boys away, to which, for awhile, they paid no more attention than to the cackling of a hen, but persisting in his impertinence, a broad-shouldered, ungainly private of Company B knocked him down with the butt of his gun—effectually silencing him for the time being. Thereupon Gen. Gilbert came out in person and reiterated the command, ordering Capt. Miller to move on with his regiment. The Captain courteously but firmly remonstrated, telling the General "that his men had marched since before mid-day without water; that the heat was oppressive; that his men were suffering from thirst, and that the refusal of water under such circumstances showed a want of common humanity." Gen. Gilbert was irritated at this manly protest and ordered his body-guard to charge upon and drive the men away from the spring. Captain Miller, nothing daunted, directed

his men to fix bayonets and run the first man through who should molest them, until they got what water they wanted. To be thus defied by a little, wiry Yankee captain, was more than Kentucky dignity could stand, and addressing his body-guard (a detachment of the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry) he said, "Ye men of Kentucky! will you allow this insult to your General to go unrebuked and unpunished! If you are *men*, and have any regard for your honor as Kentuckians, you will instantly disperse this insolent mob, and arrest every one who refuses compliance with orders." It was then Capt. Miller's turn to talk, and turning to the men, he said, "Boys, massacre every mother's son of them that dares to lay a finger upon you until your canteens are filled," and turning to the body-guard and staff of the General, "if you, or any other Kentuckian, want to die on your own native soil, now is your chance to do so, for by the Great Eternal, my men are going to have all the water they want, before marching another foot. If you want to die, come on!" But they did not come on worth a cent, and Gen. Gilbert returned chagrined to his tent, and the 36th remained masters of the situation.

The advance camped in the near vicinity of the enemy's rear guard, with whom the cavalry had skirmishes all day, resulting in the killing and wounding of a few, whom they left, in their hurried retreat, by the roadside, to the tender mercies of the pursuers. Surgeon Young, whose humanity equaled his patriotism, caused some of their dead to be buried, and attended to their wounded with the same considerate care bestowed upon our own sick and suffering soldiers. A score or more of half-clothed prisoners were taken, who looked wan, pale and thin from the many privations to which they had been subjected. Ragged and dirty as they were, they elicited the respect of the older soldiers, who had learned how well they fought, how bravely and persistently

they had stood up for their cause, bad as it was. As was remarked by an officer who had them in charge, "Though not inspired by God, they certainly are possessed of the devil, and have acted bravely the part their master commanded them to play."

The opposition increased as the army advanced, the cavalry skirmishing almost continually with the Rebel rear guard. Company B Cavalry, under the gallant Capt. Sherer, was attached to Gen. Mitchell's Division, and did good service in reconnoitering, scouring the country, ever hanging upon the enemy's rear, and whenever an opportunity offered, charging upon such bodies as seemed determined to stand, who usually wavered and fled before the withering blast from their carbines without waiting to feel their keen-edged sabres.

The morning of the 7th broke clear and bright, and the welcome rattle of carbines betokened that the cavalry were early at their work. The conflict, which for the last three days had been momentarily expected, all felt could not much longer be delayed. The 37th Brigade headed the advance, and cheerfully the men moved to the dangerous task before them. The columns were massed and kept well in hand, advancing slowly and cautiously in readiness for battle, the enemy stubbornly contesting every inch of ground. On the crests of hills and at every available point of defence, heavy bodies of troops formed in dense lines for the protection of their rear, and anon the blue smoke-wreaths flashing from out their waving line, and the sharp ring of musketry was the greeting our cavalry received. Against the serried ranks they moved, shot answering shot, steadily driving the enemy before them. Occasionally from the summits of hills, up and over which wound the crooked road, dense columns of the enemy, many miles in extent, might be seen moving in perfect order. Then long-ranged rifled parrots would be brought up,

placed in position, and rounds of solid shot sent hissing after the departing force, producing but little effect beyond hurrying the retreat. The sullen booming of cannon, mingled with the pattering fire of musketry and carbines, served to arouse the energies of the troops, who felt something of the old inspiration which the music of flashing guns never failed to impart, and as a result, there was much less straggling than usual.


As the division descended the southern slope of a range of hills two or three miles north of Perryville, the sunset hues were filling the west with gorgeous beauty. The eye took in a varied landscape of hill and vale, field and woodland, alas! soon to echo the roar of artillery, and rattle of musketry, to be seamed and defaced by plunging shot and shrieking shell, and to witness scenes and incidents that would afford interesting topics for fire-side talks that would last during the rest of the monotonous lives of the denizens of these secluded valleys. The army camped in a hollow or depression among the hills, but a mile and a-half distant from the position of the main Rebel army. In front was a hill of gradual ascent, covered with brush, scattering timber and small cornfields. The usual picket guard was doubled, and strong details of picked men were required from the 36th and other regiments composing the division. Capt. Hobbs, of Company E, was officer of the guard, and proceeded silently up the slope with his detachment in skirmish line, through the intervening brush and across fields to the brow of the hill, and established the picket line three-quarters of a mile from camp. A dense forest lay in front, and here and there across its dark aisles the straggling moonbeams glanced, while in the patches of light the shadowy forms of Rebel pickets were occasionally seen gliding from tree to tree. But a few yards intervened between the hostile lines ;

the changing of reliefs, and murmur of voices in low conversation, could be indistinctly heard.

Capt. Hobbs, in the performance of his duty as officer of the guard, while passing between the stations, frequently mistook the shadows of the timber for picket posts, and strayed near to and almost within the enemy's lines. Once, while approaching a post from the direction of the enemy, he was taken for a Confederate, and a member of his own company was on the point of firing upon him. It was a beautiful, quiet, moonlight night. All were on the alert, and the breaking of a twig, the rustle of a leaf or the gentle sigh of a zephyr, attracted immediate attention and found the watchful sentinels in readiness for any emergency. Thus the hours passed. The night crept on towards morning. Faint bars of gray tinged the hill-tops, one by one the stars disappeared, the leaden sky gave way to azure blue, and the position of the opposing pickets was disclosed in plain sight and near at hand. The changing of reliefs was taken for a movement, and a rattling fire of musketry commenced with the dawn of morning.

CHAPTER XIX.

BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

A large, ornate, black and white decorative initial letter 'B' with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns, positioned at the start of the first paragraph.

BEFORE daylight on the morning of the 8th, the shrill blast of the bugle aroused the slumbering camps, and a hastily prepared breakfast was as hastily eaten. Staff officers and orderlies rode hither and thither on various duties. The new troops were full of excitement and watched with interest the preparations going on around them. Then a line of battle was formed and gradually advanced, pushing the enemy back, while random shots heightened the interest and awoke the echoes of the morning. Reaching the crest of the hills, officers with field glasses scanned the opposite heights and intervening valleys, seeking to learn the enemy's position and unravel the mystery which shrouded their movements. The men in the ranks could not distinguish a single battery or discern the movements of a brigade. Scarcely a battalion of the men in gray were in sight. Behind the opposite crest they lay, rank upon rank, partially hidden by the intervening foliage and natural inequalities of the ground. Scarcely was our line developed along the broken summit of the hills, when smoke clouds leaped in sudden puffs from the opposite ridges, which were crowned with hostile cannon. One by one the descend-

ing shot dropped within our lines, and soon all became familiar with the shrill whizzing music of iron projectiles. Our cannon were then set at work, and eloquently responded to the volleyed thunder from the distant hill-tops. Skirmishers were deployed and swept across the intervening valley, up the opposite slope, under cover of the artillery, closely followed by strong columns in support. The cessation of their artillery fire and the intermittent blaze of musketry along the skirmish line, indicated the withdrawal of the enemy and their formation in a new position upon the hills a half mile in rear of the first.

Orders being received to hold the hill at all hazards, Barrett's battery of the 2nd Illinois Artillery was advanced to the position just vacated, the 36th Illinois Infantry moving forward to its support, taking a position in the timber on the right of the road and partially in rear and right of the battery. The 88th Illinois Volunteers were posted on the left of the road, also in rear of the battery, in which position the troops remained until eleven o'clock A. M. The 36th occupied about a central point in the advance of Gen. Sheridan's Division, but from its partially concealed position in the timber, few indications of a hostile force in the opposite fields and woods could be seen. Thin clouds of smoke were observed rising lazily above the tree-tops, followed by a shrieking shell which the enemy now and then tossed over to our position, hoping, perhaps, to dislodge the artillery or demoralize the infantry, which for the present was commanded to lay down and do nothing. No advance on our part was ordered, none on the part of the enemy attempted; so instead of exchanging the leaden compliments of war, and performing feats of daring, the troops had only to listen to the shrieking shell and whizzing round shot and await the development of movements in other portions of the field. Scarcely had the echoes of their first shot ceased to

reverberate, when Barrett's and other batteries posted to the right and left, commenced a heavy cannonade, sweeping the hills with an iron torrent, which the enemy could not long withstand.

While the opposing forces are thus facing each other, and a desultory firing at long range in front of Sheridan's Division is going on, in which but little damage to either side is being inflicted, we will glance at other portions of the field where ground is being desperately fought over, positions lost and won, and tragedies enacted that appall the stoutest heart. The corps of Gen. McCook comprised the left wing of the army, moved upon other but parallel roads via Mackville, each column being within call, with orders to support each other in case of necessity. Buell, notwithstanding his vastly superior numbers, still wished to avoid a battle. From the determined opposition offered to Gilbert's advance, he anticipated some resistance at this stage of the march, and ordered up McCook's corps from Mackville. This order was received after two o'clock on the morning of the 8th. Though twelve miles distant, with characteristic promptness his columns were in motion before daylight and on the road to Perryville. All the morning the booming of cannon in front of Gilbert, reverberating among the hills, was wafted to the ears of the men who marched to its rolling cadences. Though suffering for the want of water, they pressed eagerly forward, over roads rocky and rough in the extreme, the advance connecting with Gilbert's right at 11 o'clock A. M.

Taking in the situation at a glance, and knowing that from their position on the second or Chaplin's Hills the enemy commanded the approaches to the creek and springs, to which his thirsty troops alone could look for relief, he determined to carry the position and gain possession of the springs. The appearance of McCook upon the field was evidently a surprise to the enemy,

who were manœuvering to gain Gilbert's left and assail him in flank. To frustrate their designs, McCook's arrival was not a moment too soon, as the enemy's skirmishers were already taking possession of the hills. From these they were easily driven back upon their supports. Pressing forward with Lytel's Brigade, and assisted by the 36th Brigade of Sheridan's Division, under Col. Leibold, a sharp contest for the possession of the spring ensued, which involved the forces confronting Sheridan, with whom Barrett's guns had all the morning been exchanging the compliments of the season. While these movements were taking place on the left, the 36th lay in the timber listening to the report of cannon fired at unfrequent intervals, which to them was becoming monotonous. Aside from these occasional explosions, the hills and woods, to all outward appearance, slept peaceful and calm in the summer sunshine.

But what mean these quick, rushing smoke-puffs rising above the trees away to the left, and the heavy crash of artillery following them? Quickly from the heights in front was heard an instantaneous response and corresponding smoke-puffs from Rebel batteries. Then the sharp rattle of musketry added its shrill soprano to the carnival of sound that rolled down from the woody slopes.

Through openings in the timber could be seen our skirmishers moving slowly forward from tree to tree, and from position to position; now halting as if to select a particular object at which to fire, then crouching and delivering their shots as deliberately as if at target practice. They gradually pushed up the hill in the face of a withering fire towards the summit, where every rock, tree and clump of bushes concealed a Rebel sharp-shooter. A few yards in the rear moved the long, dark line of reserves, upon which the skirmishers rallied when they had unmasked the

foe. The rattle of musketry grew louder and more continuous. Barrett's battery, with others placed at intervals along the line, a mile in extent, were playing vigorously upon the enemy. Leibold's Brigade, the gallant 2nd Missouri, in the lead, in conjunction with McCook's troops, maintained a steady line of attack, never wavering or bending beneath the storm which assailed them. The air was filled with shrieking lead, and from our position could be faintly heard the cheers and yells of the opposing forces and the continuous roll of musketry. For half an hour the strife continued. Little by little the Rebel line wavered, inch by inch they gave ground, and then broken and discomfited they retreated in disorder from the heights to their reserves at Perryville. Thus Chaplin's Hills were won. Good-night spring was ours, and great draughts of its refreshing waters slaked the thirst of men, who for two days had toiled through heat and dust, suffering intensely for the want of water. In this fierce encounter which gained us Chaplin's Hills, the 2nd Missouri took a prominent part, and had twenty killed and sixty wounded. Their ranks, though swept with sheets of fire, which sent many a hero bleeding to the ground, charged desperately upon the living barrier and compelled it to fall back before their terrific volleys, leaving many dead and mangled men scattered over the hill-sides.

The enemy having been driven from their formidable position in Sheridan's front, matters became comparatively quiet, and the 36th was advanced across the valley, through open fields and intervening timber, to a position on the southern slope of Chaplin's Hills, in support of Hiscock's Missouri battery, which occupied the summit of the hill, trying occasionally the effect of a shot at long range. Away to the left, in front of McCook, the continual roar of guns announced that his batteries were warmly

engaged, and that an artillery duel of formidable proportions was raging between the opposing forces. In front, and a mile or more away, lay Hardee's corps in the valley of Chaplin's creek, concealed from view by the intervening bluffs and fringes of timber and bushes, which in isolated patches dotted the slopes. The 36th descended the southern incline to a cornfield a few hundred yards below, and in front of the batteries stationed on the crest of the ridge, and halting, stood at ease in line of battle, gazing over the undulating fields and valleys a mile away, where hid from sight lay dense masses of Hardee's Infantry and Artillery, with only a thin line of skirmishers in view to break the monotony and disturb the prevailing quiet. Soon after the balance of the brigade came forward, followed by the whole army corps. By noon the Federal line of battle extended along the crest of the hills for a mile and a-half, the Divisions of Mitchell, Sheridan and Schœff, of Gilbert's corps, forming the right, while Rousseau's and Jackson's Divisions, of McCook's corps, occupied the left, the latter confronted by Polk's and the former by Hardee's veterans of the Confederate army.

The 37th (Greusel's) Brigade occupied a central position in Sheridan's Division, and was formed in the following order. Barrett's battery was stationed on the crest of the ridge to the right of the Springfield road, supported by the 21st Michigan Volunteers, a few yards in rear of the guns, just over the brow of the hill which interposed a barrier against random shot that struck the ground in front, and rebounding over the heads of the troops, terminated their career a hundred yards to the rear. The 24th Wisconsin Volunteers was stationed to the left of the road, also protected by the summit of the ridge, while a section of Hiscock's battery operated in its front. The 36th Illinois was withdrawn from the cornfield to the timber immediately in front

of Barrett's battery, on the exposed side of the hills, the cannon being fired over the heads of the regiment throughout the ensuing engagement. The 88th Illinois Volunteers was posted to the right of the batteries, on the brow of the hill, being more or less exposed to the enemy's fire, and participated in the engagement from the beginning.

While this disposition of the Federal forces was being made, Bragg advanced his right against McCook, and a furious engagement at once commenced. His artillery placed in favorable positions on commanding elevations near the creek, poured a pitiless storm of shot into the Federal ranks, which stood unprotected upon the open plain. This sudden outburst of Rebel wrath was the sure precursor of an infantry charge, and the few minutes that intervened before the appearance of the hostile forces were spent in busy preparation for their reception. Scarcely had the echo of the first gun ceased to reverberate, when McCook's batteries commenced a heavy cannonade, sweeping the fields and broken plateau with a storm of iron that none but stout hearted and hard nerved men could stem. A little after noon the Divisions of Cheatham, Buckner and Anderson emerged from the valley of Chaplin's creek, but so furious the fire that greeted them that they were obliged to advance under cover of sheltering ravines, and deploying upon the plain, charged with great impetuosity upon Terrell's Brigade of raw troops, which by a misunderstanding of orders had been pushed to an exposed position in front, without adequate supports. They were the first to encounter the charging divisions, and for a little while bravely withstood the shock of battle. But volley after volley of musketry was launched with merciless fury into their devoted ranks. Thin grew their line. Men were shot down by scores. What could they do but bend beneath the shock. Gen.

Jackson, their Division Commander, in trying to rally them, was struck in the breast by a fragment of an exploded shell, and with the exclamation, "Oh, God!" fell from his horse a mangled corpse. Terrell also was struck down while endeavoring to encourage the men, and the brigade began to melt away, its broken remains flying to the rear. The horses attached to Parson's battery were all shot down, most of the gunners either wounded or slain. The survivors vainly attempted to drag their pieces back by hand to save them from capture, but every effort was baffled by the uninterrupted fire which decimated their numbers, and they were forced to leave the guns in the possession of the yelling and now triumphant enemy.

Starkweather's Brigade of war-worn experienced veterans, who had marched and fought under O. M. Mitchell, in his meteor-like movements from the Ohio to Nashville and into Alabama, was the next to feel the weight of the attack. It was posted at the extreme left of Rousseau's Division, and in reserve behind Terrell. The safety of the trains and the whole division depended upon their steadfastness and ability to hold their position. On swept the enemy over the field they had just won, scattering the fragments of Terrell's recruits like snowflakes before the wind, crushing the dead and wounded beneath their horses' hoofs and cannon wheels, and with terrific yells rushing into the deadly embrace of Starkweather's veterans, who firmly stood and held their position. From their well dressed lines rang out the sharp crash of musketry, before which many in the front rank of their assailants went down. Fresh troops step up and close the gaps, and in solid masses once more advance to again be mowed down by a whirlwind of fire. The survivors paused not for an instant, but rushed forward to within a few yards of the Federal line, and then halting, delivered a close fire

that sent many a patriot reeling to the ground, baptizing the soil of Kentucky with their generous blood. Here and there a wounded hero dropped his musket from a nerveless grasp, and pale and bleeding limped back to the rear. The brigade wavered a little, but McCook was there watching the progress of the fight, cheering and encouraging the men. Pride and discipline at length asserted its sway over the troops, every man moved forward to his former position and inflexibly held the line. No reserves were near, and it was important the left must be preserved at all hazards, lest the enemy breaking through should capture the trains and doubling on the rear create a panic and put the whole army to rout. For half an hour wave after wave of Southern valor dashed against Starkweather's Brigade, to be again and again hurled back, their ranks bleeding and discomfited, followed by wild, irregular cheers. Under such circumstances it does men good to shout. It infuses a sort of inspiration, tones up their waning courage, and is equal in value and practical results to a reinforcement of fresh men.

Each repulse of Cheatham's battalions was followed by a lull, a mere scattering fire of musketry; and there were moments when not a shot was exchanged. Then would be heard that Rebel yell, sending a thrill to the stoutest heart, and the storm would burst forth afresh, the enemy charging desperately towards our line, and hurling themselves upon this living barrier in vain. Gen. McCook becoming assured that the left was placed in charge of safe hands, proceeded to the right, where the roar of guns told him a conflict of equal magnitude was going on.

Cheatham's charge upon the left, so disastrous to Terrell and taxing to its utmost the courage of Starkweather's veterans, was followed by Buckner and Anderson, who joined their divisions to Cheatham's left, and at once the battle raged along the whole

of Rousseau's line. Three divisions were thus launched upon three brigades, a disparity in numbers too great to be successfully withstood without the aid of parapets or natural advantages of position as a protection against the effect of shot and shell. For a while Rousseau's gallant squadrons held their own, returning blow for blow, and giving as good as was sent. The wide openings which rent their ranks were closed again, and bravely they responded, hurling grape, cannister and musket balls upon the advancing foe, who outnumbered them three to one. A half hour's exposure to three-fourths of a mile of sheeted musketry, and the enfilading fire from a score of Rebel batteries, was sufficient to sweep every man from existence. Against numbers so overwhelming they could not stand, and accordingly fell back to the protecting summits of the ridge. The retreat was inevitable. It was not a disorderly rout, but with ranks unbroken they fell back in good order, occasionally halting and defiantly hurling rounds of grape into the face of the thronging enemy, and bringing their guns and colors safely from the field.

McCook met Rousseau's shattered columns slowly giving ground, and ordered up all his reserves, including Webster's and Hall's Brigades of Jackson's Division, and sought to hold the enemy in check until reinforcements could be brought over from Gilbert's corps, which up to this time had been but slightly engaged. Hour after hour with varying fortunes the conflict raged. Lytle, who had the extreme right of the division, was struck down and carried bleeding to the rear. Webster, in his efforts to maintain his line, was killed. The carnage on both sides was frightful. Here, there and all around the mutilated remains of heroic men were scattered over the field, their life-blood crimsoning the earth. The 15th Kentucky Volunteers, assailed by a largely superior force in front and enfiladed on

either flank by a heavy fire of artillery, in five minutes was nearly annihilated, and few survivors were left to tell the story of their discomfiture. An Ohio regiment, while firmly holding an advanced position, found themselves surrounded, the enemy lapping around their flanks and nearly enclosing them within their fatal folds. But brave and fearless officers were at the head of equally brave and fearless men, and with the fury of tigers they dashed upon the enclosing circle, cutting a broad road through, and rejoining their comrades, who were maintaining a desperate resistance on another portion of the field.

While the contest was thus fiercely raging on the left, the right wing had not remained idle and disinterested spectators of the rapid succession of events and turmoil of battle transpiring around them. The position of Sheridan's Division, and more particularly of the 37th Brigade, has already been alluded to. On the left the battle had been in progress an hour and a-half before demonstrations were made upon the right. The position occupied by Barrett's and Hiscock's batteries commanded an extensive view, and from it the panorama of war could be seen in all its awful grandeur. When Rousseau's line was broken, and the enemy's hosts were surging over the field, their advance line fringed with fire, every glass was directed thitherward, and when our lines went down before the irresistible charge, many a prayer went up to heaven, "God help our poor boys now!" The enemy was observed massing his forces behind the narrow belt of timber fringing a dry branch running into Chaplin's creek, and sick at heart we beheld the attacking line firmly advancing across the fields to complete the rout their death-dealing batteries had commenced.

Turning to the commander of a battery Col. Greusel exclaimed, "Captain Hiscock, those fellows over yonder are using McCook's

boys rather roughly. Can't you reach them with your shot?" "I'll try, Colonel," was the laconic reply, and elevating his guns, shot after shot enfiladed their line; shells bursting in the midst of crowded ranks caused great rents which were promptly closed, and the solid lines with flaunting banners pressed forward to the charge, scarcely deigning to notice the shot dropping upon the heads of the advancing infantry. The gunners redoubled their efforts, and blazing shell were launched in the thronging Rebel masses. How eagerly we watched the effect of shot hurled seemingly in the center of their squares; and when the dust was seen to fly, and men scattering in every direction, loud shouts broke from our ranks, and men grew hoarse with cheering. So deadly was Hiscock's fire, that the Rebel lines were seen to waver, pause, and then halt, appalled at the destruction which from an unlooked for quarter was smiting them to the earth. Little squads started off to the rear, followed by whole battalions, seemingly excited and panic stricken. Officers were seen running hither and thither, waving their swords, gesticulating and undoubtedly threatening their men with due punishment for this exhibition of cowardice. In a little time the panic seemed to subside; their ranks were reformed; their banners carried well in front were seen fluttering in the wind. Again their batteries vomited sheets of flame, and their infantry rushed desperately forward in the face of a murderous fire from musketry in front and cannon in flank.

Hiscock's guns were worked to their utmost capacity. Solid shot and shell were sent crashing into their ranks, rending them asunder, and finally sending their broken cohorts in terror to the rear, under cover of the hills and timber bordering the stream. Thrice they attempted to cross this artillery swept field, only to be hurled back again with diminished numbers. Thus the oppor-

tunity for crushing Rousseau before reinforcements could arrive was lost. McCook's corps, though crippled, was saved, but at what a cost! His command, which in the morning numbered thirteen thousand, was now reduced to seven or eight thousand men capable of fighting. The victory which for a while trembled in the balance and then inclined to the national side, was largely due to the fatal precision and coolly delivered fire of Hiscock's guns. It was subsequently ascertained from surgeons left in charge that the loss of the enemy from this battery alone amounted to four hundred and thirty killed and wounded.

After the enemy had been driven from their position in front of Sheridan, and had fallen back to their reserves, the troops occupying the hills remained comparatively quiet and unmolested. Occasionally a solitary picket standing statue-like in sharp relief against the opposite horizon, or a single horseman would be seen on the summit, apparently reconnoitering the Federal position. The flight of a shell in that direction would terminate the reconnaissance and send him to cover behind the bluffs, where their reserves in great numbers appeared to be massed. The flutter of a flag or guidon just over the crest indicated where their forces lay, and at intervals a shot would be sent to the position supposed to be occupied by them, but elicited no reply.

About one o'clock P. M., while the contest on the left was raging, an unusual bustle was observed on the opposite elevation by a battalion or two of Confederates, who made their appearance near a clump of timber. But little time was given for conjecture as to the cause for this sudden spasm of activity in that single isolated spot, for a sudden puff of smoke rising from among the trees, followed by a muffled roar and the shriek of a projectile full well explained its meaning. Under cover of protecting trees and foliage they had succeeded in planting a battery

and began to throw shot among us too lively for enjoyment. Their guns were admirably handled, and their aim was quite as accurate as was deemed desirable. Sometimes a shot would come shrieking over our heads and fall among the battalions in the rear. Others would strike a few yards in front, and rebounding over those in the advance, drop very uncourteously and unannounced among groups of men standing at their ease, causing a sudden jumping, more sprightly than graceful. No one was injured, or other effect produced than raising clouds of dust and badly scaring some who for the first time were under fire.

It was said that one shot entered a soldier's knapsack and scattered its contents over the ground; among other things a pack of cards, dealing them more expeditiously than by any of the methods laid down by Hoyle. Another severed the belt by which Pus Kendall's haversack was suspended, cutting it as smoothly as though done with a knife. The haversack and its contents dropped to the ground, and Kendall, who, in addition to other peculiarities was something of a wag, started in haste to the rear. Col. Greusel ordered him to halt, and demanded the reason for such cowardly conduct. Pus, holding up the mutilated remains of his belt, exclaimed, "Colonel, they've cut off my supplies, and how in h—l do you expect a man can fight when his supplies are gone?" Kendall's excuse for falling back was more ludicrous than efficacious, and he was sent to the command, taking his place in the ranks and fighting bravely during the remainder of the action.

This rapid and annoying fire was supposed to be introductory to an assault by the enemy in force, and all were on the alert and in a state of expectancy. Hiscock's guns were diverted from the left for the purpose of rebuking the insolence of this battery in front. The gunners, after sighting their pieces, flung

back an answering shower of balls, and at about the third round had got the range so accurate that a shell was exploded in the midst of the battery. A gun was dismounted, its carriage knocked into splinters, and men were blown into the air. The remaining fragments were taken to the rear, followed by a parting benediction from Hiscock's "Rodmans." In less than five minutes from our first shot that battery was knocked to pieces and completely silenced, their gunners and supports scattering like sheep and flying for cover behind the sheltering bluffs, while cheer upon cheer followed them in their retreat.

After the affair with the battery had terminated, the 36th regiment rested quietly upon its arms. Only the artillery kept up a noisy promiscuous fire upon such squadrons as could be seen, dealing out blows here and there wherever there was a Rebel head to hit. The troops lay down, some even went to sleep, notwithstanding the thunder of cannon resounded in their ears. Half an hour, perhaps, passed, when the timber three-fourths of a mile to the right front of our position was observed to be densely crowded with Confederate troops. On the right, and extending across our front, batteries were seen lining the ridges with bodies of supporting troops behind them, and while the infantry was forming in the timber, their batteries deluged our exposed position on the slopes of the hills with shot and shell. Our cannon were not silent, and answering missiles were belched from the black throats of Barrett's and Hiscock's guns, the hurly-burly of artillery drowning the din of battle on other portions of the field. Above the roar of artillery the Rebel yell was heard, and their dense columns were observed pouring out of the timber, moving obliquely down the hill and across the fields in the direction of the 36th. Then came the order, "Fall in men," and instantly each soldier sprang to his feet, took his

musket and assumed his position in the line. Officers worn out with watching and fatigue, aroused themselves and were soon in their proper places. Tired limbs lost their stiffness, and the certainty of a hand to hand encounter with Hardee's pet soldiers infused a new and wonderful inspiration. Confident of victory, all were overflowing with enthusiasm, and stood quietly yet firmly in the position assigned them.

On came the Confederate column across the intervening fields and up the ascent on which our line of battle was formed, directly into the fatal embrace of the 36th, who, fresh and expectant, were awaiting their coming and eager for the fray. They advanced most gallantly, marching in splendid order, not a man wavering or falling out of line. Six battle flags proudly waving indicated the number of regiments composing the attacking column, numbering at least three thousand men, the flower of Hardee's corps, under the direction of General Cleburne, who, it was understood, commanded in person. On the brow of the the hill beyond were twice that number of men with several batteries to support the attack, which played with considerable effect upon our exposed line. Our batteries responded, filling the air with missiles and opening upon the Rebel column with solid shot and shell, which marked their course with long lanes of fallen men, and tearing great rents in their lines which were instantly closed up, the column sweeping steadily onward. Their line of march could be traced by the dead and wounded thickly scattered along the way, laying where they had fallen and weltering in their blood. Coming within musket range they deployed in line and swept across the cornfield towards the 36th, yelling like fiends broke loose from pandemonium. Never did troops display more courage and determination than Hardee's veterans in this assault. For three-fourths of a mile they faced

the deadly fire of artillery without faltering, and forming their line under fire, prepared to sweep the 36th out of existence and capture the batteries in their rear.

Not an officer or man of the 36th quailed, and when the gallant Miller, who was in command, gave the order to fire, with the coolness of experienced marksmen they assailed the Rebel lines with such an incessant storm of lead that for a moment they faltered. Their officers dashed furiously along the line, alternately cheering, threatening and encouraging the troops when their line was again reformed, and pushed forward under a fire so terrible that the cornfield was literally sprinkled with their fallen. At last they reached the fence but a few yards below the position of the 36th, which furnished a slight protection against the fire of musketry. The opposing forces were now within easy range. The rattle of musketry mingling with the roar of artillery, the shouts of soldiers, the scream of shells, the crash of small arms, the hissing sound of grape and canister, the cries of the wounded and the yell of combatants, filled the air with a medley of sounds better imagined than described. Each soldier loaded and fired at will as rapidly as possible, the sound of each discharge mingling with others, and the whole merging in one grand volume, added to which the sulphurous voices of heavy ordnance combined to swell the terrific chorus, which reverberating among the hills caused them to tremble as if shaken by the wrath of God.

Twenty, thirty and forty rounds per man were fired, and still the enemy clung to the fence with the greatest tenacity, selecting their living targets, taking deliberate aim, and firing with fatal effect upon our exposed line, wafting many a heroic soul on the red wings of battle back to the God that gave them, while wounded soldiers limped painfully to the rear; others, supported

upon the arms of comrades, were conveyed to the hospitals, where Surgeons Young and Pierce were kept busy in the performance of their humane but unwelcome duty of caring for the maimed.

The battle-field by this time was enveloped in a smoky veil, beneath which brothers and comrades, loyal and true, were fighting for the cause of country and right, grappling with a desperate and numerically superior foe. Fifty rounds were fired, and the muskets becoming heated and foul it was with the utmost difficulty the cartridges were forced down the gun-barrels. Officers passed along the line and assisted in ramming the cartridges home. But ammunition was getting scarce, many of the cartridge boxes were empty, and Adjutant Biddulph was sent flying over the hills to obtain a fresh supply. The ordnance train having been moved was not readily found, and when discovered, the teamster had not the nerve to proceed with his wagon into the volcano of fire raging in front, until the flourish of a sword and click of a revolver infused some little courage into the mule-whacker, and he drove where the Adjutant directed. Meanwhile the last cartridge was fired, and with fixed bayonets the regiment prepared to rush down upon that vortex of flame and trust to cold steel to clear the fence, for without ammunition nothing but a desperate bayonet charge could save them. Then came the order to fall back, which was executed without undue haste, the troops preserving their alignment, ever and anon turning to the fence which this day had been their worst enemy.

The 88th Illinois and the 24th Wisconsin regiments relieved the 36th, and as the latter retired, the former moved down the hill to the position just vacated. During the progress of the conflict which the 36th for three-quarters of an hour successfully maintained, the 88th was posted on higher ground a hundred yards to the right and rear, covering its three right

companies and putting in an occasional shot as opportunity offered. In retiring, it was necessary to pass through the 88th as well as the batteries situated on the hills. The 88th was a new regiment and under fire for the first time. The retrograde movement of the 36th through their lines was construed by some into a retreat, and created a ripple of excitement nearly approaching a panic. A half dozen or more files broke for the rear; a low murmur of disappointment which every instant grew louder, ran along the lines of perhaps two or three companies, and the men wavered as if on the point of flying. Another minute, and undoubtedly the whole regiment would have been upon the wing, for there is nothing on a field of battle so contagious as a panic. Observing this, Col. Sherman and the regimental field officers were instantly at the spot exerting their influence as well as authority. The regiment was retired a few yards over the crest of the hill, and by threats and example the officers succeeded in restoring order. The ranks were reformed, the men were themselves again, and advanced without flinching to the position assigned them. During the remainder of the day, no signs of disorder was manifested, but they fought like tigers until the battle ended.

Adjutant Biddulph met the regiment with a supply of ammunition, and empty cartridge boxes were replenished, after which a new line was formed in a cornfield to the left of the batteries and east of the Perryville road, where, sheltered behind the crest of the hill, they were not again molested except by stray shot which occasionally ricocheted over the hill in the direction where the regiment was laying on its arms.

The conflict still raged in front, though not with that persistent obstinacy which characterized the earlier efforts of the enemy to storm the heights. The 88th, after order had been restored,

moved into the position vacated by the 36th, in the face of a galling fire, and in descending the hill some of its best and bravest men were either killed or wounded. Gallantly the Confederates fought to maintain their position, tying a flagstaff to the fence and flaunting their colors defiantly in our faces with the determination to stand by them to the last. By this time their ammunition began to fail. Their ranks were fearfully thinned by the cannonade from twelve well served guns, kept up for an hour and a-half without a moment's intermission, which, together with the deadly musketry fire poured upon them by the 88th, caused portions of their line to give way. By the exertion of their officers they rallied, but were again repulsed, while volley after volley and cheer after cheer hastened their retreat. A few regiments to the left of their line remained firm, but their fire almost ceased and the engagement assumed more the character of a massacre than a sharply contested battle where blows were given as well as received. At length the remnant of that once defiant brigade, that marched with streaming banners, proud and confident, across that valley of death, with shattered ranks fled precipitately from the field. With their retreat, the fighting in front of Sheridan ended for the day.

A demonstration was however made upon our left, and for a time it looked as if the sanguinary scenes we had just passed through would be enacted over again. The 21st Michigan and 36th Illinois were ordered into line in rear of and supporting Barrett's battery, which opened with telling effect upon the advancing battallions, checking, and finally driving them gradually to the cover they had left.

Behind the fence and in the edge of the cornfield, where the enemy had so long and gallantly contended, their dead and wounded lay in swaths. All through the field bodies attired

in Confederate gray were scattered among the long aisles of corn. No matter in what direction one walked, the shocking picture of death in its most revolting form was presented, touching the heart, awakening pity, filling the soul with horror and the eyes with tears.

The Division of R. B. Mitchell, on Gilbert's extreme right shared in the tragedies as well as the glories of the day. The 38th Brigade, under Col. Carlin, formed the left of the division, and save a few random shots from the batteries shelling the woods and ravines in front, for the purpose of ascertaining the position of any enemy that might be stationed behind them, nothing of moment occurred until 2 o'clock P. M. The attack upon Sheridan had commenced when the brigade arrived on the ground and formed on his right for the purpose of repelling any attempt to turn his flank. Company B, of the 36th Cavalry, under the gallant Capt. Sherer, led the advance. The Captain, with a detachment of six men, was directed to proceed to an elevation a half mile in front to reconnoitre, and report as to the practicability of occupying the position and planting a battery there. While executing this order, his party was fired upon from the timber where large bodies of the enemy were massed to support the attack then being made upon Greusel's Brigade. None of the men were hit, and returning, the Captain reported the presence and position of the enemy, when the brigade was formed and advanced in line of battle. Almost immediately it was enfiladed by a Rebel battery stationed on a commanding elevation three-fourths of a mile away. Rebel thunderbolts filled the air and went screaming over the heads of the troops, or bursting in close proximity plowed up the ground, scattering dust and gravel quite freely in the faces of the men. Soon becoming accustomed to artillery at long range, the men were quite indifferent as to its

effects, considering the probability of being hit was about equal to that of being struck by lightning. Our artillery responded to this fire, the gunners doing their work coolly, systematically, and, as it was believed, with effect.

A Rebel brigade finally emerged from the timber and formed in line apparently with the intention of attacking Carlin, who thereupon advanced his skirmishers, conspicuous among which was Capt. Sherer's company, who attacked the enemy with great spirit, and poured a galling fire upon them. The reserves came up to the support of the skirmishers, when the Rebels retired under cover.

Meanwhile Sheridan was being vigorously pressed in front, and had all he could do to maintain his position and beat back the Rebel waves, which, like an ocean current, were surging against him. His right was threatened, and if attacked in flank he was apprehensive of the result, and desired assistance from Mitchell. Col. Carlin was ordered to advance rapidly in Sheridan's support. Pushing through a skirt of timber, across open fields and ascending a range of hills in his front, he discovered a strong force of the enemy marching upon Sheridan's right. This position overlooked much of the field where batteries, brigades and divisions were fiercely contending for the mastery. A thin, drifting veil of smoke rested over the valleys and enveloped the hills and timber belts, and through this misty sheen it was difficult to comprehend the main features of the contest. The country was broken into a series of undulatory elevations, each surmounted with cannon, whose continuous booming was pealing in deafening cadences upon the ear like the roar of ocean surges. The hill sides were fringed with the fire and smoke of musketry, its sharper tones joining in the grand chorus. In front of Sheridan the crash of guns was never silent, and as the awful din of battle

rolled up to the position occupied by Carlin, he felt that brothers were there who, perhaps, needed his help to throttle the cohorts of treason. He instantly ordered his troops forward on the double quick, and charged their advancing column with such impetuosity as to break it in two, throwing it into confusion and scattering the Rebels to the four winds. Vain were the efforts to rally their discomfited troops, the gallant Carlin following so closely upon the heels of the retreating foe as to frustrate every attempt at forming a line of sufficient strength to offer serious opposition. The pursuit was vigorously kept up to within a short distance of Perryville, to which the enemy retreated and formed under cover of a range of bluffs just to the right of town, and protected by batteries crowning their crests. A sharp artillery engagement ensued at short range, accompanied by a lively fusilade of musketry between the skirmishers, and terribly earnest were the demonstrations of mutual hostility interchanged between the respective forces.

Before the heavy cannonade which swept the intervening space between the contending armies, searching out every nook and corner of the field, the men were ordered to lie down. The continued whizzing of solid shot and bursting of shell was not calculated to assure one of entire immunity from danger, or cause a relish for these messengers of war. The position of Company B, 36th Cavalry, at the left and rear of the battery, was one of peculiar danger. Shell burst in the midst of the troops, as they lay hugging Mother Earth in a close embrace, filling their eyes with dust and scattering gravel stones like drops of rain. One passed in close proximity to Captain Sherer's head, stunning him for a moment and convincing him that the exposed position which the company occupied was not particularly desirable. By Gen. Carlin's order, they retired a few yards, in rear of an elevation,

behind which they were comparatively safe, and where the sound of projectiles winging their way through the air and over their heads was listened to with more satisfaction.

Many in the brigade were struck down and mangled by bursting missiles. The sight of their manly looking forms, stretched lifeless on the grass, shocked as well as deeply impressed the whole command. With the approach of twilight came a lull, and when darkness finally veiled the scene, by tacit consent the fire of artillery ceased altogether.

Capt. Sherer was ordered to the vicinity of the enemy's picket line, and advanced his company to within a few hundred yards of the town, where every movement in the neighboring camps could be distinctly heard. His exposed situation, so far in advance of any other portion of the army, was one of danger, and at 9 o'clock P. M., by order of Gen. Mitchell, his command was withdrawn a half mile, within easy supporting distance of the brigade.

The prompt movements of Gen. Carlin, and vigorous pursuit of the enemy, after having broken their column, diverted an attack and prevented reinforcements from joining those with whom he was already engaged, assisting materially in the repulse of the forces that so fiercely and persistently assaulted him. In the rapid advance upon Perryville, the enemy's ordnance-train was overtaken and captured, with its guard of one hundred and thirty-eight men and three officers. Capt. Sherer's company shared in the honors of the achievement.

To Gen. McCook's appeal for aid, Gen. Mitchell responded by sending Col. Gooding's brigade to the left. His command consisted of three regiments of infantry and a battery, numbering in all fifteen hundred men that were brought into action. McCook's right had been gradually pressed back, first to Russel's house, and then to a position three-fourths of a mile in rear of

the first, and nearly at right angles with it. Gooding's brigade was unused to service, but coming fresh upon the field, advanced bravely to the encounter. The fragments of Rousseau's and Jackson's depleted and somewhat despondent divisions rallied to Gooding's support, and, notwithstanding the preponderance of numbers against him he attacked vigorously; his officers, with revolvers in hand, taking the lead, fearlessly exposing their persons, and animating the men with their dauntless courage. At once the engagement became general and severe. The little brigade of fifteen hundred men never faltered, but courageously beat back every attempt to overwhelm it by the rebel force of ten or twelve thousand, concentrated in its front. Men fell thick and fast, but unabated raged the storm. The sun sank behind the western horizon and it was nearly dark when Gooding succeeded in wresting the position at Russell's house from the enemy and restoring the line. This had been accomplished at an immense sacrifice of life. Many of his best men had fallen, and at the close of the brief but sanguinary encounter, five hundred heroes out of fifteen hundred lay stretched upon the field, either killed or wounded. Col. Gooding was taken prisoner, but the left wing had been saved.

Just at dark, a brigade from Gilbert's division came up, and thus strengthened, McCook no longer doubted his ability to hold the position. The troops bivouacked upon the field, in the midst of dead and wounded comrades, whose cries of anguish ascended from every part of the blood-stained battle-ground. The casualties of the day in Rousseau's and Jackson's divisions numbered nearly five thousand. The confederate commander, by concentrating two-thirds of his strength and bringing it to bear upon Rousseau and Jackson in detail, had overwhelmed and nearly swept them from the field. Gen. Buell was miles away, and not

aware until nearly night that an engagement was in progress. Had Crittenden's corps and the reserves been brought up early in the day, or had the troops already there been judiciously arranged, and a vigorous and united effort made, Bragg's army would never have left the field, except as prisoners of war.

The 36th (Greusel's) Brigade was under fire most of the day, generally from artillery at long range; but for two hours in the afternoon at close quarters. Every charge of the enemy was handsomely repulsed. Again and again did they advance impetuously to the assault, only to be hurled back, completely broken and discomfitted, being finally driven in a disorderly rout, leaving three hundred and eighty of their dead laying within a quarter of a mile of our position.

As an advance in the darkness to unknown localities would have been the height of folly, the regiments, nearly exhausted from the hard fighting, bivouacked upon their arms. Despite the excitements of the day—despite the dead, sleeping their last long sleep, some laying within a few feet of living sleepers—exhausted nature exerted its sway, and the solemn reflections born of the hour could not keep them long awake. Except the faithful sentinels, keeping watch over their companions, all were soon soundly sleeping. The chirping of crickets, or some new and unwonted sound, would cause those on guard to hold their breath and listen intently for movements indicative of a night attack. Occasionally their nerves were put in a quiver of horror as they stumbled in the darkness over the cold body of some dead brave.

On the 9th, Col. Greusel's brigade moved to Good-Night spring, a half mile northeast of Perryville, and camped, the enemy having withdrawn in the direction of Harrodsburg. The engagement was not renewed, except desultory skirmishing between Carlin's advance and the rebel rear guard. The 38th Brigade

had penetrated to the rebel position, was the furthest in advance, and not disposed to relinquish any of the advantages gained on the previous day. After a brief repose, at three o'clock in the morning, Co. B. Cavalry was sent to reconnoitre, and proceeded a half mile in the darkness, to the suburbs of Perryville, finding a battery in position, which commanded the approaches and supported by a force of infantry. At daylight, the enemy's infantry was relieved by cavalry, and left at once for Harrodsburg. The cavalry formed in line, to hold Carlin's Brigade in check and enable the rebel army to make good its retreat. Gen. Carlin was prepared for demonstrations on their part, and, after maneuvering awhile, they withdrew, followed by our cavalry and a section of light artillery, who pressed them closely; the latter opening upon their rear and driving them out of town.

Reaching the creek, they held it until the brigade was supplied with water, when the artillery pushed on, sending a few shell into the rebel rear, which put them to flight, followed by Company B, who pressed the pursuit until three P. M., when a spirited skirmish ensued, resulting in the capture of eleven prisoners, a quantity of ammunition, three cannon and three thousand stand of arms abandoned by the enemy, and taken possession of by Capt. Sherer's command. The road for miles was strewn with clothing, muskets and military trappings of every description. Every farm house and barn along the route was tenanted with wounded rebels, left without medical care to the tender mercies of their compassionate enemies; some of them with hardly life enough remaining to realize the horrors of their situation; others mangled and bleeding, presented sad sights and sounds, never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER THE BATTLE.



THROUGHOUT the night succeeding the day of battle and excitement, the rest of the troops in Carlin's Brigade was more nominal than real. Their position close upon the enemy's lines, with shotted guns looking frowningly down upon them, was particularly hazardous, and demanded extraordinary caution and watchfulness on the part of the command. The rest of Rousseau's and Jackson's troops were interrupted by the moans of the wounded and dying as well as by flying rumors of a night attack. Many were without blankets, and bivouacked in the open fields with insufficient protection against the chilly night air; added to this, the gnawing of hunger and thirst was not conducive to soundness of repose. The little snatches of oblivion served more to pass away the hours of darkness than to repair exhausted energies and restore vigor and animation.

With the first streaks of dawn, all were up and peering through the morning mists to discover signs of the enemy. But they were gone. The fields were untenanted except by Federal and

Rebel dead. Little parties were soon exploring the cornfields, hollows and skirting timber in search of missing comrades. In places where the conflict had raged the fiercest, where the ground had been repeatedly fought over and alternately in possession of both armies, the dead of each, indicated by the Rebel gray and Federal blue, lay commingled, often side by side; some with an expression of calmness as if asleep, the last reflection, perhaps, that flitted through their minds being of home, mother, friends and God. Upon the faces of others still lingered a courageous, determined look as if when suddenly overtaken with death every nerve was strung to its utmost tension, every impulse of the mind warmed up to fever heat. How many of that silent company, whose staring eyes were looking fixedly toward heaven, were men of warm hearts and generous impulses, who, when living, were loved, and whose death now caused doting hearts to bleed. The official report of losses sustained by the Federal army was 5,525, killed, wounded and missing, while that of the Confederates amounted to 7,720. But few prisoners were taken by either army, and the large list of more than twelve thousand casualties indicated the severity of the conflict.

The picket lines were extended to embrace the battle-ground and protect burial parties that were detailed from each regiment to search the field and collect the fallen, friend as well as foe. The bodies were generally ranged side by side in a trench dug for the purpose, just as they were, with their uniforms crimsoned with blood, wrapped in army blankets for winding sheets, and laid away to rest. In the outskirts of the field where a few had crawled away to die, they were buried singly, and lonely mounds with rudely marked headboards indicated the last resting place of their earthly remains. Over the graves the beautiful burial service was read or a prayer feelingly offered, a file of soldiers fired a farewell volley, and all was over.

This field, like all others, was strewn with muskets and the usual debris of battle, and many a trophy was collected, carried for days or weeks, then, perhaps, thrown away. The men were now permitted to light their camp-fires, make coffee, and satisfy the cravings of hunger and thirst, eating their hardtack and other articles of army fare which were at hand with a gusto rarely surpassed.

Our "battle picture" would not be complete if painted entirely in the sombre hues of death, unrelieved by the brighter colorings of humor in which this, like similar contests, more or less abounded. The battle of Perryville was not wholly devoid of personal incidents, examples of individual heroism, of coolness and endurance while under fire.

Many times have we heard described the ludicrous appearance of Lieut. Clark, of Company E, as he retired from the field, in good order however, his wounded arm tied up with a handkerchief saturated with blood, which was dripping to the ground. He was forever joking with his men, and the only way they could get even with him was to taunt him with his good fortune in being on furlough during the battle of Pea Ridge, engaged in singing lullabys to his babies at home. But in this engagement none were more plucky and fearless than he, and after being shot, pointing to his wound he triumphantly exclaimed, "See 'there, boys; don't one of you chaps ever peep to me again about 'staying at home and rocking babies to sleep until you get as 'beautiful a hole as that bored into you. I'm more proud of that 'bullet hole in my arm than I would be to have it decorated 'with Major General Buell's stars."

William Galloway, a private in Company G, just before going into action was heard to complain of hunger. A comrade standing near, responded, "Never mind about your hardtack, old boy,

"you'll soon get a ration of lead, a little more indigestible, perhaps, but quite as satisfying to the appetite as bread and meat." In the heat of the engagement, while loading his musket and on a half turn, Galloway was struck by a charge of buck-shot which entered his mouth, lacerated his tongue and knocked ten teeth from his lower jaw. His comrade, on beholding the frightful wound, by way of sympathy exclaimed, "There, Bill, I told you 'you'd get all the grub you wanted—are you satisfied now?" The wound was a serious one, and enabled Galloway eventually to get his discharge.

An incident connected with Corporal William H. Mossman, of Company F, illustrates the coolness of some men in the exciting hour of battle, and an unwillingness to shirk from danger and duty unless compelled to do so by being disabled from the further use of sword and gun. Corporal Mossman was struck by a spent ball in the face and slightly wounded. The blood flowed freely, and he at first imagined the injury to be serious enough to need looking after, and started to the rear in search of a surgeon. Finding himself but little inconvenienced and his strength unimpaired, he staunched the blood as well as he could, and voluntarily returned to his post of danger, taking his place in the ranks and fighting bravely to the end.

While the regiments were in position at the foot of the bluffs, on which Barrett's guns were planted, and just before the rebel assault, the men were ordered to lay down, thus presenting less conspicuous objects for the enemy's shot, which were then howling savagely around their heads. Lieut. Shaw, of Company I, had just received his commission as 2nd Lieutenant, and being a somewhat peculiar genius, a few words relative to him may not be out of place. He was tall—about six feet, two inches in height—as slim as a ramrod, with a light, straggling mustache, which

at unfrequent intervals ornamented his firm, thin lips. He was light and agile as a cat, of a nervous, excitable temperament, which on this occasion was strung to its highest tension. When ordered to lay down, the Lieutenant stretched his gaunt proportions out upon the grass, face downwards, and, like the others, hugged the ground closely. The near explosion of a shell, or the dull thud of solid shot striking near, was sure to bring up his head, only to be ordered down again by the officers in charge of the entertainment. Shaw, though a good soldier, was deaf to such commands, and the crash of shot in the near vicinity would set him upon fingers and toes, like a long-legged spider, his head thrown back like a gun-lock at half-cock.

At length the attacking columns were seen advancing upon our position. Every soldier was reminded of his duty, and that the country expected a good account of them. The sight of the "Johnnies" set the Lieutenant fairly crazy with excitement, and to add to his confusion, Capt. Barnett's double-shotted Napoleons thundered immediately in the rear and over the heads of the command, and were promptly answered by confederate guns. The thickly dropping missiles turned the attention of the men to the danger that menaced them, and but little thought was bestowed on each other. A long-fused shell came tearing through the tree-tops, and, striking a large hemlock, was turned downward, shriek-and fizzing to the ground, dropping between the outstretched legs of Lieut. Shaw. In exploding, it not only excavated a quantity of soil, but carried away a portion of one of the Lieutenant's heels. Oh! the gyrations, the antics and acrobatic feats, which for a few moments diverted the attention of the men from the charging enemy. In a trice, Shaw was up and on his feet, then pitched forward, like a frog taking a frantic dive in a mud-puddle. Alighting on the ground, he was up again, and with an unearthly

moan, went dancing on one foot, like a will-o'-the-wisp, to the rear. Thus he hopped away from his company, and his comrades saw him no more. He was taken to Louisville, and, being permanently disabled, soon after resigned—much to the regret of his company, who had become familiar with his peculiarities and loved him for his goodness of heart, his soldierly bearing and his tireless devotion to the welfare and comfort of his men.

Capt. Silas Miller, who commanded the 36th Regiment during the battle of Perryville, was subsequently captured at Stone river, and detained a prisoner of war many months. After his release, and while on his way to join his command, his friends and fellow-citizens at Aurora requested him at a public meeting to detail some of his experiences in connection with the army of the United States. The hall was crowded, and his speech was listened to with the closest attention. We have taken the liberty of transcribing some of his remarks relative to the battle of Perryville, believing that his words will be treasured by the survivors who revere the memory of a brave man and gallant commander.

“On the 7th of October we neared Perryville. That night we were called on for pickets as we had been four nights before. The first thing to be done was to deploy in search of water, which we found some of our boys in quiet possession of. The next morning our army was attacked, the first gun being fired by the pickets of the 36th Regiment. From early in the morning heavy skirmishing continued, the 2nd Missouri Regiment driving the Rebels before them. That night the corps of Gen. Gilbert came up. Later in the day Gen. McCook's corps was attacked very sharply. We fell back, and had hardly executed a change in front, when, hearing a yell, we saw the banners of the Rebels advancing over the fields. We could see their bright bayonets glitter in just as beautiful a line of battle as was ever formed. We lay perfectly still and did not display ourselves till they came within range of canister. We then received the order to fire,

and from a thousand pieces leaped forth the death-dealing bullets which finally caused the Rebels to reel and fall back in utter confusion. Oh! you do not know the sweet little gulp of satisfaction that comes up in the throat to see them bite the dust. You don't know the ecstasy it gives a man to see them mowed down in swaths and see their banners fall to the ground. You don't know and you cannot conceive the delight and indescribable joy it gives one to see a Rebel fall and welter in his own death gore.

I know it is wicked to think and say so, and it is damnable to act so. We call it glory! Is it not glory to destroy a public pest and put out of existence those who have caused so much misery and bloodshed? I think it is. I never felt more confident and joyful than when I saw them coming upon us: Was glad they were to be so badly punished—glad they were coming up to try us. But mark! we left nine men dead, and seventy-five just as good boys as ever breathed the air of heaven, on that day sealed their patriotism with their blood.

We also insert the report of Captain Miller, which is brief a but concise statement of the prominent part taken by the 36th Ill., in the action near Perryville.

HEADQUARTERS 36TH ILL. INF.,
GOOD NIGHT SPRINGS, NEAR PERRYVILLE, KY.,
OCTOBER 10, 1862. }

COL. N. GREUSEL, *Commanding 37th Brigade, 11th Division, Army of the Ohio:*

This regiment was detailed for picket duty on arriving at camp, between Fredericksburg and Perryville, on the night of the 7th inst. Three companies were deployed as skirmishers to the right of the road leading to Perryville, and the remainder advanced on the road, taking a position to the right thereof. Towards morning a skirmish occurred with the outposts to our left, but the 35th Brigade being advanced, the enemy retired. Battery I, 2nd Illinois Artillery, advanced to the hill beyond, and this regiment, by your order, took position in the timber to the right rear of the battery, where it remained until about eleven o'clock, A. M. The enemy having again retired, it was advanced across the open

field, through the timber in front, to a position in support of Battery G, 1st Missouri Artillery. It remained in position there until withdrawn by your order to a position behind a cornfield, to the right of the Perryville road—one section of artillery being posted on its left and two sections upon the hill directly in rear of the center.

The enemy's infantry in strong force advanced upon this position, and this regiment was here first engaged. The fire was opened "by file" in each platoon, and continued until our ammunition (fifty rounds per man) was exhausted. Finding the ammunition running low, Adjutant Biddulph was sent for more; but it becoming entirely consumed before his return and the enemy's fire much slackened, the regiment was ordered to "fix bayonets;" but being advised by you that the enemy's cavalry menaced us towards the left, the regiment was ordered "by the right of companies to the rear," leaving space for another regiment (the 24th Wisconsin), supplied with ammunition. Some confusion was occasioned in retiring, on account of the 88th Illinois covering the three right companies, but after passing through the battery, a new line was promptly formed to the left of the battery, on the left of the road, in the cornfield, where our ammunition was immediately replenished. The enemy's attack upon our first position had, in the meantime, been repulsed and they put to flight by a charge from our infantry. The enemy appearing in front of our new position, the 21st Michigan was ordered by you to join us, and then both regiments were retired by your direction to the brow of the hill, to support Barnett's battery in a new position, which battery had opened fire upon the flank of the enemy pressing on our forces to the left. The regiment lay upon its arms on the hill during the night. On the morning of the 9th, taking a position in rear of the 88th Illinois Infantry, they were ordered to advance to this camp, arriving here at five P. M.

All officers acquitted themselves honorably and bravely, so that all are entitled to consideration, as brave and efficient officers. I desire on my own part to thank Capt. Porter C. Olson

for his daring and efficiency in aiding to command the regiment during the action, and acting Adjutant Biddulph, communicating with you and others during the heat of the contest. Appended will be found a list of the casualties during the action, as follows : Killed, 9 ; wounded, 64, including seven officers.

I have the honor to be, respectfully,

SILAS MILLER,

Captain 36th Ill. Inf. Vol., Commanding Regiment.

KILLED.

Company A, Patrick Gibbons, private.
 Company B, Henry Reitz, private.
 Company D, Charles Seymour, private.
 Company F, William C. Jackson, private.
 Company F, W. S. Nelson, Corporal.
 Company K, William B. Giles, Corporal.
 Company K, Harrison Skinner, private.
 Company K, John H. Underwood, private.
 Company K, Thomas Moffatt, private.

WOUNDED—COMPANY A.

Albert Anderson, left lung, died.	Henry Howe, right hand.
Timothy Ring, shoulder and side.	Alx. Robinson, Sergt., left arm.
Patrick Brannon, left arm.	John Blackman, missing.
Thomas Staunton, right arm.	

COMPANY B.

Ernst Ansorg, bowels, died.	John P. Fife, neck.
D. B. Roberts, lower jaw.	Charles W. Sears, right hand.
J. C. Donnell, left side.	

COMPANY C.

Ralph Miller, right shoulder, died.	W. H. Harper, thigh.
John F. Henderson, abdomen, died.	Dan. P. Baldwin, left ear.
John J. Cavis, left leg.	Isaac Carson, left hand.
W. V. Reader, thigh.	

COMPANY D.

Lieut. George Parker, shoulder.	James Hurst, knee, died.
Lieut. J. H. Thompson, breast.	Thomas Shaw, hip, died.
Clinton Lloyd, left hand.	William P. Pyle, died.
John Murley, wrist.	

COMPANY E.

Lieut. Wm. H. Clark, left arm.	Henry Collman, left breast, died.
John Phontiel, neck.	C. D. Ward, right hand.
Eugene Benoit, shoulder, died.	James Harroll, face.
M. E. Cornell, shoulder.	G. W. Lannigan, hand.
Erastus Beecher, ankle, died.	George Merrill, left hand.

WOUNDED—COMPANY F.

Terris Johnson, leg.	Wm. Coltrip, wrist and hip.
Emra Strait, knee and thigh.	Wm. Eastman, leg.

COMPANY G.

Wm. Galloway, lower jaw.	J. F. Sanders, left side.
C. H. Chandler, left leg, died.	

COMPANY H.

Capt. T. L. Griffin, both legs.	William H. Jones, leg.
Lieut. Morris Briggs, left shoulder.	D. D. Warnick, leg.
Wallace Benson, left leg.	B. Vanness, left arm.
O. H. Murray, head and wrist.	Jerome C. Ford, abdomen.

COMPANY I.

Lieut. David E. Shaw, ankle.	Fred. Shulenburg, shoulder.
Lewis Bower, leg.	Nathan Hunt, hand.
Benedict Stamphley, leg.	Fred. Witzkey, missing.

COMPANY K.

Capt. A. C. Holden, right arm.	E. M. Pratt, right arm.
John H. Johnson, right thigh.	Edward Clark, hip, died.
Peter Barnett, left leg.	Abraham Long, left arm.
Henry C. Allen, left foot.	

Preparations for resuming the pursuit the following day were made by sending such of the wounded as could be removed to Louisville, and leaving behind as few surgeons and temporary field hospitals as were absolutely necessary. Wagon and ambulance trains were started at once, freighted with human suffering and wounded heroes, and as the train wound its way over hills and rough roads, jolting across rocks and into ruts, or rattling along the hard pavement of Kentucky turnpikes, fearful were the sufferings of those most severely injured. At last, after being battered and used up generally, they reached Louisville, and were consigned to clean hospital cots, where they lay and wondered if they had not been passing through the mills of the gods and been ground down exceedingly fine. Clean, well ventilated rooms, clean shirts and clothes generally, worked favorable changes, and in a few weeks many returned to their places in the ranks, ready to do and die if need be for country and right.

Others were crippled for life, and eventually received their discharge, to hobble their way through the thorny paths of life on crutches.

A few hospital sketches must, of course, find place somewhere in our story. Our history would be incomplete without them; and as the consecrated walls of the hospitals at Louisville at this time were crowded with the sick and maimed, which like a vast sea was ever ebbing and flowing, we have taken the liberty of transcribing from one of the diaries kindly loaned us.

TUESDAY, OCT. 30TH.—My wound has troubled me but little to-day. I have read much of the time, both the newspapers and my Bible. There is much consolation in that Book of Books to a bed-ridden, homesick and much demoralized soldier. Here is a gem: "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." I pondered long over that promise and thought to cast all my cares and sorrows, hopes and fears before the throne of God and implore Divine assistance and aid. When my silent petition was ended and I came to review it, I found that every request was for the alleviation of my own sufferings and for personal blessings—it was all for self. My own wants and wishes was the burthen of that prayer. Oh! this is a sad, hard and selfish world, with none but selfish creatures in it.

Just then, who should appear but one of the "guardian angels" of the hospital—two ladies, sisters, resident in the city, whose whole time is devoted to the sick and suffering ones, who daily drift in from the army. They are constant visitants of the hospitals and minister to the sick and dying. One sat by my bedside and talked long and earnestly with me; entering with the keenest zest into all my present trials and future plans, and before she left, I learned to regard her as all the others do—as a kind sister and friend. How many a sick and despondent soldier has cause to bless these fair angels of mercy, who smooth the dying pillow and cheer the weary spirit in its flight to the brighter world beyond. Their coming brings a gleam of sunshine into the chambers of sickness, that leaves a bright halo

lingering around our couches long after they have departed. Nothing but innate goodness, a strong sense of christian duty, regardless of self, prompts them to the performance of these labors of love. Oh! this world is not quite so selfish, after all.

There is much of love, true and unwavering, yet left in the world, and this war, with all its untold horrors, has now and then a cheering ray to relieve its night of darkness. Dwight Follett, from Ohio, with as patriotic impulses as ever inspired human being, left a home where peace and plenty abounded and nothing was wanting to complete his happiness and promote his highest earthly good. He left all for his country, and fearlessly encountered the camp, the march and the battle-field. For a few weeks he bore up bravely—did cheerfully all that duty and patriotism required. But alas! disease fastened its remorseless fangs upon his vitals, and we find him languishing on a bed of pain.

To yonder home sped the sad tidings, and without a moment's delay his mother hastened to the cot of her boy. She found him very low—almost at the portals of death. For six long and weary weeks has she sat and watched by the side of her darling boy. Visitors look into his pallid face and whisper, "he must die!" The physician sees no ray of hope, and has long since pronounced his case a hopeless one. Not so, that mother. Her abiding faith in a God that is a *hearer* and *answerer* of prayer, tells her that her son shall live, and from that distant home comes the father's word of cheer, for he, too, prays Heaven that the sick one's life may be spared. How strong, how abiding that mother's love. On awaking in the early morning, I see her standing by the sick one's couch. From morning to evening she is there; and during the watches of the night, noiselessly and oft she steals to the side of her sleeping son. Next to God's, a mother's love is unfailing. Yesterday, when all but hope had fled, one little ray of life was seen to steal over his countenance, faintly lighting up his glazed and fixed eye. To-day he is better still. Oh! 'tis good to see that mother's heart thrill with gladness. With an unshaken trust in God, she believes *her boy will yet be well*.

MONDAY, NOV. 5TH.—It was a long time last night before I could get to sleep. My wound was painful and my back ached as if being stretched upon the wheel of torture; my flesh was tender and my mind as irritable as my body was sore. As I lay upon my cot, the gas-light turned down until only a thin spire of flame, dimly flickering, served to make visible the deep gloom of night. I even fancied that dull light sharpened the perceptions, and never before did I remember of being more sensibly affected in body and mind by each little disturbing noise and the breathing of sleepers around me.

The man in the cot next to mine was afflicted with a cough, which might well be compared to a fog-horn, or the hoarse tones of a thunder storm. 'Twas not a small, hacking cough, escaping from just beyond the lips, but deep and unfathomable; surging up from the lowest depths; wrenching every joint and muscle of the mortal system. That cough would long ago have wrecked any common craft, sailing on its tumultuous billows. That cough was enough to supply a regiment, and then have had a surplus sufficient for any possible contingency. There was no let up to it at this time, and all night long it was cough, cough, cough—like the souging of a steamboat, or the hoarse barking of a blood-hound.

On the other side was a lubberly fellow, who appeared to care more for his rations than for the disease with which he is said to be afflicted. It is ludicrous as well as annoying to listen each day to the recital of his various ailments, forming a chapter as long as the song with nine hundred and ninety-nine verses in it, the last like the first and they like all the rest, only a thousand times more uninteresting. Well, he is terribly given to *snoring*, and such deep, unearthly snores coming from the cavernous depths of a huge pair of lungs, rushing like a hurricane through a flabby glottis and distended nostrils, in tones as unmusical as the rasping of a saw or the hooting of a bazaar. There was no cessation in the notes he gave us that night.

It was a snore so deep, sonorous,
As to shake the ceiling o'er us.

Another, in a distant corner, laying near the cot of a German, was all night long talking in his sleep. His dreams were vocal ones, and it would have puzzled the most rapid short-hand reporter to have followed the vagaries of his wandering and somnolent senses. At times he was at work upon the farm, driving oxen or horses, and then engaged in some fierce brawl. Very few in that chamber of the sick attended to their own business, and refrained from meddling with their neighbors. At times the poor German in the corner was nearly frightened out of his wits, and when he heard an extra snore,

“Wilder, fiercer than before,”

I could see him raise up in his bed, cast a malignant glance in the direction of the snorer, and in accents of despair cry out, “Schay, you dhare, stophs dat! me none at all schleeps dees nicht.” Thus might I go the rounds among the wheezy, groaning, moaning, sighing, dying and rueful visaged inmates of this hospital and find each possessed of some characteristic peculiarly their own that would attract attention.

No history of events connected with the rebellion would be complete without a notice of the hospital and sanitary departments, and the unremitting labors of many of the surgeons in caring for the sick and wounded in their commands. In this respect the 36th was peculiarly fortunate, and suffered less from sickness and malignant diseases than any other regiment of equal number in the army of the United States. In his report to Gen. Sheridan, Col. Greusel used the following language, “Dr. Young, “the brigade surgeon, deserves the highest praise for his admirable arrangements and great care of the sick and wounded.”

Very many of the slightly wounded at Perryville in a few weeks returned to the regiment for duty, and participated in the succeeding campaigns of Murfreesborough and Chickamauga.

CHAPTER XXI.

PERRYVILLE TO NASHVILLE.



AM expected to furnish that part of the history of the 36th Regiment Illinois Volunteers which came under my own observation, extending from the battle of Perryville, in October, 1862, to the occupation of Columbia, in November, 1864. My connection with the regiment really began with a letter from Capt. A. M. Hobbs, of Company E, dated Rienzi, July 27th, 1862, informing me of a vacancy in the office of Chaplain, and that it was the unanimous desire of the officers of the regiment that I should accept it. This letter was received during the excitement which followed the Presidential call for 300,000 more troops, and while aiding to procure fresh enlistments in what afterward was known as the 89th Illinois Regiment. Coming at such a time and entirely unsought, this invitation seemed to deserve special attention, and as I gave some encouragement that I would accept, a recommendation, signed by Col. Greusel and every field and line officer, was forwarded to the Governor, and a commission, dated August 18th, was subsequently issued.



William M. Staigh

WILLIAM M. STAIGH

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Among other preparations for my work, I wrote to the friends of the regiment in nearly every place that had furnished companies, inviting them to aid me in supplying the regiment with suitable reading. A cheerful response was received, and before leaving Chicago I was able to make arrangements with Rev. Mr. Savage for a regular supply of soldiers' papers and books. B. F. Jacobs, Esq., also gave me three hundred soldiers' hymn books, which we afterward found a most valuable acquisition. Lieut. Geo. A. Willis (who was on leave of absence) and I, started from Aurora Monday morning, Sept. 29th, intending to join the regiment at Louisville. On Wednesday morning, Oct. 1st, I started alone from Chicago, Lieut. W. having missed the train. On reaching Louisville, on Thursday morning, it was found that the regiment had marched on the 1st, in the army under Gen. Buell, to attack and drive Bragg out of Kentucky. A detachment of the 36th, under Lieutenant Wakeman, was left in charge of the camp, and with them we took up our quarters until our horses should arrive. Here I caught my first glimpse of the stir, bustle and confusion of army life, as I saw the streets thronged with officers, soldiers, horses, mules, wagons and negroes. I soon found, too, that what many thought would be a disadvantage, my being attached to one of the old regiments, was, in fact, a very great advantage, and I had many reasons afterward for being confirmed in this opinion. On the Sabbath, I distributed reading matter and preached in the afternoon in a neighboring church, having for the first time in my life a congregation exclusively of men, and all of them United States soldiers. A mess in one of the companies, noted for their excellent foraging and cooking powers, invited me to dine, and certainly we had a sumptuous entertainment. I very wisely abstained from making any enquiries about the magnificent turkey which occupied the place of honor at the table!

We heard from time to time by orderlies who came in, that the regiment was marching south, and as soon as our horses arrived we made preparations to follow. It was not, however, until Thursday morning, Oct. 9th, that we could start—taking the Bardstown pike. In this first day we rode about thirty miles, through a most beautiful and fertile country, abounding in rich and productive farms. We suffered, however, from the intense heat and found a great scarcity of water. Towards night the country became more hilly, and there were rumors of a battle which it was said had been fought. We made several attempts to find lodging, but the people were suspicious and declined to receive us. At last, as it grew late, a family by the name of Evans reluctantly consented that we might stay with them. Evans was a southern sympathizer, while his wife was quite bitter; but they fed us well and gave us a good bed. Starting next morning, we reached Bardstown about ten o'clock and there learned many particulars of the battle, which had undoubtedly taken place. We traveled on in a heavy rain until we reached Springfield, meeting by the way one of Col. Greusel's orderlies, from whom we learned that the 36th was in the fight—had stood their ground two hours, and had one hundred killed and wounded. We stayed over night at the same tavern—a big, uncomfortable house—where several of the Southern generals had lodged a few nights before. The rain fell heavily, the trains were delayed, and we knew that the troops had no rations. Next morning we started forward and about one o'clock came upon the buildings occupied by our wounded men, left in charge of Dr. Pierce, many of whom we knew. Here we learned all the particulars of the battle, and were thrilled with the stories each man had to tell. By-and-by we started forward, crossing the battle-field, on which were stretched a number of dead bodies—my first sight

of a real field of battle. On reaching the corral near Perryville we bivouacked with the quarter-master's department and I took my first experience of sleeping out of doors. The blazing fires, the confused voices of men, the rattle of horses, mules and wagons, and over head the deep, dark sky, studded with quiet stars, altogether made a scene so novel and impressive, that I shall never forget it.

Next morning, which was Sunday, October 12th, we started to join the regiment, and after riding past long files of men marching or resting by the roadside, we came upon the 36th about two miles out. Willis was received with a shout, and I had a cordial welcome from the officers and such of the men as I was acquainted with. It was well for me that I did not learn until subsequently the real feelings of many on seeing a Chaplain appear among them. But long afterward, when our Sabbath services and other meetings, our papers and libraries had done their work, and we came to feel, from sharing in common danger and sufferings a tender interest in each other, both officers and men became more communicative, and I learned how they felt during the first weeks of my Chaplaincy. Col. Miller, the year following, as we sat together in the beautiful chapel we had built at Cowan, told me that as the men were, that morning on which I arrived, without rations, and therefore peculiarly irritable, having been destitute for many months of any religious or refining influences, they vented their rage against the Government for sending them a chaplain instead of hardtack. One sergeant, notorious for his profanity, was especially loud in his denunciation, when Capt. Miller, who then commanded the regiment, threatened that if he uttered any such language in my hearing he would reduce him to the ranks. This closed his lips, and was a warning to

others. Long afterwards the rough man delighted to tell me what a change had come over him about chaplains.

At eleven o'clock we halted, and immediately cattle, hogs, sheep, calves were slaughtered, and the hungry men relieved. Strict orders had been issued against this, but necessity knows no law, and the Generals did not interfere. The country through which we marched to Harrodsburg was rolling and varied, and the scenery delightful. We encamped for the night in a rain, but Capt. Hobbs procured me accommodation in a house near by. The next day we marched but a mile or two, with long hours of waiting by the roadside, and it seemed inevitable that the enemy would escape. At night I stepped out of the Colonel's tent to take a look at the vast encampment, lighted up for miles around with camp-fires made of Kentucky rails, and I thought I had never seen a sight more grand and exciting. During the night several orders arrived looking to sharp work, but finally word came that the enemy had "skedaddled."

The next day we passed through the most lovely country, studded with delightful residences, and entered Danville about eleven o'clock. This is one of the finest towns in Kentucky, one of the blue-grass region. The houses were attractive, the gardens and grounds laid out with great taste and planted with evergreens. But the brightest recollection of Danville is connected with the Ladies' Seminary, at the windows of which stood crowds of young ladies, whose variety of beautiful dresses gave them the appearance of bouquets of flowers, and whose loyalty was expressed by the waving of handkerchiefs and flags. Most heartily did the boys respond to their greeting. In the afternoon I rode forward with several officers to watch the novel process of shelling the enemy's rear, and next morning while doing the same thing, I caught sight of the retreating Rebels, and saw

their arms glittering in the sun. On entering Lancaster we were met by the people with flags, cheers and rejoicings. Still on we went, until tired and hungry we went into camp near Crab Orchard about sundown. As it was evidently no use attempting to follow up the enemy any further, the army rested here until the following Monday. The time was busily employed in washing up, writing letters, &c., which are the first employments of a soldier in camp. Crab Orchard itself proved to be a dilapidated village, which had evidently been a Southern watering place, but if it ever had any attractions they had certainly disappeared. In every soldier's memory the place is remembered as the southern extremity of our Kentucky march after Bragg.

Here I was able to make a beginning with my chaplain's work. The first night I called a prayer meeting, when fourteen were present, and another the following night, with twenty-six present. I was much assisted in becoming acquainted with the regiment religiously by the kindness of Sergt. Mann, of Company A, whose blameless character throughout his army life gave him great influence among the men. On Sunday, October 20th, we held our first public service at two o'clock. Contrary to the custom which was observed at the beginning of the war, I insisted that the attendance of both men and officers should be entirely voluntary. As the result, when the call sounded, there assembled on the side of a knoll which had been selected, a very large proportion of the whole regiment, as well as men from other commands. We had a good supply of hymn books and a choir to lead the singing, and the sight of so many men who had been destitute of all religious services for months, *i. e.* since they left Rolla, Missouri, standing up to join in the old, familiar hymns, was one not to be easily forgotten. Before sermon I told them of the interest in them expressed to me by their friends at home,

of the provision I had made for a supply of reading, and of my willingness to spend and be spent for their welfare, inviting any of them who might need my assistance to come without hesitation. I then preached a short sermon on "The blessedness of sins forgiven," and we closed with singing, "My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary." When, after night all through the companies could be heard the sound of singing, as they used the new hymn books, I was sure that the Sabbath and religious services were needed by all.

To me it was not only interesting but instructive to learn of the different comments made upon the service by the men. Some who had threatened to resist if compelled to attend, had all their prejudice removed by being simply invited. Some were particularly gratified that they were not addressed in military language, as soldiers, regiment or batallion, but as a congregation. It reminded them of home, and they liked even for a few moments to feel relieved from the restraints of a military life. The sergeant so notorious for his profanity, mentioned before, declared he would come just once, and if I said anything about swearing he would never come again, and as there proved to be no mention of that sin that day, he thought I would do pretty well. Many a service did we hold together in the next two years, but that one at Crab Orchard will always stand alone.

Next morning, Oct. 21, we marched early, and as soon as the column began to head north and it was evident we were about to return over the old ground, the indignation of the men, which had been gathering for several days, broke out in the most violent language. Indeed, one of the most startling facts that I encountered on joining the army was the spirit of rebellion, amounting almost to mutiny, which prevailed so largely. Apart from the hardships of the march, the excessive heat, the dust,

which was blinding and suffocating, the lack of rations and other physical trials, there was a deep dissatisfaction with the conduct of the campaign, and especially that, after we had suffered so much and lost so many men, the enemy were to be allowed to escape. Both the commanding generals and the Government came in for their shares of the blame.

Gens. Buell and Gilbert were the last commanders of this army who clung to the theory of conducting the war on peace principles—avoiding everything that would irritate the South. This policy had already cost us vast treasures of blood and money. The country was becoming sick of it, and the army was demanding a change. Within a week of this time a change was effected, so that I saw our soldiers just when their indignation was the worst and their opposition to conservative generalship most rebellious. Gen. Gilbert had no just conception of the peculiar treatment necessary to control the American volunteer, and when he began to treat him in ways that implied equality with the dregs of society so often swept into a regular army, he woke a spirit of opposition that vented itself in acts which he found himself unable to check. Men, who in the rough campaigning of Missouri and Arkansas, had been compelled to learn the art of foraging, were stimulated to show how skillfully they could set at defiance the orders which Gen. Gilbert issued. Stories illustrating this spirit were constantly told—not to defend the acts themselves, but just as men talk over the successful tricks they played on their teachers when they were boys.

When on the march near Crab Orchard, some of the 36th boys killed twenty or thirty fat sheep, belonging to a native Kentuckian, and after dark threw the pelts into the camp of the 73rd Illinois Regiment. Now the 73rd was gotten up by the Methodists of Illinois and included many preachers and members of the Meth-

odist church, who revolted at the very idea of molesting the hen-roosts and sheep-folds of Kentucky. Complaint was made to Gen. Gilbert of the theft and search instituted among the camps. The finding of the hides was sufficient evidence of guilt, and that good, pious soul, Col. Jaques, was given the alternative of producing the culprits or being himself punished, and in default of the former, he was obliged to walk behind the regiment, by order of Gen. Gilbert. One hot day, while on the march through Kentucky, the 24th Wisconsin Regiment, seeing two empty ambulances, stowed them full of their knapsacks. Shortly after, Gen. Gilbert discovered the knapsacks and ordered them thrown out. The 24th, being in advance, knew nothing of this, but marched on. The 36th being next in rear, some of the men gobbled the knapsacks and contents, threw away their own ragged garments and donned the brand-new wearing apparel of the 24th. They not only appropriated the clothes, but the knapsacks as well, which were marked 24th Wisconsin. The 36th boys wandered wherever they wished over the country, appropriating the contents of smoke-houses, hen-roosts, &c., and at once the plundered owners hurried to Gen. Gilbert and entered complaint against the 24th Wisconsin. The General was mad—ordered the 24th to halt and the roll called, when all were present and accounted for. Three times was the regiment thus halted in one day and none were found absent from the ranks. Gen. Gilbert was puzzled indeed. The secret did not get out for some time, and then under other leaders it was recounted as a fine trick. At an officers' dinner given by Gen. Rosecrans at Nashville, the above story was told, when Col. Larabee, of the 24th, stated that at last it was perfectly clear to his mind what had become of a new pair of gauntlets of his, which were missing immediately after a visit from Col. Greusel, a few days previous, in the place

of which was an old, worn-out pair, scarcely fit to be touched, except with a pair of tongs. He now entirely changed his opinion of the 36th, and believed the whole regiment, officers included, to be a set of thieves.

Gen. Sheridan's policy was entirely different. While opposing in toto all straggling and personal foraging, he believed in taking from the country whatever was needed by the army, instructing his quarter-master to give receipts therefor, to be adjusted afterward on proof of loyalty. His care and thoughtfulness for the men won their affection. The first day out from Crab Orchard was especially tedious. The dust seemed intolerable; the road was lined with stragglers, chiefly the new troops, who were unable to keep up, and even seasoned men were utterly exhausted with the fifteen miles march. When we went into camp after night and a guard was detailed from the 36th for Gen. Sheridan's headquarters, the General came out and said, "Boys, I know you are very tired; "you may go to your quarters; we will take care of ourselves "to-night." One such act would make a soldier light hearted for many a day.

Next morning, the 21st, rising at half-past four, we marched at sunrise, when the brightness and coolness of the morning and the beauty of the country united to make a perfect contrast with the weariness and misery of the previous night. Ascertaining from Division Head-quarters that we were to camp at night at Mitchell, being on the way to Lebanon, Dr. Pierce and I started forward through Danville to Perryville to visit our wounded men who had been left there. Found two more had died, but nearly all the rest were doing well. After caring for them as best we could, we went forward to join the regiment. The next day we marched eighteen miles, through several small settlements, and camped on Salt river, within four miles of Lebanon Station. On this day's

march we were cheered by having our mail distributed as we moved along, but the men were thoroughly exhausted when we reached camp. This was not to be wondered at when the heat and dust of each day and the cold at night are considered, and most of the men had only a single blanket, others only a rubber blanket for their covering. Here we stayed till Saturday, 25th, resting well, but suffering much for want of rations. I had one meal of boiled beef alone, and our mess could have crackers only by borrowing a few from some more favored ones. While waiting here many troops passed us, but we were henceforth to belong to Gen. McCook's corps. It was here, therefore, we bade farewell to Gen. Gilbert and the old regime, and a new order of things commenced.

A letter written from this point to the *Aurora Beacon* adds: "We reached this camp last evening, and are stopping to-day waiting for rations. Lebanon is the terminus of the Louisville & Lebanon Railroad, which road is now to furnish us with supplies. All this section of country has of late been under Rebel rule, consequently all the bridges have been burned and destroyed that could possibly impede the movements of the Federal army. The bridges on the Lebanon road have just been completed, and the first train of cars arrived at Lebanon last evening, and the supplies are to-day being landed from them for the army. We are marching on what the commanders in this department term 'light-footed,' which mean, when properly interpreted, without tents or clothing and with as little food as can possibly keep body and soul together. This is Buell's policy, to which he adds his admirable strategy, which is to keep as far from Bragg as possible, and when by accident he does meet him, to fight him lightly."

On Saturday morning we started out again, leaving Lebanon and the pike to the right and made through the woods for the

little town of Newmarket. The wind had risen and blew very cold. At noon it began to rain and snow, and a regular storm set in. The boys were without warm clothing, their shoes were worn out, and they had a hard time. I find in my journal the entry, "One-half the sufferings of the army will never be known."

Sunday morning we had five inches of snow, and the weather severely cold. The men tried to make themselves comfortable by building sheds of rails and straw, but we were almost suffocated with the smoke of the camp fires. Services were out of the question, and, beyond some singing a few of us had, there was nothing to mark the Sabbath day. We were glad to go to bed early to keep warm. Monday morning we resumed our march, taking the road south to Bowling Green, through Salome, a village of about thirty houses. This was one of the days to be remembered. Though intensely cold in the morning, the weather was fine and gradually grew warmer. The country was very attractive, being either wild and romantic or beautiful and rolling; in some places the road winding on the side of a ravine, with precipitous sides fifty feet above and seventy-five feet below it—another division at the same time marching on the opposite side. The open country was as beautiful as many parts near the Hudson, needing only the same intelligent cultivation to make it in every respect its equal. The bracing air, the beautiful country, the more congenial command, and best of all the forward march, gave the men new spirit, and I saw them to-day at their best as a week ago I had seen them at their worst. We went into camp on the top of a knoll with regiments on all sides of us, whose camp-fires made an inspiring sight. I wrote in my journal, "Such is life—full of contrasts. If every day was like 'yesterday, deliver me from a soldier's life; if every day were 'like to-day, a soldier's life would be pleasant.'"

The following days we marched across the corners of Taylor, Hart and Barron counties, crossed the Little Barron river, the largest stream we had seen since leaving Louisville. Ascending the opposite bank was very much like going up stairs, and occasioned much delay. The country continued to improve, and after a continuous and rapid march of twenty-two miles, we camped at Pruett's Knob, a little beyond Cave City. Here the army waited over one day for rations, and were mustered for pay. While quite a number explored the Knob, a huge, sugar loaf mountain covered with scrubby timber, a party was made up to visit Mammoth Cave, eight miles distant. Capts. Miller and Sherer, Adjt. Willis, Lieut. Barnard, Dr. Pierce and myself, with two or three others, started about two o'clock on this excursion. The country over which we rode to the cave is itself a curiosity. It is made up of precipitous hills and vast basins, which are deeply depressed in the centre. Some of them, not more than five hundred feet across from side to side, seemed to be one hundred feet lower in the centre than at the edge. Immense crevices at the bottom of these basins permit the waters which are gathered by these great funnels to pass into the underground streams. No streams of water are found on the surface for miles around, except Green river, which seems to be the outlet of these subterranean streams. No creeks, brooks nor rivulets exist upon the surface, though the country is a constant succession of hills and hollows. The cliffs, the rocks by the roadside, and even the small stones seem full of holes, recesses and grottos, as if all of them were trying to make little caverns in imitation of the great Mammoth Cave, just as children are prone to imitate the curious and wonderful feats of older persons.

After a ride of an hour or two over this region, we arrived at Cave Hotel—a large building, with rooms all around opening on

a piazza, after the manner of Southern watering-places, and capable of accommodating five hundred persons. Of course while visitors were constantly coming and going, there was no such crowd as belongs to peaceful times. After a very hearty supper, we entered the cave under the guidance of Mat Bransford, who had served in that capacity for over twenty years and had traveled in the cave over fifty thousand miles. He was a genuine original character and made things lively all the way. Under his directions we visited all the principle avenues and halls; passed through Fat Man's Misery; looked into the Bottomless Pit; stood by the Dead Sea and Lake Purity, and sailed on Echo River, on which a revolver was fired several times. It was frequently suggested that should Morgan make his appearance, he would have us in a tight place. On the whole, we walked about eighteen miles and came out between twelve and one o'clock A. M. The condition of the atmosphere is such, however, that we could walk further without weariness than above ground. In the parlors of the hotel we saw specimens of the eyeless fish.

After a good sleep and excellent breakfast, we started for Bell's Station, where we found the regiment just coming in. We fell in and finished with them sixteen miles of marching that day. We were all much rejoiced to be joined by Lieut. Wakeman with the men, tents and equipage that had been left behind at Louisville. The size of the regiment and its comfort were very much increased. It might be noted as something remarkable that we had potatoes for supper. Next day we marched to Bowling Green and went into camp a mile beyond the town. Here we erected tents and in general put things to rights. Gen. Rosecrans arrived on the afternoon train and took command of the army. Next day being Sunday, I was able to distribute a good supply of reading, which had arrived, and make arrange-

ments for preaching, which took place at two o'clock, and though the day was very cold and all the companies were busy preparing to draw shoes and clothing, we had a large attendance at the service. An excellent prayer meeting, attended by Mr. Seymour, of Lisbon, Kendall County, closed the day.

The work of equipment went forward briskly the next day. At night we had a meeting for singing in my tent, and on Tuesday morning, Nov. 4th, we resumed our march toward Nashville. About three miles out, we passed Lost River, so called because it disappears in a cave, miles in extent. Some of the boys explored it as far as one candle would light them. The prevalence of springs, &c., hereabouts indicates that the whole country is probably formed like that about Mammoth Cave. Marched fifteen miles and then camped at the edge of a beautiful grove. Next day we passed through Franklin, a good substantial village of about seven hundred inhabitants, and a county seat. Here an old man and wife came in from the country and gave the boys a quantity of apples. Very soon we crossed the line into Tennessee, a huge stone marking the spot. The country now presented a poor appearance; Mitchellville, near the line, being a poor, tumble-down village, so nearly deserted that there were not inhabitants enough left to even tell us the name of their miserable town. The only evidence that it had ever been inhabited was an old advertisement posted on the side of a deserted log-house whisky shop, announcing that Levi J. North's Democratic Circus would exhibit there on a certain day in the past. The boys of the 88th soon recognized the thing as of Chicago origin, and cheered accordingly. Mitchellville was at that time the terminus of the Nashville and Louisville Railroad, and was a fair representative of the Tennessee towns we had passed through thus far in this trip. It was forty-five miles from Nashville and all our supplies for this immense army had to be hauled from there by teams.

Two regiments of our brigade were here detached (21st Michigan and 24th Wisconsin) to guard the railroad. We camped at night about four miles from the State line. Next day, after marching about ten miles, we passed Tyree Springs, where was a large hotel capable of accommodating five hundred guests. Another small place, Goodlettsville, was also passed, and we camped after marching twenty-four miles. Next day our brigade was in the rear of everything, and was much delayed in starting and marching. The wind was terribly cold and piercing, so that I suffered more than in all the past four weeks. On the way we learned how the enemy had approached Nashville in three columns to throw Negley off his guard, while Morgan with his cavalry came round prepared to burn the bridge over the Cumberland. But Negley was not caught, the force guarding the bridge being able to drive Morgan off. As we came nearer Nashville the country improved, and we passed many fine residences, with grounds laid out and adorned with evergreens. We passed a number of burning houses, and went into camp at Edgefield about five o'clock. Here, and in a camp about half a mile off, we remained two weeks, giving opportunity for a general cleaning up, posting books, making out rolls, &c., all of which is so necessary to the comfort and efficiency of an army.

Of course too, an early visit was made to Nashville, and it must be confessed with some disappointment. One writer says : "Most of our Northern boys (myself among the number) expressed themselves surprised and disappointed in regard to Nashville. It is not so large or so fine a city as we anticipated. Its buildings are old, dirty and dilapidated. The streets are narrow, rough and decidedly filthy. The State House is a large, extravagant institution. It is really the majority of Nashville. Externally it presents an imposing appearance.

“It is built on a high elevation of ground, near the center of the city, and of a very fine quality of stone. The great objection to its outside arrangements is the limited quantity of grounds surrounding it. Internally it has some fine things, and some that are very objectionable. Its lower stories are too low. The offices and hall look squat and dingy. The Representative and Senate chambers are magnificent, their decorations and ornaments are well designed and splendidly executed. The workmanship throughout the entire building is very fine. The next thing worthy of note is the grave of ex-President James K. Polk. He is buried in the front yard of his own residence, near the centre of the city. The whole arrangement looks solid and lasting. The residence is brick, and built after the Southern style. It looks old, dilapidated and neglected. The yard is pretty well ornamented with shrubbery, evergreens and fine walks.” And yet allowance must be made for the fact that these were war times, that everything was being used to the utmost, and nothing repaired or improved, so that a rapid deterioration must be expected.

The State House grounds, &c., were bristling with thirty-two pounders, protected by bales of cotton, and guarded by soldiers. The cemetery was a beautiful place, but it was sad to see that the number of soldiers buried here had already reached 1740, and as I visited the hospitals from time to time, I saw many likely to increase the number.

During the first week, Gen. Rosecrans reviewed the army by brigades, and having heard of the skill of the 36th in the manual of arms, he gave Col. Greusel an opportunity of exhibiting their powers, which he did to the great gratification of the General, who said to the rest, who were nearly all new troops, “Now, beat that if you can !” At this time, too, the 36th was the won-

der and envy of all new regiments for their vigorous health and abounding spirits. They were always ready for a game or shout when off duty, while not a few of other regiments would mope and sit around listlessly, until they were sick in earnest. In an article published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the 36th was pronounced "the healthiest regiment in the service." Beside the usual amount of picket and guard duty, foraging on the country had to be carried on systematically. On one occasion, the 36th was one of three regiments, accompanied by two sections of a battery, to guard three hundred wagons, and the occasion was improved to do some foraging on private account. One journal says, "No. 3 got twenty-five fowls, green apples, dried do., molasses, porker, &c." Provisions at this time were very dear; flour, thirteen dollars per barrel; potatoes, four dollars per bushel; butter, one dollar per pound, and poor at that; eggs, one dollar per dozen; black tea, two and a-half dollars per pound, and other things in proportion.

About this time, some of the new commissions began to come in, among which were Capt. Albert Jenks, for Lieutenant-Colonel; Capt. Silas Miller, as Major, and Lieut. Geo. A. Willis, as Captain Co. A Cavalry. Some had written to the *Aurora Beacon* a few days before, "The regiment proposes to send out a party to recruit officers. There has not been a field officer with it since the middle of August, and since the casualties at Perryville there is an average of one line officer per company. We hope for the interest of the regiment that this state of things will not much longer continue." By these promotions Lieut. Willis had to report to his company in Mississippi to the great regret of all. "He has been with us from the start and is one of us. He is *the* good fellow of the regiment, and we cannot do without him. No one man has so many friends in the 36th Regiment as Willis."

These two weeks gave me opportunity to organize my own work. On my way thus far, I had proposed to such as were interested in the formation of a religious society to give some bond of union to all who desired to fight the stern battles of a christian life. At Bowling Green I began to take the names of those willing to unite, and at Edgefield quite a number joined us, both of those who had been professors of religion at home and those who were desirous of becoming such. Our public services and prayer meetings grew in interest so that on Sunday, Nov. 16th, we had a very large and solemn congregation, and I felt that my work had really begun. I had heard so much of the difficulties found by chaplains in obtaining any opportunity for their work, that I anticipated meeting them myself. I was sure, however, from a little observation, that some, at least, of these difficulties were created by the indiscreet methods of the chaplains themselves, and I sought to avoid them. I arranged always to have reading matter ready for distribution every Sunday morning and passed around the tents myself. I found every Sabbath an increasing eagerness to receive what I brought. I invariably called on the commanding officer with the best I had, and asked him at what hour it would be convenient to have service, thus at once securing his kindly co-operation and avoiding all clashing of appointments and duties, and throughout my entire connection with the regiment I had service on every Sabbath, when such a thing was possible. My commanding officers were almost always present, and generally among the first to appear on the ground. Whoever else has to complain of a lack of sympathy in his work on the part of his officers, I have not. At this time I also made out for my own use, a complete list of both officers and men, which aided not a little in my future labors, and when we came to the sterner realities of battle, proved simply invaluable.

On Saturday, November 22nd, we moved camp to a pleasant location about seven miles south of Nashville, on the Nolensville pike, near Seven Mile Creek. Here we remained between two and three weeks, the time being occupied by skirmish and brigade drills, and picket and forage duties. Our stay at this and the next camp, Mill Creek, was rather of the pleasant order. A good many visits were made to other commands, and short jaunts into the surrounding country, while a ride to Nashville was a common thing. One of the most interesting of these visits was made by the surgeons, Capt. Hobbs and myself, to the 89th Illinois, in Willich's Brigade, camped close by the State Lunatic Asylum. We made quite a lengthy call at the Institution, where we were received very kindly and shown over the building and its attachments. The main building was about three hundred and fifty feet long by two hundred and fifty feet deep, with a corresponding height, the grounds laid out with evergreens, box and ivy, with rookery and fish pond. Inside, the rooms were finely papered and carpeted, and the walls adorned with pictures of every order, from grave to gay, and every means seemed to be used to interest and profit the inmates, of whom we saw a good many. The most interesting sight of all, however, was the extensive green-house, adorned with twenty thousand varieties of beautiful productions, including many tropical plants. Here we saw the palm leaf growing, and the magnificent *Victoria Regia*, of which there are only two or three specimens in the country. The superintendent had been removed for his rebellion, but it was interesting to notice that the Southern people had been perfectly willing to leave their unfortunate friends in our hands. There was every proof that they would not suffer in our care.

Thursday, November 27th, being Thanksgiving, it was proposed that we have a brigade Thanksgiving service, and Col.

Greusel requested me to preach. All necessary preparations were carefully made, when at three o'clock Thursday morning we were called up to join an expedition consisting of the 2nd and 15th Missouri, 44th, 88th and 36th Illinois, with two sections of Barnett's battery. We penetrated six miles into the Confederate lines, driving in the cavalry pickets, who fired their pieces, mounted their mustangs and fled at double quick. After waiting until Col. Schafer could cross over to the next pike, we returned to camp, arriving about three o'clock, and somehow a good supply of rations, not included in the army list, found their way back with us. One incident of our trip is thus described by Dr. Young: "Soon after starting the second instalment of Rebel pickets, we were joined by a smart, sprightly negro, aged about twenty-five years, who knew the roads, and volunteered to show us the way across the creek, as the Rebels had burned the bridge and the stream was not fordable at that point. It so happened that our orders ended right at his master's plantation. We halted there about two hours. All the whites and blacks had fled when we came in sight. Some of our boys suggested to him that he had better return with us, so he gathered up his clothes and blankets and made ready to accompany us.

"Our troops now started back. My position, in consequence of having looked after the comfort of a couple of large turkeys on the plantation, was in the rear of our retreating army. The negro had accumulated his duds and started with us, when, looking around, there came his wife and two children. He saw them and halted. I stopped my horse to see the result, for I was interested. I desired to see which the black man loved the most—the prospect of gaining his liberty, or his wife and babies. She came up to him, and he said to her, 'Mary, I's gwine for to leab you!' She looked thunderstruck, and inquired where

“he was going. He said he was going with the Northern army
“and be free. She replied, ‘You shan’t!’ He asked me if she
“could go. I said yes. He informed her, but she instantly
“replied, ‘De Lord! I can’t go and leab massa and dese chil-
“lens.’ The man looked troubled. The children came up to
“him and called him father. I did not say a word, but sat on
“my horse watching events. Our brigade moved forward, and I
“followed. I looked behind me; the negro was coming, and a
“short distance behind him, in the road, stood his wife and child-
“ren, watching the husband and father deserting them. He
“looked behind him frequently, and I could see his broad black
“chest heave, and hear him sigh. I pitied him, and thought he
“felt and acted as I did when I left my home, wife and baby, and
“followed. In a word, he acted like a man—a human being. I
“hated to see the fellow leave his wife and children. But she
“declared she would not leave the children. I thought, what
“will she do when the auctioneer comes?”

The following week had two special incidents, which attracted much attention—the coming of the paymaster on the 3rd of Dec., which had put the boys in excellent humor, and the eclipse of the moon on the night of the 15th, which was very fine. Our meetings continued, and additional evening meetings were held for the study of the Bible, so that I had some kind of service almost every night.

On the 9th we had orders to be ready to march at a moment’s notice, without teams, and after dinner firing was heard and the long roll sounded. The troops went out about half a mile and were drawn up in line of battle, waiting for an attack, but nothing came of it and at night we returned to camp. Next day we moved back toward Nashville and went into camp in a beautiful grove on Mill Creek, remaining here at “Camp Sheridan” until

we marched out to Stone River, Friday, the 26th The boys have always been fond of talking of the camp on Mill Creek ; it was the last encampment in which many of us were together. Here the daily drills, the picket and forage duties continued, mingled with rides and trips to Nashville. Our brigade, under command of Col. Sherman, of the 88th Regiment, made a short foraging detour into the disputed territory. They were gone three days, and then returned with two hundred and forty-seven wagon-loads of forage and produce, besides numerous horses, mules, hogs, sheep and milch cows—all secured from undoubted secessionists. Somewhere about this time a slaughtered hog was found hung very near my tent, one Sunday morning, waiting, no doubt, to be cut up. The owners got up a little pleasant fun on the parson for such a sight, but the hospital tent was too near to turn any one off the true to a false sbent.

Friday, Dec. 12, Brig. Gen. Sill being appointed to the command of the brigade, Col. Greusel returned to the command of the regiment and met a hearty welcome. As in a few days after this the condition of the regiment was entirely changed by the battle, this is the best place to insert a brief summary of facts about it collected and printed at this time. “We left camp Hammond, Aurora, Kane County, Illinois, on Tuesday afternoon, “Sept. 24, 1861, with 1,183 men. The regiment has been in “the service fifteen months ; marched 2,800 miles—five hundred “and twenty miles by steamboat, ten hundred and nineteen by “railroad and twelve hundred and sixty-one on foot. We have “done military duty in five Southern states—Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Kentucky and Tennessee, besides traveling “extensively in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio- We have been in four “severe battles—Pea Ridge, March 6th, 7th and 8th ; Company “A Cavalry at Iuka, Corinth, Sept., and the regiment at Chap-

“lin Hill, near Perryville, Kentucky, Oct. 8th, 1862. We have
“had twenty-eight men and two commissioned officers killed in
“battle and died of their wounds. Twenty-two men have died
“in our regimental hospital, under care of our own surgeons and
“nurses; sixteen have died in general and post hospitals;
“three have died at home, while absent from the regiment on
“furlough, making the total deaths in the regiment from all
“causes, since it left Aurora, sixty-nine. Twenty-three commis-
“sioned officers have resigned or been dismissed from the ser-
“vice. One commissioned officer has died from disease, and two
“from wounds received in battle. Thirty-eight privates have
“been discharged from service by our regimental surgeons on
“account of disability. Forty-three have been discharged by
“general orders and post surgeons while absent from the regi-
“ment. Twenty-three were mustered out of service as a Band.
“Nine have been discharged on account of promotion to offices
“in other regiments. Thirty-one have deserted, and ought to be
“shot. Twenty-three new recruits have joined since the organ-
“ization of the regiment—leaving 967 men now belonging to
“the regiment and doing duty. Our division is composed of
“twelve regiments—four old ones and eight new ones, yet our
“regiment draws rations for more men than any other regiment
“in the division. We have one man sick in the regimental hos-
“pital to-day. The following figures show this morning’s brigade
“report of sick in general hospital. The brigade is composed of
“four regiments, and the following are their figures: 36th Illi-
“nois has thirty-six men in general hospital, most of whom are the
“wounded of the Perryville fight. The 88th Illinois has one
“hundred and thirty-four men in general hospital; the 24th
“Wisconsin has one hundred and thirty-five men in general hos-
“pital, and 21st Michigan one hundred and twenty men in same.”

While camped at Mill Creek, south of Nashville, Peter Pelican was detailed as orderly for Col. Greusel. His special duty was that of mail carrier to and from Nashville. Peter was constitutionally thirsty, and the poor water of the South not always agreeable, so on his frequent visits to Nashville he generally partook more or less of the ardent. One time, while in a state of semi-unconsciousness, his horse was stolen, with saddle, bridle and equipments. It was said Peter's reputation for veracity was not of a high order, and on his return to camp he stated, in his half French manner, that while in the post office waiting for his mail—sober, of course—some one had stolen his horse. Col. Greusel furnished him a pass, and ordered him to hunt the horse and not come back without him. Peter left on foot, and nothing was seen or heard of him for some time. At length Major Miller found him in Nashville, keeping a grog shop, and caused his arrest and trial for desertion. The case was apparently a clear one, and Peter was asked what he had to offer in defence. Judge of the consternation of Col. Greusel and the officers present, when he pulled out of his pocket the Colonel's pass, and stated that he had not yet been able to find the horse and hence had not returned. Peter was cleared, of course.

It was at this camp the troops were furnished with the "shelter tent," which became a treasure to the men when they understood its value, but at first its appearance was almost a signal for rebellion. The journals express the prevailing feeling perfectly: "In the afternoon the new 'shelter tents' came, and caused considerable excitement. The boys all declare they wont take 'them, and I am sure I don't blame them in the least—they are 'an imposition.'" Another says: "An attempt was made to-day 'to furnish the brigade with the 'shelter tent,' a miserable, 'coarse muslin thing, to be occupied by two men, and carried

“on the back ; but the men came out in a body and refused to take them, declaring that if they had to, they would burn them. The officer thought discretion the better part of valor, and did not force the matter.”

On the 16th, the regiment was on picket in advance, the Rebels in sight. In the afternoon another regiment took our place, while we went out two miles on a reconnoissance. Pickets ran as we advanced. On Sunday, 14th, we had a most excellent service in the morning, and then Jep. Denison, Hop. Steward and I rode over to Gen. Davis' head-quarters to visit Company B Cavalry. We were very kindly received by Capt. Sherer and his men. I distributed papers among them and afterward preached. They expressed great gratitude for the service, which was the first they had had. One man expressed his feelings by giving me a cane which he had been making, with great care, out of cedar and inlaid very ingeniously with ivory devices. I sent it home, and preserve it yet as a memento of that Sunday. On our return we had a large attendance at evening meeting, and a number had to go away. I counted forty inside the tent. On the 17th, I was requested, on behalf of Company B, to present Lieut. P. Douglas with sword, sash and shoulder straps, on the occasion of his promotion. We had an interesting time. The rest of the time until our march to Stone river, on the 26th, was occupied with the usual dress parades, skirmish and brigade drill, picket and forage duty. On the 21st we had service at three o'clock P. M. By this time we were in the habit of drawing attendance from other regiments, and had a large concourse, quite as many as I could address comfortably. The accumulated influence of religious services for weeks had produced in the minds of many men unusual tenderness, and when our service closed it was with such a subdued and solemn feeling that the

vast crowd seemed to disperse in almost entire silence. It was the last sermon that many a man heard. Was it the shadow of coming events that rested that afternoon upon us?

CHAPTER XXII.

BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.



SOON after the battle of Stone River, I wrote out for a Chicago paper a full account of what I saw and heard during those eventful days. It had a large circulation, was read and commented upon by officers and men at the time, and may, therefore, be regarded as even more strictly correct than any that could now be written from memory. I therefore reprint it, with only such verbal changes as the nature of the case demands. The personal character of the narrative has to be retained, and I know not how to help it.

MILL CREEK,
NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN. }

Thursday, Dec. 25th, 1862.—Rose at six o'clock. Under orders to march. After breakfast, ordered to pitch our tents as before, and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Regiments came in from picket and everything looked as before we broke up yesterday. This is Christmas Day, and Santa Claus

has not come, unless he visited the little ones at home. Would give a good deal to be at home to-day. Received a copy of Army Regulations from the Adjutant. Heavy musketry heard out on the lines. Rumors that we leave to-morrow; 89th and the battery are under orders; ours have not yet come. Evening Bible Class; subject, Almsgiving in Sermon on the Mount; very interesting.

Friday, 26th.—Called at six, with orders to march at seven; all is hurry and confusion. The shelter tents were issued; the men had threatened they would not receive them, considering it an imposition to have them substituted for regular tents. A shelter tent is composed of two sheets of cotton, which being buttoned together and propped with stakes, makes a tent of the shape of a house roof, under which two men can lie; being only four feet high of course cannot be used for permanent encampment. They are generally designed for march, to lessen the baggage train, it being intended that wherever the army remains awhile they should have the large tents. This morning many refused them, preferring to be without any, as all the large tents were ordered back to Nashville. I had my tent, trunk and stove packed on the head-quarters wagon, so as to be provided for, but by a misunderstanding which it was too late to correct when I learned it, they were carried back to Nashville, so that I had nothing but what was carried on the horse and in Henry's knapsack. We supposed, however, that we should probably be back next day, as it was reported that we were going to capture a force that had ventured too near our lines. We had not gone far before it was evident to all that this was a movement in force—Johnson's Division filing in from the other pike on to our rear, and Davis going by another road, while Crittenden and Thomas were advancing in another direction. It became a certainty that

we were now advancing on the enemy, and were about to have war in earnest. It was at this time that I found my tent, trunk, &c., had been left behind.

We had not gone far before it began to rain, and soon to pour, making the road tedious to the men. We were shortly turned off the pike to go round a creek by a circuitous route, as it was expected that some fortifications had been erected there. A negro was engaged as a guide, who, misunderstanding the General's orders, took us the wrong way; so after wading and slipping through the mud, the artillery cutting deep ruts, we had to return and seek another track, very much to the annoyance of the officers and the disgust of the men. Many remarks were made anything but complimentary to "reliable contrabands." The skirmishers soon came upon a band of the enemy's cavalry, and a brisk firing was kept up for some time. Our regiment being on the advance, we were very near. Our skirmishers were very much exhausted by tramping through the muddy corn and cotton-fields and trailing through the brush.

Having successfully crossed the creek, we again came upon the pike, to find that Davis' Division, which was behind us, had gone on to Nolansville before us, in consequence of our delay in finding the right road. Davis is a fighting man—the same that shot Gen. Nelson—and we soon heard by the cannonade that he had come up with a body of the enemy. After a little delay we entered Nolansville, a dirty, dilapidated place of from fifty to one hundred houses. One shell from a secesh battery had entered a house and exploded in it. Here our boys bought some butter and apples, the people preferring Confederate money to greenbacks, which is the case through all this region. We soon heard still heavier cannonading, and as we advanced, the signs of a fight became thick and strong. All was excitement, and but

for being in the way, I should have ridden forward to see what was being done. We halted for a time opposite a house where there was a large number of negroes—the owner having a negress for a wife.

After a while the firing ceased, our Generals returned and ordered us into camp in an orchard opposite. One of our regiments had made a charge on a battery and captured one gun. One man was killed and thirteen wounded; two more died the next day. The enemy had fled toward Triune, where we expected to find a heavy force within fortifications, and it seemed that to-morrow we must have a general engagement.

The ground was thoroughly drenched with rain, and my prospects were anything but flattering, my tent having been left behind. The boys began to put up their shelter tents, and then it appeared as though those who had refused them were not wise. The Major kindly invited me to sleep in his tent which I gladly accepted. During the night the rain began to pour down in torrents, and it was sad to think that so many of our boys were sleeping out in their blankets, and must inevitably be made sick.

My sympathies for them began to seek a new channel, for the tent being on a side hill and the men having neglected to trench it—as a tent needs in a rain storm—the water began to pour into the tent, wetting our blankets, causing us to draw up our feet to keep them out of the water. Blankets once wet require a good deal of drying, so that altogether this was a little the hardest soldiering I had had.

Saturday, 27th.—Rose at six o'clock; somewhat blue. The rain had stopped, and things did not look so gloomy as I had anticipated. One thing, however, this rain had done, converted most of the boys into friends of the shelter tent. The much abused thing became a real favorite, for those who had taken care

to put them up properly were kept securely from the rain, and the story that they would not shed water was entirely disproved.

Our camp had been upon the side hill ; on a high hill in the distance was Davis' Division, while still others were camped in the rear. When all these had their fires lighted at night it was an exceedingly brilliant and gorgeous sight. After breakfast, learning that Johnson's Division was to go ahead of us, I went down to the road and waited nearly two hours for the 89th to pass. It was a grand sight to see such masses of men move on, accompanied by such trains of artillery, and gave me a better idea of the size and thorough equipment of the army than I have ever had before. Ah, me, how many of these strong and hearty fellows are going, never to return ! Gen. McCook, Gen. Davis, Gen. Sheridan and Gen. Sill were all together. When Johnson's Division had passed, Sheridan's started. We were in the second brigade. Soon we heard heavy firing, and knew that our advance had come up with the enemy. At a large, brick house, on top of a hill, where it was said Gen. Hardee had stayed the night before, I had a sight of the spot about one and a-half mile ahead, where our batteries were planted. When we had marched some three miles and were about three from Triune, the order came to gather all the ambulances in a field. The prisoners taken said the enemy were in force at Triune, and our Generals were going to make an immediate attack. The order was that the wounded were not to be carried off the field until the battle was over.

The surgeons were to go on to the field with such light appliances as they could carry. We—the surgeons and myself—put everything in order, took the stretchers—a kind of hand mattress on which wounded men were carried—ate our turkey and started after the troops, with the full expectation of an immedi-

ate and bloody battle. At a little distance forward we turned from the road and traversed the fields. The rain, too, began to fall again, and this time in heavy torrents. We came up with the regiment drawn up in line of battle, while yet other lines were in advance of us, on knolls of ground, reaching nearer and nearer Triune. Soon those in advance moved forward, one after the other, and we took their places. Thus the whole army advanced upon Triune. To wade through the almost liquid corn-field was work indeed. Artillery were dragged back and forth, and when our men came to cross their track it seemed as though they would sink. I could not but think how little the people at home, who so many of them sit at their ease and find fault with the army, conceive of the real hardships of a soldier's life. And yet the cheerfulness of the 36th was neither washed away in the rain above, nor buried in the mud beneath. They were full of life and pleasantry, and now and then, when the mud was deeper and the marching harder than usual, one and another would say, "This is all for the old Flag;" while one more poetical in his style than the rest, exclaimed, "O, my country, how much do I suffer for thee!" The lines were brought nearer to the enemy, while we strained our eyes to catch a glimpse of them in the distance. "Is it not strange," said I, "that we have to fight men we have never seen, and cannot even now see?"

Soon the intelligence was brought that our Generals had again been misled by false information. Our cavalry had entered the town, and no enemy was to be found; what force they had, had retired towards Murfreesborough, and we were ordered into camp right where we were. But our condition was forlorn enough—all wet and chilled. We sent for the ambulances and hospital wagons, put up the large tents, lighted fires and tried to dry ourselves. After awhile, supper was ready; we had both poached

eggs and butter—strong, but still butter. After supper, what should be brought in but a letter from home, the one I had been expecting on Thursday. This was refreshing indeed, after such a tedious and harassing march. In it was a Santa Claus' present, which was very acceptable, and was much praised by those who happened to be in the tent at the time, and who claimed a sight of it. To me it appeared one of the prettiest morsels I had ever had, so appropriate, so ingenious, and so redolent of home affections and joys. God bless and preserve "the loved ones at home." Prepared to sleep in the large hospital tent; our blankets were damp, but there was no help for it, so we lay down to sleep, grateful that things were no worse. It is astonishing how a man will become accustomed to inconvenience and discomfort until he scarcely notices them.

Sunday, Dec. 28th.—Rose at 7 o'clock. Blankets still damp. The morning was bright and beautiful, crisp and frosty. We lay round for some time expecting orders to march; but as they did not come I began to think that perhaps our Generals were going to obey the President's order about the Sabbath. A man from the 22nd Illinois came over to see at what hour we intended to have service, as some of that regiment desired to attend, they being without a Chaplain. Promised to send them word when the hour was fixed. Col. Greusel appointed three o'clock, provided we did not move.

Abundance of provisions were found in the neighborhood—pork, beef, apples, &c.—and each company had men out to procure what was needed. A large quantity of fine pork in salt was found which looked as if prepared for the secesh army. Each mess secured a share. Blankets, clothes, &c., were hung up in every direction to be dried in the sun, and there was every prospect that a day's rest would prepare the men for a march to-mor-

row. In the midst of all this confusion I sat outside and drew out a sketch for a sermon. I had neither Bible nor Testament, nor manuscript of any kind, all being left behind in my trunk. About one o'clock I went over to the 22nd Illinois, and informed them about service. Some of them came over, and after the battle I found one of them among the wounded. At three o'clock had service—a large attendance. Text, "My word have I hid in my heart that I sin not against thee."

Prayer-meeting in the evening in the large hospital tent; thirty-five present. Slept in tent with dry blankets, anticipating an early start, and a march on the enemy to-morrow.

Monday, 29th.—Called at half-past four o'clock; lay quiet till daylight waiting orders. Company A had procured a secesh tent, which they lent to me until I shall receive my own. Had it put on the head-quarters wagon. Marched about sunrise, but much disappointed to be turned back as though we were returning to Nashville, and it seemed for a moment that we had failed in our expedition. We soon found that we were only going back a short distance to take a cross road to Murfreesborough, which was now our declared destination. It was reported that Crittenden had taken Murfreesborough; and again that he had found unexpected opposition, and that we were to reinforce him.

This being a cross road and not a regular turnpike—which are excellent for a marching army, both men, wagons and artillery—our progress was slow, many portions very rocky, and others equally muddy, and all very bad for an army. But the country itself presented many interesting features to an attentive observer. One view was especially noteworthy. We emerged from the timber on the brow of a hill from which there was an uninterrupted prospect of the country for many miles. Right beneath us was a belt of open farm land extending, perhaps, one or two

miles across, then an extensive cedar grove, while beyond it another belt of open country, with timber still beyond that. Through the first open land was gliding like some cobra di capello, or—to adopt the Potomac name—“anaconda,” a portion of our column, while the advance could be detected winding through the first grove, by the gleaming of arms as the light glanced upon them. But another use could be made of this hill besides affording beautiful and enchanting prospects. About three miles distant, and a little to the right, was another high eminence, from which, with a good glass, an observer might count every regiment and battery as it descended to the plain, and thus form a judgment sufficiently accurate for practical purposes, of the strength of this portion of the army of the Cumberland.

In pursuing our journey we had many tedious halts, caused in part by the difficulty of dragging artillery over such rough roads. At one spot on the banks of a creek, we halted for a considerable time until other troops could form a junction with us, it not being considered safe to make the flank movement of to-day without having the columns within supporting distance of each other. Indeed the place where we halted would have been a hard place to be attacked in, and so evidently thought our Generals, for they ordered all fires to be put out, that there might be no sign by which an enemy at a distance could detect our presence.

We passed through several immense cedar groves. The cedar, when as large as in these groves, loses a great portion of its beauty, not appearing bushy as when cultivated, but a huge, bare pole. One peculiarity of these groves is that instead of soil there is very little besides immense rocks, almost making one wonder where the roots find nourishment, many of them being

imbedded in solid rock. In many places it was difficult to ride even on horseback, the track very much resembling broken, slippery, uneven steps, with winding passages between the rocks, which were not a little suggestive of "Fatman's Misery," in the Mammoth Cave, though, of course, considerably wider. But the most unpleasant days have an end, and so have roads. Bye-and-by we came upon the fine rolling country which is the glory of Tennessee, through which her beautiful pikes run, and in which her vast plantations and stately residences are located. We passed Davis' Division already going into camp, while we were ordered forward about a mile. On our way we began to feel that the air was heavy with rumors and premonitions of the coming conflict.

During the afternoon a portion of Pennsylvania Cavalry, out skirmishing, had been drawn into a trap, and before they could escape, about thirty were killed and a large number wounded. This was enough to convince us all that war is not a thing of parades and shows, but a stern and cruel reality. A number of negroes by the roadside had built a fire of rails. Gen. McCook rode along, and in no very complimentary style ordered them to put it out. We marched down the Wilkinson pike and were ordered into a cornfield, the regiment preserving a line of battle behind a rail fence, but forbidden to build fires, or pitch tents, or speak loudly, or do anything which could reveal our presence to the enemy's pickets. The only indulgence granted was to gather the cornstalks for bedding, that we might not lie in pure mud. The whole brigade and a battery were together and the rest of Sheridan's Division close by. The ambulances and hospital wagon—to which I was to look for whatever comfort I was to have—had been taken into a clean field of grass and trees, a little back on the pike and on the opposite side.

We had just begun to unpack and to congratulate ourselves that we had so pleasant a spot where we could spread our blankets on clean ground and under the trees, when an order came for the ambulances, &c., to be all removed half a mile back. So off we started and found that another muddy cornfield had been selected, and that all the ambulances, &c., of the division were to be brought together. I confess the prospect was gloomy; no fire, consequently no coffee. It was already seven o'clock, cloudy and threatening rain. But there was no help for it. We ate a supper of cold beans, pork and crackers, drinking water. Now the bed. Had we desired to be *imbedded*, we could have had our wish without a moment's difficulty. After discussing the question, decided to make our bed under the ambulance. We plucked cornstalks sufficient—small stakes would have made a good substitute—on them we spread our blankets, and then with great difficulty took off our clothes, which had to be done under the ambulance, our heads knocking against hooks and axletrees, all outside being soft mud of the clay family, and stretched ourselves for sleep.

Soon a new difficulty arose. No less than five horses were tied to the ambulance, while at something less than two horses' lengths off was the hospital wagon, to which were attached six mules. Not content with making their usual noises, which, while insufferable to a citizen, are not supposed to be even heard by a soldier, the horse tied to the wheel close by my head, persisted in taking his hind feet too near the mules, and a general kicking and yelping, together with the violent jerking of the ambulance, were the consequence. This was partly remedied by one of our hospital mess, who had not yet "retired"—if the term is allowable in circumstances suggestive of anything but retirement. But straightway there came another unlooked for dis-

turbance. The horses had by this time pretty well eaten up their cornstalks—all the forage we could obtain for them—and in their eagerness for more they began to pick and pull at the ends of the stalks composing our bed. In addition, the same horse, thinking it a good and appropriate act, laid down in the mud for a good roll, by which he succeeded in fastening his hind legs in the wagon wheel; and finally, as if by one great annoyance to make us forget a great many small ones, the threatened rain began to fall, giving us the prospect of a thorough wetting. It was now necessary to rise—slowly, carefully, amid the hooks and axletrees—and spread my poncho over us, and feeling that we had done all that imperfect human beings could do to make the best of our situation, we strove hard to sleep, rocked by the jerking ambulance and lulled by the pattering rain. After sundry efforts to make our bones fit between the cornstalks, and with thoughts of home, the events of the past day, the strange forebodings of the morrow all mingling confusedly in our minds, “tired nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” dropped his mild influence on our eyelids and bade us rest; and but for an occasional pull by the horses at the cornstalks under us, or the blankets over us, the remainder of the night we were undisturbed.

Tuesday, Dec. 30th.—Rose about half-past six. It was quite a feat to pull on one’s boots under the ambulance before stepping out into the mud. After a glance at the water, which was about as thick though not as dark as coffee, concluded that I was too clean to risk a wash. A fire being kindled, we had beef, coffee and hard bread. Had expected early orders to march, but they did not come. The whistle of the locomotive at Murfreesborough had been heard at intervals all night, and there were speculations as to whether it betokened reinforcements or evacuation. I had rather inclined to the latter, supposing that the

usual policy of our enemy has been to draw us on as far as possible from our base of supplies, and gain as much time to bring their limited forces to the spot, thus making their smaller army really equal to our larger one. "Well," said some, "there are many things we shall know to-morrow night that we do not know now"—a remark which received a striking and sad verification.

After breakfast, went down to the regiment and found the men cheerful and courageous after their comfortless night. Alas, it was to many their last night, and to others the first of many nights of discomfort and sorrow. Here, too, they were all speculating upon the probabilities of finding any enemy between us and Murfreesborough. But we were not long left in suspense. The booming of artillery in the front told that our troops were beginning to take up their positions for the day. Orderlies galloped to and fro over the pike, and soon Gen. Sheridan appeared and his division began to move.

There were no braver men in the army than the three officers who commanded the brigades in our division. Col. Roberts led out his brigade first, and I noticed with what feeling he bade adieu to Gen. Sheridan, as though conscious of the perilous work that devolved upon him. Then came our brigade, led by the esteemed Sill, the 36th being in advance, with the "old man" at the head. Our regiment never looked larger to me than this morning, as I sat on my horse at the gap in the fence where they passed out on to the pike, while, as usual, the whole column resounded with fun and laughter.

We had not gone far before skirmishers were thrown out to our right, we marching on until we came to the edge of the timber, when we turned to the right and took up a position on the south edge of it in front of a cornfield, the other regiments of the

brigade being arranged on each side, a battery of artillery being at the left edge of the wood, and another a little to the right. It was not long before the regiment was ordered forward into the cornfield, and the men laid down. The battery on the left began to play, and was occasionally responded to from the woods where the enemy were concealed. Dr. Pierce and I being behind the regiment, were ordered by the Colonel to retire into the woods. Skirmishers were sent out to feel the position of the enemy in the woods in front of us, while we remained stationary for about two hours.

While there, Davis' Division advanced in line of battle across the field, on the right, and entered the thick woods to the right of where our skirmishers were. It was not long before our division was ordered forward, marching down the open field towards the woods, thus joining our right to Davis' left, Johnson having made a similar movement on the right of Davis; the whole line going not due south—straight forward—but diagonally towards Murfreesborough, so as to form when the fighting was over for the night the line of battle.

Dr. Pierce and I started to follow across the cornfield towards the woods. Being a little to the left, we rode somewhat diagonally to come up to the regiment, when the battery on the right opened fire, and of course was right across the track we were taking. A ball cut the tops of the cornstalks so little in advance of us that had we started two or three seconds sooner, or traveled so much faster as to have been a few steps further forward, we should probably both have been struck, for I was slightly in his rear and to the left, and therefore what had struck one would probably have taken both. We immediately concluded that it was but foolhardiness for those on whom the care of wounded devolved thus to expose themselves when they could render no

kind of service. Just at this moment a man from the 22nd Illinois coming up from the woods with his hand shot and needing immediate attention, we rode to a house on the left and took possession of it for a hospital, it being nearest of any to the scene of action.

This building, or rather series of buildings, is what we called "Hospital Harding," and was our place of residence for over a week, where we had the care of upwards of one hundred and fifty wounded. The house was a third rate frame building, with the log cook-house, &c., attached, and surrounded by negro cabins, as is the custom here, while at a little distance was a barn, cotton gin and all the appliances of a cotton plantation. The owner was evidently a man of considerable wealth, owning about fifty negroes, and having an extensive plantation. There were evidences on the premises of considerable refinement, a well cultivated garden and good pianoforte being respectively the external and internal representatives of it. Mr. Harding was at home, and two or three negroes. At the time we took possession they had sought safety in the cellar. But the rest of the family, white and black, had been removed to the other side of Murfreesborough, the secesh commanders having informed him a few days before that the battle would be fought on his land. He looked with anything but complacency upon the Federal army, and indeed there was nothing peculiarly attractive in a body of men taking forcible possession of a man's house, covering his floors, carpets, beds and bedding with bleeding men, and appropriating anything within reach that might be made serviceable.

But I saw him under both Northern and Southern rule and thought it plain that he sympathized with the latter; yet it was equally plain that he had very little human kindness in his breast, and that the claims of humanity were very lightly felt—a remark

applicable to very few of the Southerners with whom I came in contact. He evidently cared very little for North or South in comparison—I will not say with his family or plantation—but with his household furniture, his chickens, and the most trifling articles of personal property. A marked illustration of this I will give in its proper place.

We had no sooner attended to the wounded man just mentioned, and were preparing to go again on the field, than one and another began to arrive, some riding, some walking, and some carried upon stretchers, but all more or less dangerously wounded. Dr. Young—who, besides being the senior surgeon of the 36th, was also brigade surgeon—had by this time arrived, together with the surgeons of the 88th Illinois and the 24th Wisconsin, and there was work for all. To me was assigned the duty of taking the names of the wounded, their regiment and the location and character of their wounds, and as I went the rounds it was sad to find that a large proportion, nearly three-fifths, were of my own regiment, they having been placed in front. Henry came in, but happily his wound was not dangerous. One young man, who is a professor of religion, and whose name was among those associated together for mutual watch-care and Christian effort, was brought in dangerously wounded, and as I approached him he exclaimed, “O, Chaplain, I am so glad I have my name on your list.” While all this was going on, the fight outside became more fierce as the forces came into closer contact; a battery planted near the house convulsed the ground at every explosion, and threatening to dash in pieces every pane of glass.

But by-and-by the friendly night, as if sickened at the sight of slaughter, separated the combatants, and all was still. The result of this short conflict, so far as our portion of the field was concerned, was five killed and twenty-seven wounded, of which there were belonging to the 36th three killed and thirteen wounded.

Among the wounded was Lieut. Davidson, aid to Gen. Sill, who had been struck by a ball evidently aimed at Col. Greusel, but which glancing by, severely wounded the Lieutenant. After dark Gen. Sill came in to see him. The General was at once a fearless and able soldier, and a kind and modest gentleman—a man whom foes might fear, and friends could not but love. It was a great comfort to the wounded man to have his General take such interest in him. Just before leaving, he stood for awhile leaning on his sword, wrapt in deep thought, and I imagined a shade of sadness on his fine face. The next morning, when he was killed almost instantly at the opening of the battle, I wondered whether some sad presentiment of his fate was not passing through his mind as he stood the evening before, gazing silently upon his wounded aid.

The question of the morning was now solved; the enemy in force was before us; and as we spread our blankets on the floor and composed ourselves to rest, it was with the full conviction that to-morrow would witness one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles of the war.

Wednesday, Dec. 31st, 1862.—Rose between four and five o'clock. There was no water to be had, nor anything to put it in, so that another day I had to go unwashed. For breakfast had fat pork and hoe-cake, made of corn meal and water. An order had come during the night to have all the wounded removed to a house two miles in the rear, as the ground on which the hospital stood was expected to be hotly contested. With them I sent Henry, in charge of my horse and blankets, thinking I should be so busy during the day that I could not attend to private property. It was very fortunate I did so, or horse and equipments would have fallen into secesh hands. By the time this work was accomplished, day had dawned. A few of us occupied the leisure

moments in examining the grounds, the line of battle at the edge of the wood below us, and in hoisting a red flag on the roof, that the house might be spared by both armies. Dr. Griffiths, Division Surgeon, called and told us that the heaviest fighting would be on this ground, and that if the fire became too hot we had better retire.

He had scarcely left us when a big gun sounded from the woods opposite our division, giving notice that the fearful work of the day was beginning. It was significant also that the first gun was fired by the enemy, showing that the policy of the day before—waiting to be attacked—was not to be continued to-day, but that he had assumed the offensive, and was about to hurl upon one of our wings all his available force. This first shot was quickly followed by others, and the various regiments of our division were soon on their feet, prepared for action. Shot and shell began to fall very near our house, while a battery on the hill behind us opened fire, thus placing us in imminent danger from both sides.

We concluded the time had come to obey Dr. Griffith's order, but loth to give up the house so conveniently situated for our regiment, and not doubting for a moment that our troops would speedily advance and drive the enemy before them, thus placing our hospital out of range, we decided to retire for a short time to the woods in the rear, from which we had advanced the day before. There was no time for delay. Dr. Pierce mounted his horse, while I started on foot, and made all haste across the cornfield, bearing constantly to the west, to keep out of range of the battery, until we reached the edge of the woods, I thoroughly exhausted with tramping through the mud and minus one spur. Here we stayed a short time, until we were joined by some of the 36th who had just been wounded and needed immediate

attention. It being madness to return to our old place, we took them to another house—Grison's—further to the west, where were gathered several hundred wounded, chiefly of the previous day, but increased every moment by fresh arrivals from the field. Finding it impossible to obtain accommodations in the house, we had to content ourselves with giving them places on the veranda, and went vigorously at work, Dr. Pierce performing the necessary operations, and I holding the instruments, bandages, &c.

It was while we were thus engaged that we began to suspect our line was falling back. The firing, especially the musketry, was unmistakably drawing nearer. An orderly rode up hurriedly, to have all the ambulances driven to the rear as fast as they arrived. The surgeon in charge ordered a man to hoist the red flag. One of our men whose wound had been dressed, and who having the use of his hands, had just been sent by Dr. Pierce to build a fire—wounded men are always chilly—returned, saying he was wounded again, a shot having struck his arm. It was evident, therefore, that not only was our line retiring, but that already we were within range of the enemy's musketry.

Now what shall we do? was the question. Shall we make our escape while we can, or remain and care for the wounded, especially those of our own regiment, which we had already learned from those who had come in, was fearfully cut up? We both felt that to flee would be dishonorable both to our profession and to our humanity. "I shall stay," said the Doctor. "So shall I," said the Chaplain. Immediately every man whose wounds did not unfit him for traveling was ordered to escape to the rear; our retreating army made its appearance, and the fields and woods around us were alive with men and horses, all hurrying away from the advancing enemy. But grasping the halter of Dr. Pierce's horse we again commenced our work among the

suffering. In a moment "whisk!" came a shell right through the yard, quickly followed by another and another. In the confusion the old red flag had not been hoisted according to order, and here we were in the full range of a battery! We hastily retreated behind the house, taking with us both the wounded men and the horse, and crouching down as low as possible we pursued our work. Those moments were terrible, while shot and shell rained thickly around us, and we felt that every breath might be our last.

One man was shot on the platform close to us. But neither of us regretted that we had stayed behind, and many a time afterward, when we were surrounded by wounded and dying men at Hospital Harding, we expressed our gladness and gratitude that we had kept the path of duty, which in this case certainly proved to be the "path of safety."

But on came the Confederate columns, cheering as they advanced, and sweeping through the yard, fairly enclosed us in their lines. Every man with arms laid them down, and we passed into Dixie without an effort, and without for a moment ceasing to dress wounds. We had scarcely time to breathe freely in our new situation before another danger arose.

Our line had found a rallying point and planted a battery, and "whisk!" came a shell through the yard from them. We were destined to be a target for friends as well as foes. This was peculiarly unpleasant, for if we were to be shot at all, we preferred that it should not be by our own army. So gathering all up again, and still holding on to the horse, who had no relish for his strange position, we hastened to the other side of the house, and behind some log out-buildings, seated ourselves on some timbers and resumed our work. But by-and-by, our batteries and our

line receded, a second line of the Confederate army marched up and we resigned ourselves to our fate.

In all my anticipations and forebodings of the day, no such *denouement* as this had any part. I looked for a fierce and bloody contest equal to any since the war began; for the thundering of artillery, the roll of musketry, and worst of all, for the masses of dead and crowd of wounded and dying; but the thought that our line would be driven back, and I should find myself in the Southern Confederacy, never for a moment crossed my mind. I could scarcely credit my own senses when the stubborn fact stared me in the face. Why was all this? We both thought we could discern the cause, and subsequent inquiries and developments confirmed our suspicions. The truth was, we were surprised, and "Shiloh" was the word we exchanged when we had time to reflect. The enemy had played his old game, and successfully, too, of massing his force suddenly upon one wing of our army, and partly by the weight of his columns, and partly by the surprise of the attack, we had been driven back. I cannot say that the Generals had taken me into their confidence, but as "actions speak louder than words," I will tell you what from their actions appeared to me to be the plans of the Generals on both sides, and from facts learned after we were once more within our own lines, I think I am not far from the truth.

Our line of battle on Tuesday night extended about three miles, Johnson being on the extreme right, near the Franklin pike. Next came Davis' Division, then Sheridan's. These three divisions constituted McCook's corps, or right wing. Next to him was Thomas' corps, and then Crittenden's on the left. On the two pikes in the rear, and protected by our line of battle, were our trains of ammunition and army stores. Rosencrans' headquarters were several miles back on the Nashville pike.

I do not believe it was Gen. R's design to attack on Wednesday morning with his whole line, for I listened anxiously to hear Crittenden's cannonade, hoping that a movement on the left might relieve us on the right. But I listened in vain, and I think it was not designed that Crittenden should advance, until it was found that our attack on the right was successful, when he should march into the town and complete the rout of the enemy. But they also had their plan, which was to hold back on Tuesday until our forces were brought forward and something of their strength could be ascertained, and then leaving a small force to threaten and check our left, hurl their available strength on McCook's corps, drive him back, take possession of the two pikes, thus securing not only our trains of supplies and ammunition, but effectually cutting us off from Nashville. This would compel us to retreat to some point on the Cumberland river, and by harassing our rear and attacking us in detail, they could weary out and demoralize our forces. In accordance with this plan, their cavalry had attacked and burned an immense train on Tuesday, at Lavergne, on the Nashville road, and at the same time the attack was made on our right, a heavy force of cavalry was sent around to our rear, and while McCook was falling back our whole train of ammunition and supplies was falling into the enemy's hands. I am glad to say, however, they did not keep it above twenty or thirty minutes.

It is simple justice to a brave foe to admit that their plan was admirably conceived and well executed, and for a time seemed certain of success. But it must also be said that there were circumstances in our army which favored their plan, and helped materially to carry it out. Chief among them was the mode in which they fought the previous day. The mass of their army was concealed behind the woods, and it was only by the continual

advance of our skirmishers and lines that we could find them at all. Our Generals, or at least some of them, never dreamed but what the same mode of fighting would be adopted on Wednesday, and that nothing would be done until they made the attack. When, therefore, the enemy who had been slightly massing his troops all night, started as soon as it was light, and charged heavily along our whole line, driving in our pickets and stopping at nothing, he found our troops on the extreme right, the most important part of all, entirely unprepared. They were not in line of battle, their arms were stacked, not a few were in their shelter tents, others cooking and fetching water, while the horses of at least one battery were off watering, and the battery was captured without firing a single shot. Of course they retreated in confusion, by which Davis was not only attacked in front but also on his right flank, and nothing but retreat could save him from destruction. This brought Sheridan into the same position, and desperately did his division seek to turn the tide. They fought until it was useless to stand longer, when they were ordered back—Rosecrans himself saying that Sheridan had saved his army, but at what a fearful cost! Let the silent voices of three brigade commanders, and two hundred killed and wounded of my beloved regiment alone, reveal.

But you will be anxious to know more particularly the part the 36th performed in this deadly struggle. When we left the regiment the afternoon before to attend to the wounded, they continued their march to the woods, bearing towards Murfreesborough, in the direction of the line of battle. They were ordered to lie down, while a battery placed below the hospital fired over them into the woods, where was the far-famed Washington battery, of New Orleans. After a while the regiment was ordered up and to fix bayonets for a charge on the battery, seeing which

the enemy hastened to draw it off. The left of the regiment was then brought up even with the woods, making the whole line parallel with and facing into the woods. It was while this movement was being made, which brought one end of the regiment towards the enemy, that a large number of the wounds of our men were received. Quickly, however, the position was changed, and when the firing ceased for the night, they occupied the ground half in the woods and half out. Our skirmishers were thrown out to the edge of the cornfield, while the skirmishers of the enemy occupied the woods on the other side, the cornfield being the disputed ground.

Whatever neglect may be attributed to other officers, none can attach to ours, whether brigade or regimental. The men were allowed no tents, nor comforts, but for the second night had to lie upon the ground, with nothing to eat but hard bread and raw pork. They continued in line of battle all night, and though these regulations were hard to bear, if all our army had been dealt with in this manner, the day's disaster might have been prevented. Gen. Sill never for a moment relaxed his attention to his brigade. He visited our advanced skirmishers and watched during the night as the enemy massed his troops opposite. He foresaw the events of the coming day, and therefore it was that he ordered the wounded to be carried to the rear before daylight. When the first gun was fired from the woods and the desperate charge was made, there was no surprise, every man was in his place. Col. Greusel sent his horse to the rear, sharing with his men the dangers of the position; and as the enemy advanced, passing through our line of skirmishers, the 36th, sheltered by a low pile of rails in their front, poured such volleys into their ranks that they wavered and began to fall back. Immediately an order was given to charge bayonets. The men started up and

charged to the edge of the woods, but fresh columns of the enemy were advancing, the regiment on our right, too, had given way, so that the 36th fell back to its original position, and again poured its volleys into the advancing foe.

It was now that Gen. Sill fell mortally wounded under the left eye, while directing the movements of the battery, and the enemy pouring in upon the right as well as front of the regiment, thus obtaining a raking fire upon it, company after company was compelled to fall back to escape utter destruction. A rally was made at Schaffer's Brigade, which was in the rear, but the ammunition of the men was expended, and by order of Gen. McCook they fell back to replenish.

The record of this deadly struggle can be read not only in the fearful list of our killed and wounded, but in the trees among which it took place. No part of the whole field showed more plainly the awful storm that raged around. Trees were there with numerous bullets imbedded in each side, and one more conspicuous than the rest, two and a-half feet through, was completely pierced by a cannon ball, and others were torn to splinters by shells. As we gazed upon these silent evidences we wondered how any man escaped with life.

As it was, we had forty-five killed and one hundred and fifty-four wounded, not a few of whom have since died, and others cannot recover.

Well might the regiment use in sad sincerity the words spoken in jest as we waded through the mud at Triune, "O, my country, how much do I suffer for thee!"

I will pause here in my personal narrative to insert the description given by Major Miller, to his friends at Aurora, on his release from captivity in Libby Prison. He says:

From Nashville we advanced towards Murfreesborough slowly, as the mud was knee deep, and skirmishing all the time. The

day before the battle of Murfreesborough, the 30th, we encountered the enemy in strong force—their infantry continually opposing our advance; skirmishing most of the time, and skirmishing is the prettiest way of fighting in the world. We advanced till we had to rest for the day. Soon the rebels opened upon us with five or six pieces of artillery, and if I was ever under a heavy artillery fire, it was that afternoon. I have always entertained considerable regard for the ability of the being called Lucifer to make hideous noises, but I don't think he could get up anything to compare with the horrible screeching, hissing and moaning of grape, shell and shrapnel from artillery. But the danger to which you are exposed is not to be compared with that of musketry. The minnie ball may go by without being noticed, but a shell that weighs from six to thirty pounds makes a noise that sends a thrill of horror to your very soul. That night was cold and dreary, and we could not stir without a ball whizzing by. They would not come over to talk, but would send over little messengers. It was absolutely necessary for every man to keep still. Dared not go to the fire to warm; could not get up and dance around unless you went to the rear, and if the Colonel found you there, you would go back without ceremony. It was generally understood that we were to attack, until informed that the enemy were to attack us. Under these circumstances we were ordered to fall back slowly, and the left wing was to fall upon Murfreesborough. At daybreak we had just finished our breakfast when a continued fire of musketry was heard. Very soon our skirmishers were falling back, and when you get the Elgin boys with their Enfield rifles and those fellows down here with their Springfield rifles, you may bet your life they come into line of battle very suddenly, and some work is soon accomplished. They were not slow of action upon this occasion. On came the rebels, the 24th Wisconsin waiting to receive them. The divisions to the right were driven back. We knew nothing of the fate of those to the right or left. It made no difference to us; our instructions were to hold that point. The enemy's attack was the most terrific I have ever witnessed. I have heard officers who were in the battles of Shiloh, Antietam, South Mountain

and Richmond, assert that they never saw such an impetuous attack—an attack which it was so utterly impossible to resist. When troops are all formed, one brigade in the rear of another, moving in a perfect column, the opposing line must give way somewhere. The enemy's force struck our line, which was single and not backed up by supports, as they could have been, somewhere near the center of Davis' Division.

Some held their positions long enough to fire eight or ten rounds at the enemy. With such furious onslaught they moved on, taking full batteries before the horses were harnessed. The enemy advanced in splendid style, their first lines coming up closely upon each other, until within range of our boys, who gave them such a warm reception that not over half of them went back again. Some went back, and in a great hurry, too. One regiment on our right, composed of just as good materials as any regiment in the service, as their works on that day proved, the officers did not command with the most implicit confidence. That regiment broke, and in attempting to rally it, Gen. Sill was killed. Another regiment took its place, and when the order was given to charge upon the enemy, every man was up for the fray, and they administered to the first line terrible punishment. We had hardly left our position for the charge when the word came, "Gen. Sill is killed!" It shocked me terribly, for if I ever loved any man, that man was Gen. Sill. He was a man to love. He loved every patriot, and every patriot loved him.

The second line of the enemy was upon us. We first charged, then fell back to wait their attack. They were upon us before we were fairly formed. The place upon our right had been refilled by new regiments. They could not hold their position long, and when it was absolutely impossible to do so longer, they fell back. I cursed until I was hoarse the men who left the field in such disgrace.

You don't know how intensely you can love or hate a man until you have seen him on the battle-field. The second line of the enemy had been whipped and every regiment was about making another charge. The enemy prepared to advance the second

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Phil. H. Sheridan

MAJOR GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN U.S.A.

line coming up and waiting for their approach, when a tremendous roar came and nothing could be heard but the terrible crash of musketry. The surrounding scenes if I could describe, I would not attempt to.

When the third line of the enemy came up, further resistance ceased to be a virtue—it was a useless waste of life. The galling fire of the right was more destructive than any other, and not having seen a superior officer for some time, I gave the order to retreat, and never felt so proud as when I saw the little band run as fast as their legs could carry them. They were only going a little further, to welcome them on for a more deadly conflict. Just there I bade the regiment “good bye.” That was the day before New Years. I never felt so perfectly satisfied that we could whip them three to one, if they would come straight in front.

To me, the light of that day was darkness and despair. The showers of tears that poured over me as the corporals asked if they should not carry me to the hospital, was a strong contrast to what I heard two minutes afterward; “Oh, you d—d Yankee, we’ve got you now!”

An eye-witness describes the progress and final checking of the enemy on the Nashville Pike thus:

To Gen. Sheridan was left the task of repelling the hitherto successful onset of the foe. Never did man labor more faithfully than he to perform his task, and never was a leader seconded by more gallant soldiers. His Division formed a kind of pivot upon which the broken right wing turned in its flight, and its perilous condition can easily be imagined, when the flight of Davis’ Division left it without any protection from the triumphant enemy, who now swarmed upon its front and right flank.—But it fought until a fourth of its number lay bleeding and dying upon the field, and both remaining commanders, Col. Roberts and Col. Schaffer, had met with the same fate as Gen. Sill. Then it gave way, and as in almost every instance of the kind, retreat was changed into a rout, only less complete than that of the troops of Johnson and Davis.

All these divisions were now hurled back together into the immense series of cedar thickets which skirt the turnpike and extend far over the right. Brigade after brigade, battery after battery, from Palmer's, Negley's and Rousseau's Divisions, were sent into the midst of the thickets to check the progress of the foe and rally the fugitives; but all in turn were either crushed outright by the flying crowds, broken by the impetuosity of the foe, and put to confused flight or compelled to retire and extricate themselves in the best manner that seemed to offer.

The history of the combat in those dark, cedar thickets will never be known. No man could see even the whole of his own regiment, and no one will ever be able to tell who they were that fought the bravest and they who proved recreant to their trust. I know, too, that there was shown by many officers and regiments as lofty a heroism as that which distinguished and immortalized the followers of Godfrey or the Cid.

But in spite of heroism and devotion, in spite of desperate struggles which marked every fresh advance of the foe, in spite of an awful sacrifice of life on the part of the officers and soldiers of the Union army, the Rebels still steadily pushed onward and came nearer to the turnpike. Nearly two and a-half miles the right wing of the army had been driven, and a faintness of heart came over me as the destruction of our whole army seemed to stare us in the face. But the word went forth from Rosecrans, the flower of the left wing and centre were hurried over toward the right, and massed, rank behind rank, in an array of imposing grandeur, along the turnpike, facing to the woods through which the Rebels were advancing.

The scene at this time was grand and awful as anything that I ever expect to witness until the Day of Judgment. I stood in the midst and upon the highest point of the somewhat elevated space between the turnpike and the railroad, which formed the key to our entire position. Let the Rebels once obtain possession of it, and of the immense train of wagons parked along the turnpike, and the Union army was irretrievably ruined. Even

its lines of retreat would be cut off, and nothing would save it from utter rout, slaughter and capture.

And yet each minute it became more and more plainly evident that all the reinforcements which had been hurried into the woods to sustain and rally the broken right wing and check the progress of the enemy in that direction, had proved inadequate to the task, and had in turn been overthrown by the great mass which was struggling in inextricable disorder through the woods. Such sounds as proceeded from that gloomy forest of pines and cedars were enough to appal with terror the stoutest hearts. The roar of cannon, the crashing of shot through the trees, the whizzing and bursting of shell, the uninterrupted rattle of thirty thousand muskets, all mingled in one prolonged and tremendous volume of sound, as though all the thunders of heaven had been rolled together, and each individual burst of celestial artillery had been rendered perpetual. Above it could be heard the wild cheer of the traitorous hosts, as body after body of our troops gave way and were pushed back toward the turnpike.

Nearer and nearer came the storm; louder and louder the tumult of battle. The immense train of wagons parked along the road suddenly seemed instinct with life, and every species of army vehicle, preceded by frightened mules and horses, rolled and rattled away pell mell in an opposite direction from that in which the victorious foe was pressing onward. The shouts and cries of the terrified teamsters, urging their animals to the top of their speed, were now mingled with the billows of sound which swayed and surged over the field.

Everything now depended upon the regiments and batteries which the genius of Rosecrans had massed along the turnpike, to receive the enemy when he should emerge from the woods in pursuit of our broken and flying battallion. Suddenly the rout became visible, and ten thousand fugitives, representing every possible phase of wild and uncontrollable disorder, burst from the cedar thickets and rushed into the open space between them and the turnpike. Amongst them all perhaps no half dozen members of the same regiment could have been found together.

Thick and fast the bullets of the enemy fell among them, and scores were shot down ; but still the number increased by reason of the fresh crowds which burst every moment from the thickets. It was with the greatest difficulty that some of the regiments, which had been massed together as a sort of forlorn hope, to withstand and if possible drive back the victorious cohorts of treason, could prevent their ranks from being crushed or broken by the mass of fugitives.

From my position, upon the elevated ground between the railroad and the turnpike, I could view the whole scene, and with an intensity of interest and tumultuous emotions which I have no language to express, I watched for the result when the desperate soldiers of the rebellion should enter the open space. A tempest of iron was whistling about my head ; but for the first time since I began to participate in the transactions of this fearful war, they whistled and burst unheeded. I make no pretensions to extraordinary physical courage. He who says that amid the horrors of a battle he experiences no feeling of awe, and sometimes shrinking awe, is a falsifier, an idiot, or a madman. But at this time I could not have retired even had I been so inclined. My feet were rooted to the spot ; my gaze was fascinated and fixed upon the quarter where I expected the enemy to appear, and had an earthquake rent the ground before me I could not have moved from the spot, until I knew from the testimony of my own eyesight whether or no the troops, upon whom rested the last hope of the Union army, were to be, like the rest, beaten and overthrown. It was not in consequence of superior physical courage that I remained there, but of the mental impossibility of doing otherwise.

With cool courage, Gen. Crittenden awaited the coming storm, and conspicuous among all was the well built form of the commanding General ; his countenance unmoved by the tumult around him, but expressing a high and patriotic hope, which acted like an inspiration upon every one that beheld him. As he cast his eye over the grand array which he had mustered to repel the foe, he already felt himself master of the situation.

At last the long lines of the enemy emerged from the woods, rank behind rank, and with a demoniac yell, intended to strike into the souls of the "Yankees" who stood before them, charged with fearful energy almost to the very muzzles of the cannon whose dark mouths yawned upon them.

A dazzling sheet of flame burst from the ranks of the Union forces. An awful roar shook the earth; a crash rent the atmosphere. The foremost lines of the rebel host were literally swept from the field, and seemed to melt away like snowflakes before a flame. Then both armies were enveloped in a vast cloud of smoke, which hid everything from the eye.

In the still visible ground between the pike and the railroad, the tumult redoubled. Not knowing what would be the result of the strife which was raging under the great canopy of smoke that concealed the combatants, the flight of those in charge of wagons and ambulances became still more rapid and disordered. Thousands of fugitives from the broken right wing mingled with the teams, and frequently a mass of men, horses and wagons would be crushed and ground together. Every conceivable form of deadly missile whizzed and whirled and burst among the crowd, and terror and dismay ruled uncontrolled. The whole disordered mass rushed down as fast as possible toward the river, into which it plunged, pushing and struggling to the other side.

The combat under that great cloud of smoke was somewhat similar to that in the woods. No one knows exactly what occurred. There was a shout, a charge, a rush of fire, a recoil, and then all for a time disappeared. For ten minutes the thunder of battle burst forth from the cloud. When our batallion advanced they found no Rebels between the woods and the turnpike, except the dead, dying and disabled. There were hundreds of these, and their blood soaked and reddened the ground. Since the annihilation of the "Old Guard" in their charge at Waterloo, there has probably not been an instance of so great a slaughter in so short a time, as during this repulse of the Rebel left at Murfreesboro, and it will hereafter be celebrated in history, as much as is the fiery combat which crushed forever the power and prospects of Napoleon.

I will now return to relate our adventures after being enclosed in the enemy's lines.

A Provost-Guard was immediately placed around all the buildings. In a few minutes Gens. Hardee and Cheatham, with their staffs, rode up. Gen. Hardee has a very dignified and intellectual countenance, and, what rather surprised me in a Southern chief, was remarkably placid. No one can see him without feeling that he is a man of unusual ability. Gen. Cheatham was more demonstrative, and answered more nearly to the character attributed to Southerners. It was the judgment of more than one that day that he was intoxicated. While they were near the house, the body of Gen. Rains—one of their commanders at Pea Ridge—was brought in on a stretcher. Those who stood by said that Cheatham wept freely when he saw that his friend had fallen. One of Hardee's staff soon called out all the Federal soldiers who could walk, and ordering them to take off their hats, administered to them the oath not to take up arms until regularly exchanged. At first I was a little surprised at the haste with which this was done; but when I saw the cautiousness their generals manifested in advancing their troops, I concluded they were not by any means sure of their position and thought it best to secure as many as possible of our men, lest our line should return. All who could walk to Murfreesboro, except a few detached as nurses, were then marched off under guard, and as they shouted their "good byes" to their comrades, I wondered what strange and perhaps sad scenes they would pass through before they would meet again. Of course we knew that we could not be paroled or treated as prisoners of war, so we continued without intermission the care of the wounded, paying no attention to the call for all Federals to fall in. Just before the rest were marched off, the officer called for Dr. Pierce, who

informed him that he and I had remained to care for the wounded. "Very well," he replied, "you and the Chaplain will do what you can for the interests of humanity." So to work we went again—now and then attending to a wounded secesh as well as our own men.

We listened anxiously, to judge if possible the fate of our army, but farther and farther went our columns, and the cannonade grew fainter and fainter. At last there was evidently a stand—our men obstinately refusing to be driven any further—and then commenced such a roll of musketry as I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It made us both pause in our work, and raise up, and wait, looking in the direction from which it came, and my heart sank for a moment, as I thought of the awful slaughter that must ensue; for in a battle, it is such musketry as that which cuts down men. Happily such fighting never lasts long—one side or the other must give back. This time it was the enemy. Our columns were evidently advancing—the firing came nearer—the last line, with its battery, that had gone past us, came back, and formed very near us, as though to cover the retreat of the advance line, and finally a friendly cannon ball from one of our guns came whistling over our heads, and by our looks, and remarks uttered in a low voice, we began to congratulate ourselves that the day was not as disastrous as we had supposed, but that perhaps we might yet sleep at night within our own lines. But no more shots came over us; our columns had evidently ceased their advance, and we worked on to alleviate the mass of suffering around us. But as hour after hour passed by in this labor, it seemed as though nothing had been done, so constantly were we met with the cry, accompanied by such a piercing look as only a wounded man can give, "O Doctor, won't you do something for me?" Go where we would,

on every hand, in that spacious house, in the numerous tents and outhouses, and laid all over the yard, were the suffering, the mutilated, the dying and the dead.

Exhausted, we sat down to rest a few moments. In my pocket I found some hard bread, which was duly divided. Dr. P. objected against my robbing myself, but I insisted that in our captivity we should share alike. It then became a matter of interest to find how much money could be raised between us, for who could tell how long our captivity would last? But again the suffering soldiers called for help. After this, Major Pickett, Inspector General on Hardee's staff went round, taking the names of the wounded soldiers for parole. Dr. Pierce inquired of him as to the prospect of our being able to return to our former hospital, where we supposed we should find the wounded of our own regiment, for whom we felt the greatest responsibility and interest. He replied that at any time we desired to go he would furnish us with a pass. We continued at work about an hour longer, still uncertain whether all this ground might not be fought over again. But at last, being convinced that for that day, at least, all likelihood of such a thing was past, Dr. Pierce procured the requisite pass, and he on his horse and I on foot, retraced the ground we crossed in the morning.

The field was strewn with dead horses, saddles, harness, parts of artillery carriages, and not a few of our soldiers, who had died where they fell. In a few moments we arrived at Hospital Harding, and if there had been any lingering doubt as to our duty, it would have been instantly dispelled by the hearty welcomes which made the old house ring. To every wounded man the well-known face and voice of Dr. Pierce, in whose skill every one that knew him had confidence, was peculiarly cheering. It was now as we passed from room to room, that we began to real-

ize the fearful slaughter which the obstinate struggle of the 36th against overpowering numbers had cost. It was sad, too, to conclude that many of these must die. The slightly wounded had either escaped before the enemy came up, or had been marched to Murfreesboro; those that remained being nearly all severely, and many of them mortally wounded. Dr. Pierce declared their wounds the worst, as a class, that he had ever seen. In a corner of one room was a ghastly sight. Three men lay dead and another was dying. They had been brought in from the field and laid there and their wounds given some attention, when a cannon ball from one of our guns struck the house, piercing the siding and washboard just above the floor, crossing the corner of the room, and glancing on the washboard of the other side, broke off two legs of the pianoforte. In the corner, between the two washboards, lay the four men, who all lost their lives by that one shot. The old man of the house, on having the sight pointed out to him, remarked, "It is a great pity to have the piano broken!"

But there was no time to be wasted, for with the utmost despatch, many hours must elapse before all of them could receive even slight attention. I devoted myself to handing water to the thirsty, and in preparing the men to have their wounds dressed; as it commonly takes much more time to take off clothing, &c., than to dress the wound itself. At the time we were enclosed by the enemy at the upper hospital, there stood a box nearly filled with sanitary goods, chiefly such as were necessary for the wounded; this box, of course, became Confederate property, there being great lack of such stores in Secessia. We thought there would now be a general lack for our wounded, as we were effectually cut off from all our supplies.

Dr. P. seized the opportunity to step up to the box and take from it a small bundle of lint and a large piece of cotton cloth,

which, whilst assisting him, I employed myself in tearing into bandages, and having made them into rolls, filled my pockets with them. They were now found of great value. One of the surgeons of the 21st Michigan was present with his medicine case. It was necessary, also, to send out parties to bring in the wounded, who in large numbers still lay where they fell. Another party, at the head of which was Chaplain Thomas, of the 88th Illinois, was engaged in preparing soup from such scraps of meat as could be found in the house and in the haversacks of the men. And thus the work went on.

As the afternoon wore away, straggling officers and men from the Confederate army began to gather in the yard, partly to see us and our sad charge, to talk about the battle, give vent to their feelings generally, and to see what could be picked up in the way of loose property; for U. S. was known to clothe and "fix up" his army pretty well, and C. S. found it profitable to make various requisitions upon him. At this time an officer drew a valuable horse. "Prince" was a noble animal, bought by Dr. Pierce in Kentucky. For a long time after the enemy came up he was held by the halter for fear some one would take him off. On bringing him down to our hospital, he was hitched to one of the outbuildings. A Colonel came round inquiring where he could find a horse, as he had two shot under him during the day. His attention was soon directed to "Prince," but no one could give any information about him—except ourselves. Dr. P. removed the saddle, carried the blankets into the house, and tried to make some arrangements with the owner to have him stabled. In a little while the Colonel returned—the old man had told him who owned the horse—insisted on receiving the saddle, also, and then rode him off. Subsequently Dr. P. had his blankets and overcoat taken; nothing seemed safe from

their thieving hands. With me it was "blessed be nothing." I had only my overcoat that could be stolen, and that I kept on all the time I was not asleep.

About sundown, wearied and hungered, we looked for something to eat. The cooks had found a small quantity of corn meal and fat pork. So there was pork and mush for supper. We had about twenty wounded soldiers as nurses and helps, and it was evident that a more thorough organization was necessary in order to an equal division of labor, and that nothing might be neglected. I therefore suggested that Dr. Pierce, who was the ranking surgeon, should be placed in charge, and that we all should consider ourselves under his command. This was at once acceded to, and Dr. Pierce immediately called together all the nurses, &c.; stated to them their duties, divided them into reliefs, and placed a non-commissioned officer to see that every man performed his assigned duty. For the first twenty-four hours they worked almost incessantly, waiting on the wounded and also bringing them in from the field—stragglers from the Confederate army continually coming in to tell us where our men were lying. At last, when we could do no more, and every building was full, fires were built in the woods, and the remaining wounded were carried and placed near them for the night.

In the evening, while busily engaged with the wounded, we were visited by some officers connected with a battery stationed in the cornfield above. After a little conversation about the condition of our wounded men, they commenced a discussion upon the points of difference between the two sections. This they were all anxious to do on every possible occasion that offered. I do not know but the same was true of our officers with the prisoners that fell into their hands. I am very much of the opinion of "Autocrat," in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "It is fair

“to take a man prisoner. It is fair to make speeches to a man.
“But to take a man prisoner and then make speeches to him
“is NOT fair.”

On this occasion they commenced by assuming that the whole purpose of the war was the destruction of slavery, and that it originated in the unwillingness of the North to allow them their rights under the Constitution. I explained to them my own position ; that I regarded slavery as a local institution, to be regulated by the people of each State for themselves, and that I never had any disposition, as I believed I had no right, to interfere with slavery in the States where it was established, and that the masses of the Northern people regarded the subject, before the breaking out of the war, in precisely the same light, although interested newspapers and politicians had succeeded in making the Southern people believe otherwise. That Mr. Douglas—whom none could accuse of prejudice against the South—declared in his last speech that the rights of the South were never so safe as they were at the time of the rebellion, and that this was corroborated by the fact that according to the census of 1860, fewer fugitive slaves had escaped from those States between the years 1850 and 1860, than during the previous ten years.

These statements they did not deny, but replied that we had refused them their just rights in the common Territories. To this I answered that whether slavery should or should not be admitted into Territories belonging to the whole nation, was not decided by the constitution, but like thousands of other questions arising under it, must be decided by the votes of the people ; that when the voice of the people has been made known in proper form, their decision was binding on the whole until it was changed by the same authority ; otherwise there was no free government. That a majority at the election in 1860 decided that

slavery should not be extended into the Territories ; that if the position of the South was correct, they ought to have striven to enlighten the nation and influence public sentiment, so that at some future election the verdict might have been reversed. But when instead of this they sought to break up the Government itself, the question was changed. It was not so much whether slavery shall or shall not be tolerated in the Territories, as whether the voice of a majority, constitutionally expressed, shall be binding upon the minority—that is, whether we shall have a free government at all, for it can only exist on the principle that the will of the majority, constitutionally expressed, must prevail.

To this argument they not only made no reply, but attempted none, going of into another vein—that the South thought it more to her interest, and could acquire greater wealth to separate than to continue in the Union.

Just at this point the calls of some wounded men required my attention, and when I returned, our visitors thought it necessary to return to their quarters, and bade us good evening. When we had made all necessary arrangements for the night, detailing nurses for each room, &c., the Chaplain of the 88th and I spread some borrowed blankets on the floor and tried to sleep. But for a long time sleep fled my eyes ; the past day seemed more like a month, when measured by events and especially by the contrast between my feelings and anticipations in the morning, and our actual condition at night. This was New Year's Eve, such an one as I had never before seen. Our army, from which so much had been confidently expected, had not only been checked, but if the report of the enemy's officers could be relied on, was in imminent danger of total destruction, being entirely cut off from Nashville, and its immense train of stores captured. Coming

as this did closely upon the heels of the Fredericksburgh disaster, from which the people had not yet recovered, what despondency might be expected to fill every loyal heart, and what exultation the hearts of traitors! Would it be surprising if foreign nations, after waiting to give us time to bring our augmented army into the field, should now conclude that the work we had attempted was too great, and that the South had fairly earned her recognition? And then it was the eve of the day appointed for the President's Proclamation; would he issue it? And if he did, would it not, under existing circumstances, injure the cause it was designed to help? A mighty weapon when proclaimed by a victorious army, would it exhibit anything but impotent rage when heralded by disaster and defeat? These were the questions that would rush through my mind, pressed home by the events of the day, and made increasingly emphatic by the groans of the wounded, which never ceased for a moment through all that sad and restless night.

But knowing how much depended upon our husbanding our strength, I strove hard to banish these intruding thoughts, an effort which for a short time proved successful. For three or four hours I forgot alike the sorrows of the past and the forebodings of the coming day.

Thursday, Jan. 1st, 1863.—At home my ears would have been saluted by the cheery welcome, "Happy New Year!" but this morning, the only sounds I could hear were the cries or suppressed moans of wounded men. On rising, the first information I received, was that nine men had died during the night. I received into my care such articles of value as had not been taken from them by the enemy on the field, and which their friends would prize highly if we should ever be so fortunate as to return to our own lines. I succeeded this morning in finding

water for a wash, a blessing I prized highly, my hands and face being innocent of any contact with that element since Monday morning.

Perhaps it was because of my presentable appearance arising from my ablution, that Dr. Pierce requested me to undertake the task of finding rations for our hospital. We had then upwards of a hundred wounded, besides a number of nurses; not a few were still out on the battle-field, and must be brought in to such accommodations as we could provide—and yet, for the whole there was only to be found a few pounds of cornmeal. No time was to be lost, and so, armed with the pass given us the day before, and which in the sequel proved a friend indeed, I started on my mission, not, however, without some appreciation of its perilous nature.

Making my way first to the battery in the corn-field, I found the officer who visited us the previous evening in command. He did not know to whom we could go for supplies; the Generals were out in the field and I could not go to them—thought that my best plan was to go in the direction of Murfreesboro, where I should find some of their hospitals, and probably one of their surgeons would draw rations for us, at least he would be able to direct me how to proceed.

Following these directions, my track lay through the woods where a portion of the fighting had been. It was sad to see, scattered around, the bodies of those who had fallen the day before, and that sadness was not relieved by noticing that they had been stripped of whatever clothing was considered sufficiently valuable to be carried off. It is a fact too plain to be denied that Southern soldiers not only took the clothing of our prisoners, but stripped the wounded and dead. Indeed, to an extent really surprising, the clothing of their army was obtained from us,

and so numerous are the blue overcoats in their ranks that our men were often prevented from firing upon them, supposing them to be Union soldiers.

After walking about a mile, I came to a large house which had been used as a Confederate hospital the day before. Most of the wounded, however, had been removed into Murfreesboro, and there was no surgeon left. There seemed no alternative but to go forward, and as I had often found it both wiser and pleasanter to deal with principals than subordinates, I determined to go at once to Gen. Bragg's headquarters, and lay our situation before him. I had scarcely resumed my journey when there came over me such a sense of the loneliness of my situation personally, and of the woe and misery through which for a few hours I had been passing, that for a few moments I was almost unmanned. I never before felt such force in the words frequently used, "a stranger in a strange land," for I never before had drawn a single breath under a hostile flag. Then came the thoughts of home; the dread suspense the loved ones there would endure while waiting for the full details of the battle—which even then would not be relieved by finding my name among the missing, but perhaps would have to be endured for weeks or months before my true situation could be made known to them. Against these thoughts it was hard to stand up, and for a moment I felt as though it would be a relief to sit down and weep.

But the remembrance of the mass of wounded men, and how much depended upon my exertions, came to my rescue, and with a quicker step and stouter heart I hastened on. All along the way I met numerous squads of soldiers, who inquired the location of their different regiments and divisions. Fortunately I was taken all along for one of their own surgeons, perhaps

because of my shabby appearance generally, for when they took me prisoner every convenience for personal adornment was left within our lines, and the enemy very unceremoniously allowed me no opportunity to procure them. I was, therefore, "not to put too fine a point upon it," decidedly shabby, and perhaps for that reason, if not for my lean and professional look (!), was taken for one of themselves, their army as a whole being more remarkable for some other things than for its external appearance. I carefully studied the ground as I went along, to judge of the degree of difficulty we would have found in entering Murfreesboro, had our right wing maintained its position, for it would have fought over this precise ground. The country presented but a continuation of the same features as that which constituted the battle-field—alternate strips of timber and open country, each of which probably would have been stoutly contested. On reaching their picket line I presented my pass, and although it was given for an entirely different purpose, it was not questioned, but the officer gave me all the information in his power. On arriving at Stone river I found the bridge destroyed. Rails were thrown in on which footmen could cross, but the ford for teams was very bad, the banks on each side being steep and rocky.

This position could have been stoutly held against our men, as it would have been very difficult to cross with artillery, and the opposite bank, beside being steep, was covered with huge rocks, forming a natural fortification, behind which sharp-shooters could operate with almost perfect impunity. Just before entering the town itself, I came upon a line of rifle-pits, prepared to defend the approach from this side. On the opposite side of the town there were no defenses at all, and it is evident that Rosecrans was fully informed of all this; hence his decision to swing his

left into Murfreesboro, while the right was simply to hold the ground, and thus make the advantages the enemy possessed on the route I have been describing of no effect. His plan was admirable, and richly deserved success.

After passing the rifle-pits, I came upon an encampment at the edge of the town. Thinking this would be a good place to find a surgeon, I enquired, and was pointed to one immediately. I told him frankly my situation and errand, and asked for any directions which his knowledge of their army regulations might enable him to give me. He treated me with a good deal of courtesy, told me to apply to Major Hillyer, Chief Commissary on Bragg's staff, who, he assured me, would not fail to make every necessary provision for our wounded.

After a little desultory conversation, he insisted on my remaining until he could make me acquainted with their Chaplain. We had a few moments of very pleasant interchange of thought. He was a Protestant Methodist, and I should judge a sincere and conscientious man. Despite, however, all our efforts to steer clear of the painful subject, the conversation would turn on the war and the battle of yesterday. I found that some of their best men had fallen, particularly the Colonel of the 5th Georgia, whose body they were just preparing to send home. Considering that the victory was already won, they stated, what probably they would have been less ready to say could they have foreseen the final result, that Bragg's reputation had suffered a great deal since the battle of Perryville and his evacuation of Kentucky; that in consequence he had determined "to whip at this fight, or lose the last man;" that all the Generals and men under him felt as he did, and even the citizens partook of the same spirit, hence the victory of yesterday. I have often wondered since how they felt when Bragg, after fighting, was com-

pelled to abandon a large portion of Tennessee, precisely as after Perryville he abandoned Kentucky.

The crushing depression which was felt at the South after the surrender of Murfreesboro shows, however, that my acquaintances reflected truly the prevailing public sentiment.

At the time I called upon the doctor, the camp table was spread for breakfast. As I turned away and hastened forward into town, the hour of day (it was about nine o'clock), my tedious walk, the sharp air (there had been a keen frost), with perhaps a few grains of generosity, all combined on an empty stomach to form in me a distinct resolution—shall I tell you what it was?—that if ever I should find a Confederate officer in a position similar to mine that morning, I would certainly ask him to eat with me.

Murfreesboro was a rather pleasantly located city of a few thousand inhabitants, considered quite an important place in the South, but not larger than many of the thriving towns to be found on the lines of our railroads, of which Sandwich might be named as an example. The most important building was a neat and substantial court house in the public square. It was built of brick, surmounted by a cupola with a clock attached. The city stood on a knoll, at the foot of which ran a creek, and close by was the railroad and depot. As I passed up the hill into town, I met numbers of slightly wounded men who enquired the way to the depot. They were to be removed probably to Chattanooga.

On arriving at the public square I found a long line of our men, who had been taken prisoners, marching off, probably to the Chattanooga depot. The court house yard was also full of them. As soon as I came near I was saluted by the cry, "Why, Chaplain, are you a prisoner too?" I approached to find what num-

ber of the boys was there, but the guards interfered, and would allow no conversation. My mind was too much absorbed in the urgent business that brought me to town to allow me to pause, so, exhorting the boys to "keep up good heart," I passed on.

When I had time to reflect upon it, I sincerely regretted that I had not used a little of that ingenuity which soldiers know how to practice, and thus ascertained the names of the prisoners connected with the regiments from our own section, which would have enabled me to relieve the dreadful suspense of friends who read that some loved one was "missing."

After some inquiry, I found the quarters of Major Hyllier. Just as I stepped in he was calling to some friend in the next room to look at the line of prisoners as they passed by. "See," said he, in a gleeful tone, "what a string of Yankees!" It was somewhat embarrassing to introduce myself and business at such an unlucky moment, but I must do the Major justice to say that he appeared quite as much embarrassed by the circumstance as I was, and that his readiness to forward my object, and the kind attention he showed me throughout, went far to atone for the seeming breach of military courtesy. (It is a point of honor with fine military men, to abstain from all appearance of triumph over those who may be so unfortunate as to fall into their hands.) He said he should be glad to supply me with food necessary for our hospital, but that it would be necessary first to procure an order from Brig. Gen. Brown, Commander of the Post, and that I could find him at the court house.

In a few moments I was at the General's quarters, and again presented my pass and made known my errand. The General said that as soon as the battle now pending was decided, they would make permanent provision for the wounded, that they hoped to have a supply of hard-bread, rice, beef, &c., and such

food as was most suitable for the sick ; that in the meantime if we could make such rations as they issued to their soldiers answer our purpose, he would supply me with enough for one day. I told him the wants of the men were urgent, and therefore I should accept whatever he could do for them. His Adjutant made out an order for one hundred rations, and finding I had no means of transportation, he told me that if the commissary could not supply me with a team and wagon, I might return, and he would make provision. Returning to Major Hyllier, he countersigned the order and sent me to the Post Commissary at the depot. I had some difficulty in finding the officer, and my attention was thereby directed to the conclusive evidences that everything had been arranged beforehand for an evacuation, should it prove to be necessary. The rooms occupied by all the officers I had yet seen were bare of furniture, and had the appearance of being used only for a temporary purpose. No one seemed able to inform me where the Post Commissary's office was, and when found, it proved to be the warehouse of a business firm, used only temporarily. The supply of provisions on hand for such an army was very small, and a large portion of it was on the cars, on the track, ready to be run off at a moment's notice. Close by were also a number of cars, loaded with brass field pieces and carriages, while the haste with which the slightly wounded and the prisoners were being taken off was also suspicious.

I read in all this that they had not been by any means sure of their position previous to the battle ; but I did not suppose that they would yet be obliged to use all these facilities for making their escape. And yet I noticed particularly that while the citizens were very jubilant over their victory, the military invariably spoke of the conflict as being undecided.

The Commissary received me courteously, and seemed anxious to do all in his power to help me. While waiting to have the

order filled, a citizen entered the store with a copy of the morning paper, "Murfreesboro *Rebel Banner*," about the size of a tolerable hand-bill, the paper being what we would think rather inferior wrapping paper, and only printed on one side. It professed to give an account of the previous day's battle. It seemed that military men were not allowed to subscribe for a copy, and as it was only published for civilians semi-occasionally, the people did not suffer very keenly the evils resulting from a free press.

Those in the office gathered around, the citizen reading aloud. He had read just about far enough to give the number of killed and wounded on their side, together with the general effect of the battle on themselves, when I noticed one whisper to him, evidently informing him that a "Yankee" was present. He immediately stopped, and it was amusing to see the expedients he adopted to find out which was he. He asked some, and having ascertained which were not, naturally concluded that I was the person.

He was anxious then to see the order I had brought, which was lying on the desk, and on finding out its purport, wondered (loud enough for me to hear) "how long such things were to last." At intervals he gave us a piece of his mind, gloating over Jeff. Davis' proclamation against Butler, just issued, and longing for the time when the hanging on the first limb should commence. All this, of course, was for my particular benefit, and I could not resist the conviction, as he every little while looked askance at me, that it would have afforded him extreme gratification to make me the first victim. I simply folded my arms and *took it*, but I inwardly rejoiced that I had dealt with principals instead of subordinates, and thus was safe from all interference. The Commissary found it impossible to provide transportation. I therefore reported the fact to Gen. Brown.

I could see that it was extremely inconvenient to spare a team at that time, when all their resources were taxed to the utmost—but he nevertheless gave me an order on the Quarter-master for a conveyance. While the order was being written he made a few enquiries as to what State I was from, &c., and remarked that he had two relatives in the Northern army, one a minister, and, I think, a Chaplain. On reporting to the Quarter-master, I was again an object of curiosity to the hangers-on, but my order was imperative, and in a few minutes a six-mule team, with an officer to accompany me, was at my disposal. We returned to the Commissary's, loaded the rations, and started for the hospital. The wagon was marked U. S., and had evidently been captured at some time from our forces, and that not long since, for inside were pieces of hard-bread, showing that it had been used for carrying provisions. The sight of the hard-bread was really pleasant, reminding one of our old friend, Uncle Samuel; and the taste, to one who had not broken his fast, was not bad. The officer who convoyed the team was a true gentleman. On the way we had quite an interesting conversation, and I found him both candid and reasonable, more so than any one with whom I came in contact while within their lines. He performed his duty so pleasantly that I shall always remember him with gratitude, and have only regretted that I did not learn his name.

Our blockade was so strict that they were cut off from all articles of fancy manufacture, and even their officers smoked pipes made of wood, corn-cobs, or roots. Among the articles belonging to boys who were dead, were some rather neat pipes which we had no means of preserving, but which would be stolen by stragglers. I selected the best one, and gave it to this gentleman, as the only article within reach by which we could express our appreciation of his kindness. He received it with much pleas-

ure, and when we parted he extended his hand with all the warmth of old friendship.

My prolonged absence had given rise to the suspicion that perhaps I had been "gobbled up." My return, therefore, after a successful mission, was a pleasant surprise. It was certainly time for breakfast, being noon, if not after. Some fat pork was fried, and pancakes made of flour and water, which were eaten with a relish. I am happy also to say, *a posteriori*, that I suffered no harm therefrom, a result which, *a priori*, I should scarcely have considered possible, for if you suppose that they were anything like what usually pass under the name of pancakes, you are certainly mistaken. They were only equalled by some biscuits which we had for several days, and which it was suggested should be tried by some one before the rest ventured on them, for fear of fatal results. It is saying a great deal for that wonderful organ, the stomach, when I announce that we all survived the hazardous experiment of eating them. During the day an additional number of the wounded were brought up, and as there was no more accommodation in the building, they were wrapped in their blankets and laid in the yard, and large fires built near them. It was now absolutely necessary to take a list of the names, as several had died already whose names we could not find. This work devolved on me. In addition to the name, regiment, and location of the wound of each man, I determined also to take the name and post office address of his friends. It was indeed a laborious task. The condition of many made it very difficult to converse; many were foreigners, whose pronunciation of names it was sometimes impossible to understand, and required the aid of an interpreter, while many seemed so confused with their sufferings that even such simple enquiries were answered with difficulty. One man could not remember for some

time the name of the place where his friends lived, although he knew quite well the county and State. One case was peculiarly painful. In due course I came to a young man who evidently could not live long. He gave me his name, company and regiment, then his father's name. He hesitated about the post office address; I asked him again, but he gave no answer. I looked up; he was dying; he had spoken for the last time, in a few moments he was gone.

In the evening the officers who visited us the night before came again, accompanied by others. They were in high glee. Their forces were certainly between us and Nashville. Wheeler's cavalry, which we had seen go out in the morning, was operating on our rear; our provision trains, numbering hundreds of wagons, had fallen into their hands! the victory was certainly theirs, and they should enter Nashville at once! External appearances favored these reports, and we began to credit them, and supposed that we were in for a lengthened captivity. We imagined that the force which still kept up occasional firing with the enemy was a strong guard to hold them in bay until Rosecrans could draw off his main force, or else to-day's comparative rest was preparatory to another vigorous and probably decisive struggle to-morrow.

Again our visitors commenced the discussion of our sectional differences. Their new companion, also a captain of a battery, took the most prominent part. He was evidently a well educated man, and a fluent speaker. He was principally to be remembered for his fierce denunciations of Gen. Butler, whom he named, as did the South generally, "Beast Butler," and whom he could scarcely tolerate that we should call by his official title.

For hours that night I laid awake imagining the dread disasters which this unfortunate campaign had brought upon our cause. In fact I experienced, in their full effect, the measures by which

the Southern army was encouraged to believe in the ultimate triumph of their cause. Admitting the simple truth would dispel a large share of their illusions.

Friday, January 2nd, 1863.—Rose at daylight. Several more had died during the night. After breakfast, resumed the work of taking names. Before noon a number of officers came in, telling us with great glee that our train was certainly captured, that Gen. Davis was killed, and that our forces had been repulsed at Vicksburg and driven back to their boats. Indeed our situation appeared more and more gloomy. At the same time we judged from occasional firing that our forces were moving more to their right, and were certainly not retreating, which to us was unaccountable. Officers rode around, some of whom held council with Harding, the owner of the house, and for several hours he was busy gathering up whatever loose property he could, and manifested great anxiety to get away, as he said, to Murfreesboro.

During the day, movements of the enemy's lines seemed to us to indicate falling back, and had we known the exact condition of our army it would have been easy to interpret the different occurrences of the day. About noon a Confederate officer arrived to parole in due form all of our men, whether wounded or not. On the first afternoon they had been required to swear not to take up arms, but according to the terms of the cartel it was necessary that each man should receive a printed parole as evidence of the transaction. Assisted by one of the surgeons, this work proceeded all the afternoon, and was not completed until twelve o'clock at night. At the time it appeared strange that the work was thus hurried when we were entirely in their power. In the sequel, however, their haste was perfectly intelligible.

About three o'clock I finished my list and myself together. The intense excitement of the past few days was subsiding, our hospital was gradually assuming an air of order, and I began to realize that I was flesh and blood. For the first time I sat down and rested awhile. About four o'clock commenced a most fearful cannonade on the left of our lines, accompanied with heavy musketry. If Rosecrans was cut off and his army well-nigh destroyed, it was evident that his spirit was undaunted. Indeed, all his movements were mysteries to us. The furious fighting continued until after dusk. In the evening, just before dusk, a number of us were standing out in the yard, when a ball from one of our Parrott guns came whistling over us. What could it mean? It was evident that our lines were advancing, and were probably not much more than a mile away. At last we concluded it was a friendly message, telling us to keep up courage and all would yet be well.

My time had hitherto been almost exclusively occupied in efforts to supply the temporal wants and alleviate the sufferings of the men. As occasion presented, I had spoken to one and another of the precious Savior, who alone could give true comfort; but anything like connected effort was out of the question. And yet something must be done. That evening, therefore, I went into some of the rooms, where it was most convenient, and spoke a few words of earnest invitation to come to Christ and accept his pardoning mercy. May they prove to have been words in due season.

This evening the officers from the battery gave us another call. They seemed quite perplexed with Rosecrans' movements. They said that Gens. Polk and Hardee and others had been all day on an eminence whence they could overlook our lines, and they reported great activity on our right, wagons moving and troops

marching. Indeed their Generals were as much perplexed by the movements of our army as we were. According to all accounts their provisions were cut off, and according to all the ordinary rules of warfare Rosecrans ought to have been looking for his "lines of retreat" and "base of supplies," instead of which he was holding on desperately to his position, and refused to retreat. Our visitors had evidently an inkling of what was passing in their own lines, for they said it would not be surprising if within the next twenty-four hours we should occupy this ground. "We may retire," they said, "but if we do, it will only be to fight you again when you are still further removed from your supplies, and still more open to attacks in your rear."

One of our number unwisely allowed himself to be led into a dispute as to the barbarities said to be committed by both armies. Such discussions at best are unprofitable, for often things occurred which no man of integrity would justify, and any attempt to arrive at the merits of the question in dispute by bringing up the conduct of either army was simply foolish. Crime, lawlessness, cruelty, are the inseparable concomitants of war, and those who, by striking down the national emblem, brought on this war, should have counted beforehand its fearful cost. In the heat of the dispute, while "Beast Butler" was unmercifully condemned by the one and Gen. Butler was upheld by the other, a personal encounter seemed for a few moments nearly inevitable. But by-and-by the subject changed, the works of nature and art came up for discussion. The principal speaker was a well educated man with a good deal of taste and refinement, and the remainder of the evening was passed as pleasantly as though we had all been friends for years and were gathered in some social parlor.

To give you a clue to the *animus* of the South, other portions of the conversation may be worth recording. While the wordy

duel was going off, and some statement was made by one and denied by the other, said the disputant on our side, "I will bet you a can of oysters on it, and you will be coming some time to Detroit and then we will eat them."

"I come to Detroit?" was the answer, "never, sir, unless I go there as a prisoner of war. No, sir, we do not want to have anything to do with you. Give us our independence, and we will never set foot on your soil."

It is impossible to describe in language the utter contempt they (the officers) feel for "the Yankees," and their furious determination never to have anything more to do with them. We enquired whom they called Yankees.

"We call all Federals Yankees, now; but strictly we do not include Northwestern men. Yankees really are the men from New England, New York and Pennsylvania, and we think that one of our men is as good as three of them, any time."

"What do you think, then, of Northwestern men?" we said.

"Oh, we find it hard enough to take man for man of them. We have great respect for the N. W. men."

All day the wind had been blowing from the South, threatening a rain storm. We had about forty of our wounded laid out in the yard, with huge fires to keep them warm. It was evident that some other arrangement must be made. By re-arranging the various rooms, removing furniture, &c., the largest part were put under shelter, and for the rest we gathered all the shelter tents we could find. We had scarcely finished setting them up when the storm fairly set in. It contributed no little to a quiet night's refreshing sleep to know that the poor fellows were not lying in the drenching rain.

Saturday, Jan. 3d, 1863.—The rain which had been falling all night still continued, giving everything a gloomy and com-

fortless appearance. But "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and even this storm proved a blessing. It supplied us with good, soft water. One of the greatest disadvantages of our position at this hospital was the want of good water. There was a well, to be sure, but the enemy's battery camped near by appropriated that to themselves, leaving us no alternative but to draw our supply from a pond at a distance, which, besides being so far off and thus taxing the overworked nurses to procure it, afforded only the poorest description of water. So much, too, was required to quench thirst, that much washing was out of the question. This morning, however, we had a large barrel of pure, soft water; the battery had disappeared during the night, leaving us the undivided possession of the well. The nurses, as the result of their being regularly relieved, were recovering from their fatigue, and were now contemplating plans for the permanent rather than (as heretofore was necessary) the temporary comfort of their wards. The first thing done was to have every man wash, at least his hands and face.

The moral effect of this was remarkable. Men with an arm broken or injured began to practice what would be to many of them, poor fellows, a life-long lesson, of helping themselves with the other, and felt better by the effort. Their attention was occupied and turned off from the contemplation of their pain and misfortunes, and as a consequence they became more cheerful and contented. Some of the wards, where the nurses were particularly hopeful, were completely transformed, and though my heart was weighed down by sorrow, I strove in every way to cheer up the men and strengthen their courage. But when every improvement possible was made in our situation, I came, unconsciously to myself, to feel that it was a happy lot when men were killed outright upon the field, and thus saved the lingering tortures and

numberless trials of an extemporized hospital within the enemy's lines. By dint of crowding, and several having died, we succeeded in getting all safely under cover, and the yard for the first time was clear.

During the forenoon Gens. Polk and Cheatham called at the house. They conversed for some time with Dr. Pierce. Speaking of the battle and of the army opposed to himself, Gen. Polk remarked, "I have had the honor of fighting Gen. McCook before; I think he will have reason to remember me." They enquired if we had everything we needed; if not, they would do their best to supply us. Dr. Pierce replied that our small stock of medicines was giving out, and we needed an additional supply. "Oh," said he, "your people have blockaded our ports so that we cannot obtain medicines. You ought to have thought that you were liable to fall into our hands, and might need them." We heard very little those days about a "paper blockade."

About noon, by order of these Generals, twenty-five men were brought from a hospital about a quarter of a mile off, and placed in the barn and cotton-gin. They had been from one to three days on the battle-field, and then been removed to the hospital yard where they had lain ever since. Most of their wounds had not been touched, except what they had done for themselves. A considerable part of the time they had been without food, and to complete the sad list of their sufferings they had been out in this soaking rain all night and so far of the day. As I looked at them, shivering with cold and writhing with pain, vainly striving to gather a little warmth from their soaked blankets, I could but wonder that they lived at all. Indeed, some did not. One was dying as he was lifted from the wagon, and another never manifested consciousness, but died in a few hours.

The place to which they were brought was enough to fill them with despair. The barn was built of huge logs, without chinking, and the cold wind rushed in while the rain leaked through the roof. The cotton-gin was a dryer but even colder place, and in either of them an Illinois farmer would think it hard for his horse to stand on such a day. Dr. Pierce summoned his assistants, and they proceeded at once to dress every man's wounds, while I took his name and description. They were chiefly from Negley's Division, Indiana and Kentucky troops. A number of Confederate soldiers crowded around, some of whom gave them a portion of their none too ample rations, while others piled cotton upon those who suffered most from the cold. One nurse was left with them, while Dr. Pierce and I started off to the large hospital to procure additional nurses, and some food more appropriate than any we had for men in such reduced condition.

On the way we picked up a good frying pan off the battlefield, and as we needed cooking utensils very much, we were glad to carry it along. On arriving at the hospital it was with difficulty we could persuade three men to undertake the care of our new cases, until one, finding that I had a list of the wounded, inquired very earnestly after a brother, who he knew was wounded, but whom he had vainly sought in every direction. On referring to my list, I found that his brother was one of the unfortunate ones just brought into the cotton-gin. He was overjoyed at the information, and gladly volunteered, with two others, to accompany us; and I must say that they did their duty to their charge day and night, alleviating suffering not a little. After procuring a few pounds of hard-bread, which was all within reach, we returned to our quarters, and night settled down upon us, with the rain still falling, but the wounded better cared for than before, indeed, better, for the facilities we had, than any hospital in the vicinity.

During the day I had several interesting conversations with some of the wounded, whom I found under, as I believe, real conviction of sin, which had burdened their minds long before the battle. Such cases were very common in the army, and should encourage Christians both to pray and to labor. One of the cases I met was a young man whose mother was a Christian, and as I spoke to him the tears began to flow, and he told me he had been anxious for some time, and if it could only be told his mother that he was a real Christian, it would be all his desire. But both he and another, notwithstanding their religious training, were seeking to fit themselves to come to Christ, and scarcely seemed to credit the thought that they must come *then* and come as sinners; and yet their evident sincerity led me to hope that this error, so natural to a sinner under conviction, would be quickly laid aside, and they would embrace Christ as their all-sufficient Savior.

Sunday, Jan. 5th.—The rain stopped during the night, and a beautiful day, such as gives us some idea of the “Sunny South,” broke upon us in the morning. The first fact which attracted the attention of all was that the rebels had entirely disappeared. Those who had been awake all night said that their wagons and artillery had been moving for hours, and just at break of day Wheeler’s Cavalry filed past, going towards Murfreesboro, and from that time not even a straggling soldier was to be seen. We thought this was a “change of base,” but did not allow ourselves to be sufficiently elated to suppose it was an actual retreat. And yet all the morning we kept remarking to each other how quiet everything was, and how strange that not a single Confederate was left.

On rising that morning I resolved, if possible, to hold a short religious service in each room, that those who were capable of

attention might be benefitted. With this view I revolved in my mind a few thoughts suggested by the wounded Israelites looking to the brazen serpent, which I hoped might prove in season to some of these afflicted ones. Dr. P. also encouraged the effort, but in going the rounds, I found that the care which every man needed in having his wounds dressed once a day, would make any services impracticable until afternoon. And as there was nothing to be done for the men that others could not do as well and even better than myself, I felt that the time had come when, without neglecting public duty, I could seek to relieve my anxiety for the fate of my brothers. I had confidence that Henry, having my horse, and being an old soldier, would be able to take care of himself; but there were two others belonging to the Railroad Regiment, in Johnson's Division, about whose welfare I felt a painful anxiety. The day before, when such a number of shivering, wounded men, all soaked with the rain, were brought into the cotton-gin, I could not but think, what if my two brothers had been lying day and night exposed to this storm, and perhaps neglected by some inhuman surgeon! And yet I could not reconcile it with my duty to leave those who had a right to look to me for help, until I saw them as well cared for as under the circumstances was possible. But this having been done, I seized the first moment to start in search of the hospital and ground near which Johnson's Division had operated. The large house to the northwest, with rows of tents surrounding it, was occupied chiefly with the wounded of Davis' Division, while Johnson's were in houses and barns still farther to the west. After careful search, I found one man from the Railroad Regiment there, who could answer many of my inquiries and who assured me of the safety of both my brothers. This information afterwards proved incorrect with regard to one of them, who was taken pris-

oner, but for the time my anxiety was allayed. In going from tent to tent I found the list of wounded more precious than gold, as I was able to answer the inquiries of not a few, and my book was looked upon by the boys as though there was a charm about it. Before the day closed I came to the conviction that next in importance to feeding these poor fellows and dressing their wounds was the procuring of a correct and minute list of all who came under one's care. Finding that some of the 89th with whom I was acquainted were dangerously wounded and were lying in buildings further to the west, I set out to find them.

Leaving the house, I started in the direction pointed out, which led me over a portion of the ground occupied by Davis' and Johnson's Divisions. Near by was a long row of dead, gathered during the last few days, and an immense grave was being dug for their burial. Every moment I came upon fresh evidences of the fearful storm that had swept over these fields and through these groves.

Mangled horses were strewn in every direction, while the dead, more or less stripped of their clothing by the enemy lay where they fell on that fatal morning. After searching for a long distance and failing to find the hospitals to which I had been directed, I concluded that my informant was mistaken; and as the time I could be spared had nearly expired and I was unmistakably weary with my tramp, I retraced my steps as quickly as possible to Hospital Harding. A circumstance we all thought very noticeable was, that I had not seen a single "butternut" the whole morning; but the time had arrived when the mystery which hung over, not only the conduct of the enemy, but the operations of both armies since our capture, was to be suddenly and delightfully dispelled. We had just seated ourselves at dinner in an outhouse, which served the manifold purpose of dining-

room, cookhouse, storehouse and general rubbish receptacle, and had begun to eat what was set before us, when one of the boys ran in with the exciting intelligence that our cavalry had emerged from the woods and were advancing towards us. Dinner was left, and out we went to see the sight, and sure enough, there they came, deployed as skirmishers, advancing slowly and peering in every direction to find the retreating foe. Murfreesboro was evacuated! But still, though we could understand the disappearance of the enemy from all about us for the past twenty-four hours, yet how Bragg, who, according to what had been told us, had been operating so successfully in our rear, capturing our trains, and every few hours doing some new and wonderful thing in the way of damaging Rosecrans, should find it necessary to retreat, and Rosecrans, who had been harassed at every hand, who was without food and ammunition and well-nigh destroyed, should be the victor, and march unopposed into Murfreesboro, remained to be explained.

But on came the "blue coats," and in a few minutes we exchanged glad greetings with our Union brethren. Who they were or from what State they came it mattered not; they were the representatives of our country, of all that was dear to humanity in the present, and hopeful in the future. And none can tell how good for the eyes and the heart was the sight of the lovely stars and stripes, and the blue uniform of our men, to those who had been compelled to see flaunting in their faces the emblem of tyranny, and to meet at every turn the loathed and detested "butternut" uniform.

Our line was only about a mile away from us, and in a few minutes several boys had started for the regiment to tell of our condition and learn the news. The excitement among the wounded was most intense, and men forgot their sufferings in the

triumph of our arms. It was not long before numbers of our boys, who had been lying out day and night keeping the foe at bay, rushed to the hospital to see their comrades still living and to learn about the dead. Every room was crowded, and such shouting and shaking of hands, such a wild mixture of emotion, must be seen and felt to be comprehended. For a while a stranger would have taken Hospital Harding for an extemporized lunatic asylum, and I, for one, felt I had important qualifications for an inmate. But who could be staid and sober amid such scenes? Here were men driven back by overwhelming numbers from a hard-fought field, and compelled to leave their comrades in the enemy's hands. From that moment they had been unable to obtain any definite information regarding them. Who were but slightly wounded, and who mortally, they could only conjecture, and heavy had been their hearts day and night. How they rushed from room to room! and as they caught sight of some well known face, finding some alive who were reported dead, that old building resounded with their shouts. On the other hand, here were the suffering and the mutilated, who, after the most heroic bravery, had fallen, only to see their comrades driven back, leaving them not only in the hands of the foe, but in a state of dread suspense as to the results of the whole campaign.

Day and night they had lain in their agony, aggravated by the flying stories the self-deceived Confederates brought in from day to day. But now, for the first time, they learned the truth; how Sheridan, though compelled to retire to avoid annihilation, had checked again and again, four times, the advancing tide, saved time for reinforcements to arrive and change the fortunes of the day, thus indelibly inscribing his name upon the history of his country; how when sad at heart with the loss of their companions and the check on the right, the cheery voice of

Rosecrans would be heard ringing out often in the stillness of the night, as he moved from place to place, ordering everything himself, and seeing with his own eyes that it was done; how his tone and whole manner inspired confidence of final success, as he taught not only Generals and Colonels but privates how to use their guns and snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat; how on that memorable Friday afternoon, when the friendly shot came whistling over our building, he had massed his men and guns so rapidly and with such skill that in forty minutes the enemy was driven back a broken and confused mass, leaving two thousand slain upon the field. When all these truths were related, we might be pardoned for our excitement and joy. Indeed, we could tell the feelings of the ancient Jews when they sung, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream, then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Never was language more fitly used than when our heroic General closed his account of the battle, not with self-gratulation, but with, "*Non nobis Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*"—"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."

All idea of religious services which had been contemplated in the morning was laid aside. It was imperatively necessary that a correct list of the killed and wounded should be immediately prepared and despatched North, that the dreadful suspense of friends at home might be relieved, as well as incorrect accounts be rectified. In a little while Dr. Swift, the Department Medical Director called to ascertain the number in our charge and what supplies we needed. He also requested that a list might be forwarded at once to headquarters.

This work, of course, devolved on me ; but in spite of every effort my progress was tedious and slow, and interruptions were momentary. First we learned that a mail would speedily be made up for Nashville, and the Doctor and I could not lose the opportunity of sending a line to relieve anxiety at home. Then Henry arrived, and I could not postpone listening to his story. As the afternoon wore away, officers, privates, cavalry-men, artillery-men, infantry, friends and strangers, trooped into the enclosure, and as I had the only list, they rushed into the room where I was, shouted through the back window or through a broken pane in front, that they might learn the fate of men, comrades or relatives. Again and again did I search through my long list, my answers sometimes leaving the questioner still in doubt, sometimes lighting up his face with joy, sometimes crushing out the last hope from his heart. One case I shall never forget. A young man who seemed to act as orderly to some officer, came up to the window to make enquiries about some near friend, I believe a brother, who had been wounded on our portion of the field. As I turned over leaf after leaf, he was very nervous, saying that he was afraid he could not stay ; and still as I found no trace, he said he must leave, and started off. I had a lingering impression that I had met with the name mentioned, so I continued my search. Just before he got out of sight round one of the buildings, I found it, and immediately called out to him, "It is here." With face lighted up with joy, and with buoyant steps he hastened back to the window, but no sooner had I turned my eye once more to the page, that I might give him the particulars, than it caught the fatal announcement, "Died" on such a day. I hesitated a moment, as he stood with wistful look, waiting for me to speak, for how could I dash his hopes at one stroke ? Then, as gently as possible, I broke to

him the sad news. I saw on the instant a change in his countenance, hope die out of his young heart, and he stood for a moment stunned by the blow. Then recollecting that duty called him, with a gentleness that I never saw surpassed, he said, "Thank you, sir," and hastened away.

I never saw him before and have never seen him since. Our whole interview was not longer than two or three minutes, but in the few words he spoke, and in the changing aspects of his youthful face, I thought I could read his story. I thought of a home somewhere in some State, in city or in country, but wherever it was, one where affection reigned, and where the gentle influence of a loving mother had proved so strong that cruel war had only bound its ties the closer, and made the heart, while yearning for the lost one, even grateful for the news which relieved suspense, though it crushed the last hope.

The remainder of the afternoon and evening I pursued my task, till weary eyes and aching head compelled me to pause for rest.

Monday Morning, Jan. 5th.—We were called up early in the morning by the arrival of a surgeon in charge of forty ambulances for the purpose of removing all the transportable wounded to Nashville. For several hours all was bustle and confusion while these mutilated men were being prepared for their long and painful ride. That morning I had another conversation with the young man mentioned in a previous letter. He seemed still waiting to better himself before coming to Christ. I shall never forget his earnest look as I repeated to him the verse commencing, "Just as I am, without one plea." He said he had never seen the subject in that light before—and I hoped that the *true light* had shined into his soul. I found a fragment of a soldier's hymn-book lying near, and on examination found that

it contained the whole of that beautiful hymn. This I placed in his hands just before he was lifted into the ambulance. I have not seen him since.

When Mr. Harding removed his family from the plantation, just before the battle, he took his negroes, numbering about fifty, leaving two or three to preserve what they could. The negroes were quite shrewd, and took care not to commit themselves except where it was safe to do so—but none could doubt for a moment their hearty sympathy. One of them using in my hearing the expression, “our army,” “I pray which is your army?” said I. “Oh, de Norf,” said he, “we’s all for de Norf.” To show their spirit I cannot, perhaps, do better than give you a conversation which Dr. Pierce overheard. He entered the cabin known among the black people of the place as “Aunt Car’line’s house,” and among us as Ward No. 5. He found an interesting and exciting colloquy in progress which had been started by Tom, a wild, rollicking boy of about twelve years, with important orders. He said he was stopped at Murfreesboro, as he was coming back from the other plantation, where the servants of Mr. Harding had been sent for safety, by the order of Col. Somebody, who had detained all the rest of the company and sent him for those who were at the old place.

“La me,” said Aunt Car’line, “I never was in sich botheration in all my life. I’s been brought up in sich a kinder guv’nment dat I hates to be gwine off till I’s seed all de parties. Now ef I could only jes’ see ole Missus, and she was agreeable, I’d go quick enough. To tell de truf, I dun know what to do.”

“Well,” says Tom, “dem’s de orders. De Kurnel sent me up to tell you’ns to come down to town; dat you wer’nt to work any more for ole Massa Harding, ’case he’s secesh.”

“O la! what shall I do? What will become of ole Missus? her as I used to nurse—if she was only agreeable. I tell you

I'se not dat kind of pusson dat runs away from her ole missus." "Look'e here," says an old man, the husband of Caroline, a patriarch among the darkies, and, by the way, the intellectual head of the Harding family. "Look'e here; don't ye see we's prisoners of war? We must do what dem tells us as took us prisoners. Yesterday all round here was dese Rebels; now ebery one has 'treated, and de Union soldiers, God bress dem, has come on, and we's in de hands ob de Union—we's prisoners ob war. Now don't you see we wont run away from Massa Harding, but we only obeys de orders ob dem as took us prisoners. I told ole Massa long time ago dat he better be on de side ob de Union, dat God would bress de Union yet; but he only git mad, and cuss, and say de Souf will whip every time. You see ole Massa wants to be allers on de side dat whips. Dat's de kind ob man he is."

"Oh, oh," said Caroline, "I'se nebber in sich trouble in all de born days ob my life. I'se completely flustrated. I don't like to leave ole missus, I don't."

"Do you think you're gwine to stay here when you get your orders, and de whole army what made de rebels skedaddle close by to force de orders? 'Pears to me you han't got good sense to-day, Car'line."

"Well, 'pears to me I don't know nothin' at all. I never seed sich times afore. I allers said I'd stay with missus while I last, but 'pears like I must go now." • And the old couple proceeded to gather up their earthly goods to leave. If this should ever meet the eye of the white Mr. Harding he has my testimony that his negroes did not run away.

During the forenoon Gen. Sheridan called, making inquiries for the body of the lamented Sill. By his orders a detachment of the 36th, under command of Captain, now Major, Sherman, of

Elgin, was sent to bury the dead of our regiment. It was a mournful sight. One portion was engaged in digging a huge trench at the edge of the woods and close to where the struggle was so desperate on the 31st—another in gathering the bodies together and arranging them side by side according to their companies, just as they had stood in the ranks—while another was engaged in carving the name, &c. of each on a head-board, that the body might be identified, and the Captain kept a record of each burial, with any particulars requiring mention. Next to the patient endurance of the wounded, there was nothing more touching than to see the tender care with which these men performed the last rites for their fallen comrades. When all was done, and a fence had enclosed the long grave in which forty-one had been laid to rest, the men were drawn up in line, and in a few words I referred to the sorrows of the week and the heavy affliction which had fallen upon us. I thought I had felt for the soldier before, but it was at that moment *I knew a soldier's heart*. I tried to turn their minds to Christ as to him who alone could comfort and make things work together for our good. We then called upon God in prayer, asking him that our sorrows might not be unsanctified; that he would graciously comfort the wounded, sustain the loved ones at home amid their anxious suspense and when the news of bereavement should reach them; and that there might be few such struggles between us and the ultimate deliverance of our sorrowing land.

We turned away, but the memory of that hour and spot can never be effaced. Often afterward, when the regiment had been exposed to rain and storm, and hour after hour passed and still they failed to come, I found myself unconsciously rising and peering into the darkness, and I asked whence came this strange interest in these men? Immediately the vision

of that long lone grave would rise before me, and I felt it was born there. And while I mused there seemed to rise from those many silent lips, a low, sad wail, which in a moment was caught up from a thousand cots of pain, and then echoed back from ten thousand desolate hearth-stones, and it said, (what I heard when wading through the mud at Triune) "Oh, my country, how much do I suffer for thee!"

And when the day shall come, *for come it will*, that the tree of liberty, more firmly rooted for this fearful hurricane, shall embrace this continent with its giant arms, and our posterity, reposing safely beneath its grateful shade, shall ask whose blood and agonies purchased for them this fair inheritance, then, among the thousands of others, shall they be pointed to that grave, where, side by side, hard by the spot on which they fought and fell, sleep the patriot martyrs of the 36TH ILLINOIS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BATTLE OF STONE RIVER CONTINUED.



HAT we may have a full account of all the movements of the Regiment during these eventful days, I will present extracts from the official reports, supplemented by such incidents and comments as the journals of officers and men afford.

CAPT. P. C. OLSON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS 36TH ILL. VOLS.,
JANUARY 9, 1863. }

The 36th Illinois Regiment, Col. N. Greusel commanding, was called into line at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, Dec. 30th, 1862, and stood under arms until daylight, to the left of the Wilkinson pike, our right resting upon it, five miles from Murfreesboro. At 9 o'clock A. M. we moved forward to Murfreesboro. Two companies were deployed as skirmishers to the right of the road and were soon engaged with the enemy's skirmishers. When two miles from Murfreesboro, the regiment was deployed in the cornfield to the right of the pike, and two companies were sent forward as skirmishers, as ordered by Gen. Sill. The regiment lay in line in this field until two o'clock P. M., at which time the whole line was ordered to advance. The skirmishers kept up a sharp fire—the enemy's line retreating and ours

advancing. We drove the enemy through the timber and across the cotton-field, a low, narrow strip, stretching to the right, into the timber. A Rebel battery, directly in front of the 36th, opened a heavy fire upon us. Our skirmishers advanced to the foot of the hill near the cotton-field, and here kept up a well-directed fire. We were ordered to support Capt. Bush's Battery, which was brought into position in the point of timber where our right rested, and opened fire with terrible effect upon the enemy. We remained as a support until nearly dark, when Capt. Bush went to the rear, the enemy's battery, or rather its disabled fragments, having been dragged from the field. In this day's engagement, the regiment lost three killed and fifteen wounded; total, eighteen. We occupied the hill during the night, and our skirmishers were in line at the edge of the cotton-field.

On the morning of Dec. 31st, soon after daylight, the enemy advanced in strong force from the timber beyond the cotton-field, opposite our right. They came diagonally across the field, and upon reaching the foot of the hill made a left half-wheel, coming up directly in front of us. When the enemy had advanced up the hill sufficiently to be in sight, Col. Greusel ordered the regiment to fire, which was promptly obeyed. We engaged the enemy at short range, the lines being not over ten rods apart. After a few rounds, the regiment supporting us on the right gave way. In this manner we fought for nearly half an hour, when Col. Greusel ordered the regiment to charge. The enemy fled in great confusion across the cotton-field, into the woods opposite our left, leaving many of their dead and wounded upon the field. We poured a destructive fire upon them as they retreated, until they were beyond range.

The 36th again took position upon the hill, and the support for our right came forward. At this time Gen. Sill was killed and Col. Greusel took command of the brigade. A fresh brigade of the enemy advanced from the direction that the first had come, and in splendid order. We opened fire on them with terrific effect. Again the regiment on our right gave way, and we were

again left without support. In this condition we fought until our ammunition was exhausted and the enemy had entirely flanked us on our right. At this juncture, Maj. Miller ordered the regiment to fall back. While retreating, Maj. Miller was wounded, and the command devolved on me. We moved back of the cornfield to the edge of the timber, a hundred rods to the right of the Wilkinson pike and two miles from Murfreesboro, at eight o'clock A. M. Here I met Gen. Sheridan and reported to him that the regiment was out of ammunition, and that I would be ready for action as soon as I could obtain it. We had suffered severely in resisting the attack of superior numbers. I had now only one hundred and forty men. The regiment fought with great obstinacy, and much is due Col. N. Greusel for his bravery in conducting the regiment before being called away. Adjutant Biddulph went to find the ammunition, but did not succeed. I then informed Quartermaster Bouton that I needed cartridges, but he failed to find any, except size fifty-eight, the calibre of most of the arms being sixty-nine. I was ordered by Maj-Gen. McCook to fall back to the rear of Gen. Crittenden's corps. I arrived here about ten o'clock A. M.. I here obtained ammunition, and despatched the Adjutant to report to Col. Greusel the condition and whereabouts of the regiment. He returned without seeing the Colonel. Lieut. Watkins soon rode up and volunteered to take a message to Col. Greusel or Gen. Sheridan. He also returned without finding either officer. I now went in search of Gen. Sheridan myself; found him at twelve o'clock, and reported to him the regiment (what there was left of it) ready to move to the front. He ordered that I should hold the regiment in readiness and await his commands.

At two o'clock P. M. I received orders from Gen. Sheridan to advance to the front to the left of the railroad, and connect my command temporarily with Col. Leibold's brigade. We were here subject to a very severe artillery fire. A twelve-pound shell struck in the right of the regiment, and killed Lieut. Loren A. Olson (a brave and faithful officer, commanding Company F), Corp. Riggs, and wounding three others. At dark we were

moved by Lieut. Denning one-quarter of a mile to the rear, where we remained for the night. At three o'clock in the morning of the first of January, 1863, by order of Gen. Sheridan, we marched to his head-quarters on the Nashville pike, a distance of half a mile, where at daylight I reported to Col. Greusel. As ordered by him, we took position to the right of Capt. Bush's battery, fronting west. We built a barricade of logs and stone, and remained through the day ready to receive the enemy, but no attack was made. On the morning of the 2nd, the regiment was in line at four o'clock; stood under arms until daylight. We remained ready for action through the day until four o'clock P. M., when, by order of Col. Greusel, we moved to the right on the line formerly occupied by Gen. Davis. During the night considerable skirmishing occurred on our front. On the morning of the 3rd inst., the regiment stood under arms from four o'clock until daylight. At eight o'clock A. M., by order of Col. Greusel, we changed position to the right and somewhat to the rear, letting our right rest upon the Nashville pike. On the morning of the 4th we were under arms at four o'clock. No fighting occurred on our part of the line during the day. In the action throughout, the regiment behaved in the most gallant manner. The officers, with only a single exception, distinguished themselves for bravery and coolness. The men with unflinching courage were always ready, and met the enemy with a determination to conquer. I tender my thanks to Adj. Biddulph for the gallant and efficient manner in which he assisted me, and also to the other officers for their gallant action throughout the strong conflict, which resulted in victory. I append to this report a list of casualties.

PORTER C. OLSON,

Captain, Commanding 36th Illinois Vols.

The journals of the boys make special mention of the march back to Gen. Sheridan's head-quarters on the Nashville pike at three o'clock A. M., January 1st, and no wonder, for they were hungry as well as exhausted, and were allowed to help themselves to rations, which they were not slow to do. Behind the barricades, mentioned by Capt. Olson in his report, one-half the men

sat up during the nights of January 1st and 2nd, while the others slept, thus securing themselves against a surprise. On the 2nd, while holding their position all day, heavy firing continued along the lines till afternoon, when the enemy was drawn into a general engagement, which continued with terrible fury till dark. "We lay," says one, "with our muskets in our hands, breathlessly listening to every change in the battle, every moment expecting it would begin with us. Now could be heard the cheers of our gallant boys as some advantage was gained, then the loud yell of the enemy. At last a long, loud cheer broke from our lines as the firing grew distant, and we had gained the battle." It is to this engagement on our left reference is made in my journal, and of it Gen. Rosecrans says in his report: "The firing was terrific, and the havoc terrible. The enemy retreated more rapidly than they had advanced. In forty minutes they lost two thousand men."

The hospital steward, J. C. Denison, gives a lively picture of the stampede through the Cedar Swamps, the remembrance of which will never be effaced from the mind of any one who saw it. He says of Dec. 31st: "The fighting commenced very heavy, and soon Johnson's whole brigade was running, and a greater stampede I never saw. We all ran through a large cedar swamp, over stones, across the railroad, through fields, the secesh throwing shells right among us. They got so near that they took teams all around us, but George Woods and our team got away." Soon he adds: "The ambulance drivers got up another big scare and ran off and left us." The day after he says: "Very soon the cannon commenced to boom and the drivers mounted in hot haste and started again, but soon we got them back."

J. L. Dryden, of Company C, says: "At the opening of the battle on Wednesday morning, Dec. 31st, I fired one shot

while lying down behind our little breast-work of cedar rails, but not liking the situation as far as loading was concerned, I rose up and remained standing during the battle. With the second shot I received a buck shot in my right arm, (which remains there yet) and which felt at the time more like the prick of a pin than anything else. This kept me off duty for about one week. At the time the second charge was made, when our forces on our right had given way, the old regiment fell back one at a time, until when I started for the rear there was not a man of our regiment on my right, and the Johnnies were rapidly forming a 'bull pen' around us. 'Thinks I to myself,' Old Broadhorns is a goner sure. I started for the rear, dragging my old musket in my right hand, and some man, I never knew who, ran along beside me for quite a distance, when all at once a musket ball struck him in the back of the head, coming out of his nose, throwing him face up right in front of me, and his dying groan I never can forget. I found my way to the hospital wagon, had my pin-hole wound dressed, and returned to the company next day, but had no more fighting that time."

Among the bravest of the brave should be mentioned Sergt. O. Smith, of Company E, whose gallantry was so conspicuous as to win the special commendation of his officers, and after the battle he was promoted to the 2nd Lieutenancy of his Company.

There were well authenticated cases of soldiers prophesying their own death. Such an one occurred in this battle. Samuel Young, Company D, before the engagement of the 31st Dec., said to his comrades, "I have passed through two battles, but this is my last," shook hands and bade "good-bye" to nearly all his Company. His premonition proved true, for after the fight his comrades, some of whom had ridiculed his prophecy, found his body, face to the enemy, and as there was nothing terrible

depicted on his countenance, it was felt that Sam was ready to meet death as he had been ever ready to meet the enemies of his country.

Charles J. Miner, of Company K, had an enormous Roman nose, which won for him the name of "Nosey." This prominent organ was the source of much fun, and his companions declared that if ever he was shot, his nose, which overshadowed his face, would be the object hit; and sure enough, at this battle he was shot through his nose. The damage disfigured him more than ever until the wound was healed, when it was found that the quantity of nose shot away materially improved his looks, so that the name "Nosey" was afterward dropped.

All spoke enthusiastically of the hopeful courage of Gen. Rosecrans, who seemed to be everywhere. He visited our lines during the night, showed the men how to rear up rails against their breastworks of logs and stones, and, while firing between the rails, have their own heads well protected from attack.

Gen. Rosecrans says in his report, "Col. Greusel, 36th Ill. Vols., and Col. Bradley, 51st Ill. Vols. are especially commended for skill and courage."

Gen. Sheridan's report says of Col. Greusel and other officers who took charge of brigades at the death of their commanders: "These officers behaved gallantly throughout the day." Gen. S. also adds: "I refer with pride to the splendid conduct, bravery and efficiency of the following regimental commanders, and the officers and men of their respective commands: Maj. Silas Miller, 36th Ill.; wounded and a prisoner. Capt. P. C. Olson, 36th Ill., Company B Cavalry." Capt. Sherer's command was on duty at Gen. Davis' headquarters, and of them Gen. D. says in his report: "The enemy's pickets were discovered by my cavalry

escort—composed of Company B, 36th Illinois Vols., under command of Capt. Sherer—within a few miles of our camp. This small squad of cavalry being the only mounted force under my command, I ordered them to the front, with instructions to drive in the enemy's pickets, and to attack him on his flanks at every opportunity. So effectually was this done that the infantry and artillery were enabled to move with little interruption to within a mile of Nolensville. By this time I had learned from reliable information, through citizens, as well as cavalry scouts, that the enemy occupied the town in some force, both of cavalry and artillery."

Col. Carlin, commanding 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, reports : "Of my orderlies, Private Pease, Company B, 36th Illinois Vols., had his horse shot under him while carrying my orders. Private Knox, same company, also had his horse shot under him, and while endeavoring to procure another horse for me, was wounded by a grape shot, and again by a minnie ball."

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

OFFICERS KILLED.

2nd Lieut. Loren P. Olson, Company F.

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Major Silas Miller, 1st Lieut. S. H. Wakeman, Company A ; Capt. B. F. Campbell, Company B ; Capt. Albert Hobbs, Company E ; Lieut. G. W. Mossman, Company F ; Capt. O. B. Merrill, Company I ; 1st Lieut. John F. Elliott, Company K.

OFFICERS MISSING.

2nd Lieut. Myron Smith, Company H.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS KILLED.

Corp. Thomas Fenner, Company A ; Sergt. David McClorg, Company B ; Sergt. Alexander Stickler and Corp. William C. Benedict, Company D ; Sergt. Michael Boomer and Corp. Alfred Riggs, Company F ; Corps. Wm. Hutchings, Orlando W. Nash and Alvin S. Bunker, Company H ; Corp. Asaph Adams, Company K.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Sergt. Alexander Robinson and Corporal Benjamin D. Rowland, Company A; Corporals Henry B. Latham and Wm. F. Blakeslee, Company B; Corp. John C. Taylor, Company D; 1st Sergt. O. Smith, Sergt. L. F. Hemenway, Corps. D. Darnell and D. Burnside, Company E; Sergts. S. L. Smith and Wm. Eybond, and Corp. Wm. Mossman, Company F; 1st Sergt. H. N. Crittenden, and Sergts. Nelson B. Sherwood, J. C. Wolfe and D. Hartman, Company H; Sergt. T. Folsom and Corp. Frank Weeks, Company K.

LIST OF THE MISSING.

Sergt. D. Smith, Company I.

PRIVATEES KILLED.

Henry Clayton, Thomas Staunton, Frederick H. Burmaster, Moses F. Gibbs and George M. Johnson, Company A; Frank Thompson, Company B; Joseph Baxter, James Elder, Daniel H. Buchanan and Wm. F. Arthurs, Company C; James Thorp and Samuel Young, Company D; Benjamin Sayers, Nicholas Meehan, Augustus Kastin, William Burgess and James Baird, Company E; James Foster, Cornelius Seward, Richard H. Spaulding, Charles Wangler and Augustus Vanorden, Company F; Zalman F. Hulse, Henry D. Norton and David Vandorsten, Company G; Robert Archibald, Washington M. Floyd, William H. Jones and Lorenzo D. Keyes, Company H; Leander Ellis, Company I; George Lenheart, George Monroe, George Pollock and George Hall, Company K.

PRIVATEES WOUNDED.

Alexander C. Lind, Leroy Salisbury, Cyrus F. Dean, John W. Aldrich, Charles A. Brown, Freeman S. Dunkle, John Flood, Alexander F. Henderson, John A. Hewitt, David Munro, Merrill H. Sabin, Charles L. Themur, Milton S. Townsend and John A. White, Company A; Omery D. Haseltine, Henry Alcott, Vanwyck Race, John Ott, Adam Reitz, William Vanohlen, James Campbell and Thomas McConnell, Company B; Robert J. Colwell, James L. Dryden, Albert O. Eckleston, John B. Edgar, Thomas B. Gormley, William Hartsell, Ferdinand Hercher, Warren Kintsee, Ethan Keck, Francis McClanahan, Walter Reeder, John Shook, James H. Smith, Abraham Steward and Joseph Young, Company C; O. H. Thompson, Joseph A. Smith, Harvey Kimball, Henry F. Burch, Lynder K. Banister, Thomas Welch, Samuel Tucker, Nelson Eckerson, O. N. Johnson, O. W. Oleson and Lewis R. Seymour, Company D; Frederick Beir, Alfred Bullard, James Brown, Charles C. Doane, Charles W. Doty, Aaron Darnell, Uriah Foster, Oscar Howe, Henry Haigh, James Harral, William Hunter, James S. Hatch, Gilbert Ketcham, Elisha E. Lloyd, George W. Lanigan, Henry Mullen, James E. Moss, George E. Merrill, Cyrus Perry, Walter S. Ralston, Charles H.


Scofield and Joel Wagner, Company E; William Curtis, Stephen Cummings, Edwin Dopp, William A. Haggett, John Jordan, Anton Myer, Lewis Oleson, Alfred Tomlin, Albert H. Wulff and William Thompson, Company F; William Goold, Robert B. Horrie, Daniel Kennedy, Peter Bradt, William Chamberlain, Joseph Hebert, Robert Jordan, George W. Moody, Wilbur Roseman, William F. Severans, Peter Buchanan, Frank Small and Milton G. Yarnell, Company G; Charles Crawford, Jackson Conroe, Jerome Ford, John Sackett, David D. Warwick, Myron Harris and Munroe Throop, Company H; Frederick Witzkey, William Varner, John Roth and Anton Miller, Company I; John Gordon, Eldridge Adams, Frederick Hazelhurst, Sydney Wauzen, Henry Buten, Charles Miner, Owen Wood, Henry Hogue, Lemuel Grundy, John Peterson, Paul VanWicklin, Eugene Albso, Harlem Sanders and Lucien Button, Company K.

PRIVATEs MISSING.

Isaac N. Miner, Edwin H. Robinson, Albert Shan, John F. Scott, Company A; Elnathan Weeden, Adam Campbell, Jacob Winn, Carl Eckhart, Joel Wilder, Company B; Frank Henning, Oliver Edmond, Company D; William Woolenwiber, Company E; Canute Phillips, Company F; Jesse Brown, Company G; Robert Kee, Company H; D. M. Carry, Company I; Allen Bursse, Edward Reader, Joseph Leurman, George Gates, Company K.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRISON LIFE IN THE SOUTH—COL. MILLER'S STORY.



NOW come to that portion of my experience which is not interesting to me, but is perhaps to you. Immediately after my capture I was offered a parole. I remarked, I did not believe it would be recognized by Gen. Rosecrans. In holding me, I proposed there should be some one held in my place, and there was, until a week ago last Tuesday. We were hurried immediately, as fast as we could walk, to Murfreesboro, where we found from one to three thousand men from Johnson's Division and some from Davis', cooped up in a yard in that place. We were put in the upper room of a very handsome house, of course, and when their lines began to fall back, they hurried us off to Chattanooga, and from thence to Atlanta, arriving at that place on the 21st of January. On that day Jeff. said he should exchange no more prisoners, but was going to try them all for negro stealing, the penalty for that offence being death.

At Atlanta, during the first two months we were no better treated than I supposed we should be. Your treatment as a prisoner of war in the Southern Confederacy will depend much into whose hands you fall. As a whole, I did not complain, for I fared as well as other officers did, yet never as hard in the Federal lines.

I do verily believe that if our army was fed as bad, fifty per cent of them would desert, officers and all.

Prison life is a very different thing from what you may anticipate. It is not very pleasant to be there and know you can't get outside ; to know there is a bayonet and musket pointed at you if you try to get by. At the same time, there is no place in life where I could not enjoy myself to some extent, and I enjoyed myself there. There was a jolly set of boys there, from Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, &c., and they were all good company. What time we could not use up playing cards, sledge, euchre, &c., was spent in reading light literature. Our rations consisted of all we wanted to eat of cornmeal, mixed with water, thrown by not a very clean negro into a pan and baked, and venerable beef—beef that ought to exact reverence from any man who looked at it.

Ladies and gentlemen, if you ever go where there are prisoners of war, go with a civil tongue in your head. If you cannot go to see prisoners without offering an insult, let them alone. It is mean—yes, it is downright cowardice to insult a man when he is in your power. Rebels were very liable to get into discussions with us. Rebel newspapers are the most consummate set of liars to be found anywhere. The press of the South have done more to deceive the people than anything else in the whole South. Their ardor does not consist so much in their patriotism, a love of their cause based upon truths they know, as the knowledge they have is from the lies of Rebel newspapers. I know they lied some, because they said we could not sing, which was not so. During my incarceration I never was interrogated but once with regard to my political feelings. A man asked me what I was in the army for. I told him I would not argue with him, because it would make him none the better. He said he did not believe I knew what I was fighting for ; that we were all misguided, were all abolitionists, and all we went into the war for was the nigger ; that we would all soon get sick of it, and get out ; the South was not going to give up till we drove them to the last ditch. The guard gave me permission to say what I was

a mind to. I asked him about the origin of this rebellion; if there was anything honorable, honest or consistent in the members of the United States Senate from the Southern States swearing upon the Bible to support the Constitution of the United States, when they were secretly plotting to break up this glorious Union, thus swearing to a lie? that they were malicious perjurers. I asked him if they could succeed and exist in such a cause, cradled and swathed in crime, and kept in existence by the worst form of slavery, by the most diabolical measures; that my platform was annihilation and re-population of the Southern Confederacy.

That is my platform still! and if it costs the life of your son, the life of my brother, my life, and a million of other lives, what is that compared with the support and preservation of this government?

We remained at Atlanta till the majority were taken to Richmond. All supposed we were to be exchanged. We got our blankets packed up, and felt very happy, but the man came and said he guessed some of these fellows were going to remain, because Gen. Rosecrans had got some of their legislature men in Louisville, and till they were released we were to suffer the same penalty inflicted on them; if they were shot, we were to be shot. This was very pleasant after thinking you were to be free. We hostages were left in the best prison, the others went to the Libby prison. After this time our treatment in Atlanta was excellent, our guard being one of the very best in existence. The first party went to Richmond by way of Augusta, and we went by way of Knoxville and Lynchburg.

There is a great deal of loyalty in East Tennessee. In Knoxville, officers were offered any amount of money they wished. There was upwards of four thousand dollars offered to the officers if they would only accept it. For natural beauty it is next to Kentucky and the Fox River Valley. In Richmond, our old friends, except a few, were still remaining, but many officers were in Libby prison. In the New York *Herald* there was published a full description of the prisoners and their position.

The first thing you would hear in the morning was a big negro, hollering "great news;" but he would not sell any of his papers till all were awake. The price was very reasonable. One-half sheet seven columns, and price only fifteen cents apiece. The next thing after reading the papers, was to find out when your turn came to cook. Sometimes we had a chance to cook twice, and sometimes but once. If you had the first chance, you might cook twice; if not, you ate just as little bread as you could get along with, and hung off till dinner time. Our rations in Libby prison were not anything to brag of. The meat was not much worse than we had while in Atlanta—a little older and somewhat more venerable. We could not get very near it until it had been boiled in two or three waters. Some of it had been pickled in the same brine that had been used for pickling oysters, and all that you would have to do to distribute it around, was to take off its shackles and order it to go, which it could do without further assistance. With this beef we had a one-half pound loaf of hard bread, and I have seen the time I could eat the day's rations at one meal very comfortably.

Bread was worth \$2.25; butter, \$2.50, and molasses could be bought at from \$13.00 to \$16.00 per gallon. We used to have pretty high living when we had plenty of money.

The most amusing occupation we had, was what we called skirmishing. A class of individuals were disposed to dispute our sovereignty to a certain portion of our property. Our blankets were of a curious nature. I don't know how many men had died in them; I don't know where they came from; but I do know they had a great many inhabitants in them. Mine had, and it was absolutely impossible to rid them of their tenants. You might sit and search your clothes; the floor on which you slept; might look at your blankets; boil them in hot water, and you could not expect to exterminate the heavy division called "Grey Backs," which came down upon us like an avalanche every night. One of our principal sources of amusement in Libby prison, was punishing these fellows. Sleeping on the floor is very nearly as good as sleeping on the ground; but not quite, because you could

make a hole in the ground. We used to sing there, very considerably, "Old John Brown," &c., and by this means passed away many a happy hour. We were in Richmond till a week ago Tuesday. A week ago last Sunday, the doctor conveyed the idea that we were going to be carried to City Point. If you ever saw a panic anywhere; if you ever saw men concerned about their property and negroes; if ever men were in a panic, they were when Stoneman's cavalry neared the city. I believe fifteen hundred cavalymen could have gone into that city—burned all the government stores, cars and transportation, which, by the way, is one of their very greatest supports. No train was permitted to run more than ten miles an hour, and when you destroy a full train of cars, you do them more damage than if you destroy a whole brigade of infantry. The following Tuesday morning we were taken to City Point, where we saw a flag-of-truce boat, and for the first time in four months we saw the American flag. When you come out from under the tyrannical power of the S. C., and compare it with the control under which you now live, you will then know what relief is.

The order and system that exists in Fortress Monroe, compared with that of City Point, presented a most glowing contrast. I don't see how any man who has ordinary observation, judging from what he can see, can have any sympathy whatever for the Southern Confederacy. I don't see how any man here can possibly grumble at the deprivation of his liberties under the Government, at the enormous taxes, duties, &c. Nothing makes me so completely exasperated as to hear a man complain of the right to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, when in the Southern Confederacy it has been suspended without any right. All you have to do there is to be suspicioned, and that is enough to throw you into prison. I have seen gangs of from forty to sixty, with iron bracelets on each hand, marching into prison, to remain—not till they take the oath of allegiance, but till they volunteer to go into the Confederate army, or stay till the war is over—one or the other they have to do.

CAPT. MERRILL'S STORY.

We, Col. Silas Miller, Capt. Albert Hobbs, Capt. O. B. Merrill, Capt. Frank Campbell, Capt. Wakeman and Lieut. Smith, prisoners taken at Stone River on the last day of December, 1862, after a stay of three weeks at Atlanta, arrived at Libby *via* Augusta, Ga.; Sumpter, S. C.; Wilmington, N. C. Our advent, in company with many other officers of other regiments at the old tobacco mansion, was the signal for great rejoicing on the part of the denizens of Richmond, who came in large numbers to see how Western soldiers looked, they having never seen any such before. We were given quarters on the first floor, adjacent to the room of Major Turner, the commandant of the prison. The prison was about 60 by 30 feet, with a very good view, from the two back windows, of the James River, the cotton mills on its opposite bank, and the surrounding country. The view from the front was not so pleasant. Most of the time it was a home guard carrying a musket. The furniture was plain and substantial: one twelve-foot bench. Toward evening we were furnished with a blanket each, well lined with "grey-backs;" and wrapping the frisky drapery around us, we lay down to sleep, or dream, or scratch—our first night in Libby.

The morning came, dark, heavy and dreary, and upon every face were hidden glances of solicitude, of reflection. But the dreariness soon passed away in the presence of new duties and new scenes. There were twenty-two officers, all from the Western army, Brig. Gen. Willich, of Johnson's Division, among the number. At ten o'clock came the roll-caller (one Ross, who perished at the burning of the Spottswood House in '74), and then came rations for the day: two table-spoonsful of black beans, two of rice, six ounces of meat (generally mule), and three small slices of bread. With this was a dozen tin plates. This necessitated the dividing of the company into messes of twelve, and with the conviction that in union there is strength, we put the twelve rations together into one kettle, boiling to a soup. It was *soup, soup*, twice a day for five months, with but a few exceptions. It was also a lucky thing for the cooks that so many men

of different nationalities were fond of soup. About the commencement of the soup season we purchased an old stove for one hundred and sixty dollars, making an everyday detail from each mess of two as cooks, thus enabling us to cater to our appetites more fully by occasionally having—soup.

The prisoners were generally disconsolate for the first month, from the fact that we were continually reminded that an exchange was about to take place, but we soon learned that this was for effect, to keep the gathering force resigned. Then it was that some of the prisoners, whose home ties were strong, became disheartened and sick, resulting in their being taken to the hospital, which they rarely ever left except in a pine coffin. It was at such times that inducements were offered to enter the Confederate service, but we have no record of a single one accepting or even giving it a thought. The monotony and close confinement was beginning to tell upon us, and give signs in the gaunt faces, listless eyes and stupid utterances. But Gen. Willich, a thorough soldier, came to the rescue by organizing games of exercise, one of which was "Fox and Geese." This soon became the game of all others, which was practiced twice a day for four months, and to its highly entertaining qualities many were in debt for their rescue from gloomy thoughts, the hospital and death. Our "Fox and Geese" was similar to the old game, with the exception of which the Fox must hop from his corner on one leg, having a knotted handkerchief, and whoever received a blow must "git" to the goal, after having to run the gauntlet of all the geese who also had knotted handkerchiefs to help the victim along. There were some strong arms there, and some knots larger than others, and some officers who wore jackets and were possessed of rotund forms, not over active, and for such the running of the gauntlet had its terrors. New recruits were brought in almost every day, and this was our mode of initiation. It may seem to those not acquainted with the situation that there was folly in this, but in the absence of reading matter or any occupation whatever, it was the very best thing to do. At times the discipline around the prison was very severe. The guards on the James river side, on the slightest pretext shooting through the windows, but there was

no one hit, though there were some narrow escapes. The rim of Col. Miller's hat was perforated during one of their shooting scrapes.

The floor above us was used as a prison for Southern Union men, and through a hole in the floor, we opened a correspondence and an exchange bank.

Finding that a dollar of our money went no further than a dollar of Confederate when sent out by the guard for rice and tobacco, we were not long in finding out, too, that we could do better, the Union prisoners above offering four, five and six dollars for one of greenbacks, we always taking the highest bidder. A string was let down, the greenback tied on and hauled up and its price returned. About the first of April the small-pox appeared. As a "preventative," they smoked us twice a day. "Uncle John," a colored prisoner, appeared at such times with his camp-kettle half full of burning leather, crying out, "Good mornin', gentlemen; here's yer nice warm smoke." All "business" was immediately suspended. Weeping, sneezing, and feeling around for what was once a handkerchief, in the smudge of half an hour, was about all that was done. But there were many things said.

Our room was full, and, perhaps owing to the prevailing epidemic, a large number were removed to a room on the third floor, all officers being selected above and below the grade of captain, thus separating the 36th squad; leaving Capt. Hobbs, Capt. Waterman, Capt. Campbell and the writer below; Col. Miller and Lieut. Smith above—a change not all desirable.

About this time, Brig. Gen. Stoughton arrived, captured from the army of the Potomac, and taken at the same time was a Russian baron, a Captain of Lances in his country, taking "items" at the general's headquarters. He was assigned to our mess, and Capt. Campbell, who was cook for that day, conducted him to the table, placing before him a tin plate and a wooden spoon, asking, "Will you have some of the soup, sir?" He looked thin and hungry, but he said gracefully, "No, tank you; I haf never eat soup." This being the first and last "course," he fasted, we knowing full well the cause. For three days the Baron held out,

but hunger levels the best of us, and so it did him, for on the afternoon of the third day he left the table filled with disgust, but he was filled with soup, too. To say that he was shocked at the kind and manner of dispensing rations, was nothing compared to his unutterable disgust at finding, on examination, his garments covered with "graybacks." This completely knocked the dignity out of him, but being a very sensible baron, he finally laughed the thing off by saying that when he got back to Russia he "would hav a good long shoke on ze boys." He remained with us about six weeks, when he was exchanged through the Russian Minister, and on his arrival at Washington, wrote for the press a very faithful account of our trials, which was copied in the *Richmond Examiner*, we, through our "warm smoke" man, obtaining a copy.

Commissioner Ould came in about the first of May, informing us that there seemed no hopes of an exchange, and that our Government had sent us clothes—pants, shirts and blouses. We needed the clothes. Being without needles and thread, some of the company would have made a very distressing appearance in any garden.

The goods were brought in—a box containing about twenty-five suits, for three hundred officers. "More were sent, but they were captured (?) by the Confederates," said the Commissioner. Our 36th squad of four, in the lower room, received one shirt, which we wore by detail, two days on and six days off. The duty in this case was light. One blessing we had, and that was water—plenty of it, and good. We had, too, some very fine singers, and they fairly inoculated the walls of that prison with our national and patriotic melodies. So touching were they to the ears of the guards at times, that they often came in to listen—always giving an order on such occasions. Of the many officers together and constantly arriving, but one feeling actuated them—that of liberty to again take the field. The best of harmony prevailed throughout the whole time of imprisonment.

Near the first of June, at midnight, guards appeared with lights, the Adjutant commanding us to prepare for immediate

departure from the prison. In silence—a silence that was almost mournful—each one proceeded to obey the command, for all thoughts were busy at the unexpected relief and the future. All filed out into the street, where we remained for half an hour, then were ordered back into the prison, as “some little difficulty with the enemy had interrupted communications,” said the Adjutant. The “little difficulty” proved to be a cavalry raid, in which our troops got within eight miles of Richmond, so we learned from a wounded officer brought in the next morning. All took the matter of returning coolly, feeling assured that release would soon come.

And so it did. On the third of June, again at midnight, we were marched out and to the depot, took the cars for City Point; arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon, boarded the steamer “State of Main,” and were under the old flag. Without bustle or confusion she steamed from the dock, and when our captors were no longer in sight, as if an unseen hand had touched the magnet, there broke from those four hundred and fifty throats in song, “The Star Spangled Banner.” The silence was broken, and the five months of captivity ended.

Of the six prisoners of the 36th at Libby at that time, but two are living, Lieut. Col. Frank Campbell and the writer. Capt. Wakeman and Lieut. Smith were killed at Chicamauga, Col. Miller at Kenesaw Mountain, Capt. Hobbs died about two years ago from a wound received at Chicamauga. A great many incidents relating to the imprisonment may have passed from my memory during the past thirteen years, but the main features are as fresh to-day as then, and I hope they may remain so in time to come.

CHAPTER XXV.

MURFREESBORO.



AFTER the battle, the army was disposed to the south of Murfreesboro, in such a way as to defend the different approaches to the town. Our brigade was stationed on the banks of Stone river, about three miles south of town, on the Shelbyville Pike. The encampment was named "Camp Bradley," in compliment to Col. Bradley, Commander 3rd Brigade. Some one has said that the worst thing next to a defeat is a victory; and certain it is that a great battle, even if it results in victory and holding the objective point, brings terrible exhaustion and disorder. Men and officers are literally worn out, and life for a time seems a burden, while the gaps which death and wounds have made in the ranks of both officers and men, not only weaken very materially the force of the army, but necessitate such changes as for a time throw business into almost inextricable confusion and perplexity. The wounded must be cared for, the dead buried, the promotions and changes necessary to carry on army life must be made; then reports, company, regimental, brigade, division and corps, must be made out, and every care taken to secure the property and pay of every wounded and dead

man, and whoever is familiar with the minute details connected with army reports, knows that this is a stupendous task. Yet all the routine of military life must go on. The enemy must be watched, the army clothed and fed, defences thrown up, and everything done to make past success secure and prepare for further efforts.

Everything that could be was done at once for the care of the wounded. As early as Monday morning after the battle, a train of ambulances took to Nashville a large number that could be moved, and on the following Thursday, Dr. Pierce and I accompanied another train from our division. It was long after night when we arrived, and as we went around from church to church, and from building to building, all occupied as hospitals, it seemed for a time as though we should scarcely be able to dispose of our suffering charge. And indeed it was not until after midnight that we secured a resting place for our last man, and could ourselves lie down and sleep.

The next day we spent in visiting the wounded of our immediate acquaintance, many of whom could not contain their joy at seeing some one from the regiment. The severely wounded who could not bear so long a journey were brought into the Court House and the private houses of Murfreesboro. Surgeons were detailed to care for them, and everything possible for their comfort and recovery was done. The wounded of the 36th who thus remained were cared for incessantly, not only by our own surgeons, Young and Pierce, but by the officers and men of their own companies, and it was particularly touching to see the tender interest which the men felt in their suffering comrades. They would send their gifts by me as I started to visit them, and on my return to camp I was plied with every enquiry as to their condition and prospects. But for many of them there was no

hope, and one after another, after exhibiting a patience and hopefulness truly heroic, succumbed to their fate, and quite a number whose names appear in the list as wounded, were soon counted among the dead.

Among all the feelings which characterize a soldier, none is more worthy of notice than the solicitude with which he waits to learn how the news of his deeds is received at home. The Army of the Cumberland was conscious of having achieved a great victory, and it waited to learn what the country, and especially the loved ones at home thought of it. For awhile communication was broken and uncertain, but at last there came pouring into camp, bushels of letters and papers, filled with praises and congratulations. No language seemed too strong to express the pride and joy of the people.

It was found, too, that we had been fighting a double battle and had won a double victory. The sympathizers with the South in some of the Northern States, and especially in Illinois, emboldened by the delays and the recent disasters in the army of the Potomac, had determined on an attempt to embarrass and even change the administration in Springfield, and call home the Illinois troops. But the victory at Stone River, and especially the determined spirit of the army, checked their plans. They felt that the army was in earnest and would stand no trifling, and when, by and by, Gov. Yates prorogued the Legislature, even without any appropriations for carrying on the Government, the people felt relieved. All these events were discussed in camp with the intensest interest, and joined with the enthusiastic praises of all loyal hearted people, seemed to make some compensation for the sacrifices and agonies of the battle-field. But the friends at home were not contented with sending letters and congratulations—they sent delegations of citizens to visit us and, if possible,

to aid us. Though Gen. Rosecrans issued orders against civilians visiting the army, a few of the many who came down to Nashville succeeded in reaching the front. Among these were Messrs. Sherman, Rosecrans and Malloré, from Elgin; Dr. R. Hopkins, of Bristol, and a pastor, from Warren County. Some of these gentlemen and quite a party of officers, spent one whole day in exploring the battle-field, going over especially that part in which the 36th had been most engaged. We stood together on the spot where the deadly attack of the 31st was made, and listened to a description of its wild horrors from the lips of Major Sherman and others who were present, and read in the twisted and riven trees a silent confirmation of the terrible story.

We then passed through the Cedar Swamp and out near the Nashville road, where were remaining the very barricades which the regiment threw up in the first days of January. After riding fifteen or sixteen miles, we returned, weary and hungry, but more than ever impressed with the greatness and importance of the deadly struggle.

In January and February, although there were many bright, beautiful days as warm and genial as May, yet we were much tried by heavy rain storms, some of which ended in sleet and snow. Our encampment was very unfavorable for such weather, and many of the tents were flooded at one time or another, while the sound of the river was like the rumbling of the cars. The journals of the boys at this time were filled with accounts of these terrible inundations. "The rain ran into the tent so hard," says one, "that Fin and I had to get up on to some boxes to sleep. The water was six inches deep." The rain was no respecter of persons, for Dr. Young wrote: "Last night was a terrible night. Everything was afloat; our tent leaked badly; our bed was saturated. The water was from three to six inches deep all over our

tent. Our things swam about generally. I did not sleep much, I was too wet and cold. Got up after daylight and stood up on the bed to dress myself; then went down and waded out. The whole camp was overflowed and looked like a vast sea. We cast about and found a high piece of ground, and then took up our bed and walked. We soon moved our tent and commenced business on a new basis, from a higher standpoint in society and Tennessee. After awhile, we succeeded in getting our regular hard-bread, bacon and coffee for breakfast." At headquarters they only had two meals that day, owing to the storm. This unpleasant weather, when for several days we could not see the sun, was a time for feeling lonesome and homesick; but when the sun came out again, every one cheered up. We were comforted, too, with the knowledge that these floods would swell the Cumberland River, and thus vastly increase our facilities for supplying the army, which hitherto had depended on the single line of railroad and the wagon-train from Mitchellville. A good deal of extra duty also was performed through all this stormy time. Gen. Rosecrans ordered the building of extensive and elaborate fortifications to the north of Murfreesboro, designed not only to hold the point, but to be a vast storehouse of supplies, from which we might draw after we had advanced further south. These works were admirably constructed, so as to defend the approaches from every direction, and were supplied with bomb-proof magazines and a railroad track connecting the different sections and wings. On these works the regiment was sometimes detailed, and the different journals unite in mentioning one wet Sunday when they were so engaged.

Sometimes, also, the whole brigade was sent out on picket, and quite often something lively would occur on the front line, as on January 11th, when the outposts beyond our pickets were driven

in by the enemy, shortly after noon. The whole command was under arms for about three hours, when all became quiet. It proved to be a reconnoitering party and did not trouble our pickets. Sometimes the boys went out to guard a forage train, and their journals make glad mention of the supplies which the different messes obtained on these excursions, though they were dreadfully fatiguing. Not always, however, were they so safe, for Adjutant Biddulph writes, February 4th: "A forage train was attacked at noon and cannonading kept up all the afternoon. Re-inforcements were sent for, and one brigade and four pieces of artillery were started out from our division, to which they returned at dark. Some of the Union boys were killed and wounded during the skirmishing."

About this time a number of important changes took place which ought to be mentioned. Assistant Surgeon William P. Pierce, formerly Captain of Company F, received, January 16th, the appointment of Surgeon of the 88th Illinois Volunteers. This was a most worthy and creditable promotion. There was but one feeling throughout the regiment in regard to it, for Dr. P. was a universal favorite. From the time of my joining the regiment we had been almost uninterruptedly together, traveling night and day, enduring the hardships of the tent, the march and the battle, while our startling experience at Stone River had given us more than a common interest in each other. The Doctor was well read, a delightful and intelligent companion, while his professional skill was of a high order, and his devotion to the men most exemplary. His sunny face and ringing voice were welcome everywhere.

Alas, that there were some of whom this could not be said, but whom in the days of extremity it would have been a relief to boot out of the army. In looking over the diary of Dr. Young,

I find the following: "Dr. Pierce received the appointment of Surgeon in the 88th, and left us this afternoon. How lonesome I shall be without him. We have been together continually for the past year; have messed together, rode and slept together. I regretted to have him go. May success and happiness attend him in his new position."

Col. Greusel, who had continued in command of the brigade since the battle, felt constrained, from the state of his health, to tender his resignation, which was accepted February 9th. On the 15th he started for home, but before doing so the following farewell address was read to the brigade and regiment on dress parade:

CAMP SHERIDAN, SALEM, TENN., February 9th, 1863.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the 36th Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and to my Brigade:

FELLOW SOLDIERS:—I am about breaking the ties that for nearly two years have bound us together, having received an honorable discharge from the General commanding this Department, on account of my health, and will return to my family in Illinois. In parting with you, beloved soldiers, I feel as bad as you can possibly do, for we have gone through hardships together that will form many fireside entertainments in our after life, until the battle of this life is ended, and we join those brave men who fell by our side at Pea Ridge, Perrysville, Stone River, and those who fell by the wayside. Your bravery and courage in the face of the enemy have won for you a glorious renown, and the 36th Illinois will be looked upon as one of the bravest of the brave. I have led you into many a battle and I feel proud to say that not one of you have ever faltered or turned your face from the enemy. In parting with you I feel like a father parting from his family; and in looking back to Rolla, Mo., and seeing how you showed your love for your old man, by standing by me through that eventful trial, I shall always remember that it was your love that kept me at that time. This war is not yet ended, and I

fervently hope you will stand by the flag until our common enemy is subdued and humbled in the dust. Many of you may fall, but always remember, what would your homes be worth if you and your children should be the abject slaves of our country's foe? Younger men will lead you, and may God direct them to lead you not as some do, but as soldiers and brave men should be led. I have one thing more to say, and that is, not one of you has ever received or deserved any punishment at my hand. My aim was love to you all. Tyranny in a commanding officer is one of the greatest faults of some men. Show me a regiment of careless, shiftless soldiers, and I will show you a regiment commanded by a tyrant.

To you, my brigade, receive my hearty thanks for valor during battle, your kindness while in camp, and for the mode in which you have always obeyed every order, no matter if death stared you in the face and how many fell, in order to do your whole duty to your country. I am glad to say that I have not an enemy in the whole brigade. Our intercourse has been pleasant. Often when short of rations we suffered alike, and I have yet to see a complaint from one of you.

Now I bid you farewell, and may God soon bring this strife to a close and allow all of you to join your families at home.

N. GREUSEL.

Lieut. Col. Jenks was promoted from the Captaincy of Company A Cavalry, which was at the time in Mississippi. He immediately started for the regiment and took command January 29th. Col. Jenks was a man of excellent abilities, of fine taste and culture, a man whom to know was to esteem. But unfortunately he found himself in a position equally unpleasant for himself and the regiment.

It was felt that the two companies of cavalry being so distinct in organization and service, ought not to be reckoned in the line of promotion, but that the regimental officers should be taken from the regiment itself. This feeling was so intense that neither

kindness nor discipline could overcome it. At one time it seemed so high that it almost threatened mutiny, when Col. Jenks wisely resigned and returned to his profession, in which he has proved himself so successful. Capt. Olson again took command of the regiment. Near the same time Dr. Young, who had been attacked with a severe sickness—doubtless a premonition of the disease which finally ended his life—decided to resign also, and his papers returning in time, he left the regiment February 26th, in company with Lieut. Col. Jenks.

Dr. Young had been identified with the regiment from the first, and was enthusiastically attached to its name and history. He took a deep and personal interest in all its concerns, and contributed much to the hardy and healthy character of the men. He was the unmitigated foe of all shirks, and many a man who was really needing medical treatment, preferred to wait until the last moment before presenting himself among the “quinine brigade.” Without doubt, deserving cases were sometimes classed unjustly among the pretenders, but on the other hand it must be confessed that Surgeon Young had reason sometimes to keep wide awake. One of the boys relates the following, which accounts for what seemed to me at first a strange and disgusting practice, that of requiring the men who needed oil to take it from the bottle at the Surgeon’s quarters. Several members of Company G received some new boots from home, and knowing that castor oil was a good preserver of leather, they made repeated visits to the Doctor’s quarters for physic, always carrying the oil to their tents to take it (so they told the Doctor). Mistrusting that certain parties needed a good deal of oil for a common camp complaint, he finally found out they oiled their new boots at the expense of Uncle Sam. The Doctor ordered physic as usual to the next man who called for it, but when the victim begged the

liberty of carrying it to his quarters to take in coffee, the Doctor requested him to swallow the nauseous dose then and there. Being fairly caught he obeyed, but not needing any oil inwardly just then, the result was anything but satisfactory.

Dr. Young was in many respects a remarkable man ; his ability as a Surgeon was of a high order, and with him nothing seemed too much to do for his friends. I had one instance of such kindness which I valued much. A personal friend in another regiment, who had been sick, was taken into Murfreesboro and placed in the erysipelas hospital. It was some time before I could find him, and then he was in such a terrible condition by reason of sores, that the Surgeon in charge evidently thought there was no hope for him, and no use in bestowing any particular care on him. On mentioning the case to Dr. Young, he proposed going with me, which he did. We had a conversation with the Surgeon, who was quickened to bestow more effort on him. We continued to visit him, giving help in an unofficial way, until the Surgeon found it was important to do his best, although the case was so bad that I read in Dr. Y's journal "he will die in a few days." But he did not. Those visits were the crisis in his case, and after the Doctor resigned, I continued to visit him until he was able to be removed to the rear. He subsequently recovered, and is now a prosperous and influential business man.

Dr. F. W. Lytle, Assistant Surgeon of the 51st Illinois, became Surgeon, and entered on his duties March 2nd. The same week with these changes we were ordered to make camp on the south side of Stone river, where the ground was higher and much better adapted for the purpose. Here we remained until March 18th.

A good deal of interest centered in the building of a bridge, under the direction of some of the officers of the 88th. The interest was turned into sport when the bridge was nearly completed, by its suddenly falling, broken by its own weight. "Board of Trade bridge" became a standing joke.

A still deeper interest was felt about this time in the visit of the Paymaster, for over six months pay was due. This meant with many men, heavy debts to their comrades, the sutler, or both, and with many more, hardships for the families at home. The daily enquiry was, when will he be here? and as he visited one regiment after another, his course was watched with unwearying solicitude. If the importance of any man is to be judged by the interest felt in his movements by others, Major McIntyre was a great man. He proved to be an excellent man, of whom we all came to think very highly, for the uniform kindness with which he discharged his delicate and often perplexing duties.

Immediately after receiving pay for two months the regiment was called out on a ten days expedition toward Duck river. On the 4th of March they marched at seven o'clock A. M., with four days rations, leaving the hospital department, &c., behind. Dr. Lytle accompanied the troops. During this absence we were subjected to the usual rumors and counter-rumors which visit camps at such times, and were kept in a state of constant suspense and anxiety. The day after they left we heard very heavy firing in the direction of Nolensville, and were, of course, sure that our boys were engaged. Two days after, firing was heard again, and reports reached us that sixty of Companies A, C and G were prisoners. On the 9th, orders came to move everything, with the report that Bragg and the Vicksburg army were just upon us. So the sick were sent to town, everything

was packed, and we waited and waited, but no orders came, and we pitched our tents and staid all night. During the night it stormed heavily, also next day, when orders came to remain where we were. The day after, we had the pleasure of welcoming Dr. Hatch, our new Assistant Surgeon, who, to distinguish him from Dr. Lytle, generally passed by the name of "Little Doc," but who, in activity, faithfulness and imperturbable good humor, was always able to hold his own, and was a general favorite.

But still time dragged heavily, and we wished that either the regiment would come in, or we might be sent to it. At last, on Saturday night it made its appearance with a regular 36th shout, and each man running to be first in camp, Capt. Olson crying out to his cook, "Supper for two," by which we knew the men were tired and hungry.

They told us that the division went out on the 4th as far as Salem, there waiting until a large train of wagons, escorted by a brigade of cavalry, had passed by, when they resumed their march through Versailles toward Eagleville, marching in all about sixteen miles. They learned that the advance cavalry had charged into a Rebel camp at Eagleville, captured fifty men and all of their camp equipage. Resuming the march next day they saw at Eagleville the prisoners and wagons captured the day before, and shortly after turned off the road and bivouacked for the night, the 36th being sent on picket. Considerable cannonading was heard to the left.

Next day (6th), the pickets were called in at daylight, and joining the division the march was resumed until ten o'clock, when they bivouacked again. Company E was sent out to procure some meat for the regiment. They brought in several head of cattle. It rained all day. At night there was a severe thun-

der storm, and the rain fell in torrents. They managed to keep pretty dry, however, having put up a kind of shelter called "shebangs." Next day it was still raining, making the roads horrible for artillery and marching, but at half-past one P. M. they started, drawing two days rations at Triune, and then turning off the pike towards Franklin, marching until half-past five P. M., went into camp.

During the night the rain fell in torrents, and the ground was flooded, but the march was resumed for about eight miles, and camp was reached about one mile from Franklin, the right wing, under Capt. Sherman, going on picket. The next day, after passing through Franklin, they halted until the artillery came up, then moved on south, passing the evacuated camp of the Rebels, who retreated before them through Spring Hill, the 4th regular cavalry having a skirmish with them, losing three men.

Marched about fourteen miles, and camped at Spring Hill. It rained all night, and they were pretty wet when the morning dawned. At eleven o'clock they marched seven or eight miles. At two o'clock halted and formed line of battle to the left of the pike. The cavalry were skirmishing at a creek about half a mile from them. Some came in that were wounded. The Rebels were posted on the opposite side of the creek. At five o'clock went into camp on the crest of a hill overlooking the creek, the left wing going on picket under command of Capt. Olson. Rain had fallen all day.

On the morning of the 11th a few shots were fired at some Rebels on the other side of the creek, but they elicited no reply. At eight o'clock A. M. the right wing of the regiment was ordered to move down the creek about a mile, as a support to Col. Minty's Cavalry, and at eleven o'clock Gen. Sheridan ordered the left wing to be relieved from picket by the 88th and

brought up. The cavalry commenced crossing the creek, and a strong line of skirmishers was posted to the right and left of the ford. A battery in the rear sent a shell through a building on the opposite bank in which Forrest was said to be, and caused a general scattering. The boys got a shot at some of the Rebels, one of whom was seen limping off as if he had been struck with a bullet. Returned to the division at nine P. M., the cavalry pursuing the enemy to Columbia. They commenced the return march on the 12th, making twenty miles to camp north of Franklin by four P. M. At eight o'clock next morning they passed through Franklin, crossed the country to the Wilson Pike, leading to Triune, near which they camped about five o'clock, after fifteen miles march. Next day (Saturday, 14th,) the brigade was rear guard, and so, late in starting and in coming in, arrived at Camp Bradley just before dark, having marched twenty-three miles.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MURFREESBORO CONTINUED.



ON TUESDAY, March 17th, Major McIntyre paid off the regiment again, and next day we moved camp to a fine piece of ground very near Murfreesboro, on the Franklin Pike. At Camp Schaffer we remained until our march south, June 24th. On going out on picket duty next day, the whole picket line was drawn in to the north of Stone River. For some time a constant alarm was kept up that some part of our line was to be attacked. On Saturday, 21st, the Rebels attacked our pickets in strong force. The Brigade was ordered out and marched as far as Gen. Sheridan's headquarters, remaining under arms for several hours, when the enemy being driven off, we returned to camp. In the afternoon there was a division review by Gen. Sheridan, in preparation for a more elaborate one by Gen. Rosecrans on Monday. This day was also to be noted for the arrival of a number of commissions—among them that of Major Miller, as Colonel; Capt. George D. Sherman, as Major, and Adj. George G. Biddulph, as Captain Company K. Major Sherman commanded the regiment. Gen. Sheridan was highly sensitive about the condition of his com-

mand, and always sought to have it in the best possible state. He was anxious in the forthcoming review that his division should appear worthy of its reputation. His desire communicated itself to all the officers and men, and on Saturday, Sunday and Monday great pains were taken to bring everything into presentable appearance; every man's clothing, arms, accoutrements and boots underwent a thorough cleansing. At noon the review took place, the Commanding General being accompanied by Gens. Garfield, McCook and Sheridan. These officers made a magnificent appearance, and Gen. Rosecrans complimented the 36th. As he passed our flag and saw the name on it, he said, "Well, they say the old 36th will march further and do it easier than any regiment we have got." "Well, boys," said he, "does Gen. Sheridan take good care of you?" Some one answered, though as the drums were beating he did not hear it, "Yes, only he don't give us vinegar enough." Mrs. Rosecrans, Mrs. McCook, Mrs. Sherman and Mrs. Pierce were among the reviewing party as the regiment marched by the General.

On the 26th the whole brigade, with Col. Bradley's brigade, went out one and a-half miles on the Salem pike, remaining five days. These were trying days, as the rain fell heavily and the enemy made several attacks upon our videttes, so the troops had to be under arms at daylight, and fall in quickly when the alarm was given.

On Sunday, 29th, I went out to the regiment and held services both morning and afternoon for the first time since I joined the army. During all the time we remained in this camp I went out and preached to the regiment when it was away on the Sabbath; once, in a manner which excited some interest. April 5th, the brigade was out on picket to the west of town, the right of the 36th resting on Wilkinson pike. In the morning Col. Sher-

man sent an order for every officer without exception to go out. Although not customary for a Chaplain to go on such occasions, the men being divided for the different stations, yet I obeyed the order, and Major Sherman accompanying me, I passed from station to station, and preached a short sermon to the men not out on the line. While thus engaged at one point, Col. Sherman and his staff rode up inspecting the line, and of course the men were expected to turn out and salute him as he passed; but I went on with the service, and the Colonel lost his salute, which gave considerable amusement to the officers who had been peremptorily ordered out. On this same day we were agitated by learning that a spy had attempted to pass through Crittenden's lines. He was caught, but being confined, tried to escape, and was shot by the guard, but that not stopping him, a soldier, who had been in the guard house for some fault, caught up a gun and shot him dead. In his stockings were found all necessary information about our forces and drawings of the fortifications. The General said the soldier need not return to the guard-house.

Early in April we had quite a series of presentations. On the 2nd I presented a beautiful sword to Capt. Cass, in behalf of Company D, on the occasion of his promotion to the Captaincy. The next was one of very general interest to the regiment and finds a place in the journals, but I have failed to obtain a copy of the proceedings as printed at the time, and so am compelled to give some extracts from a private letter written a day or two after.

On the 18th, at the close of dress parade, instead of dispersing as usual, Major Sherman brought the regiment into the shape of a half moon, the officers in advance, when a messenger was sent for me. On repairing at once to the Major, I found Dr. Pierce and a number of officers from the 88th. Dr. Pierce and I

were requested to step forward, when Capt. Olson addressed us, describing the feelings of himself and officers at having to retire on 31st December, and leave such a number of our dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy ; how at last tidings were brought that we had volunteered to remain with them ; how their hearts were relieved, and that they desired to express their appreciation of what we did in some form which should be a memento of their regard. He then addressed me, saying, it was often remarked that Chaplains were of no use in the army, but I had shown that a Chaplain could be as useful and more so than any other officer in the regiment, &c. He handed me a most beautiful sword and belt. He then addressed Dr. Pierce, and gave him one of a different pattern but equally fine. I felt just on the point of crying, and motioned to Dr. Pierce to speak first, which he did, doing first-rate, but he said he had to stop or he should have been crying. I then spoke, but made a botch of it. Then came hearty congratulations from both officers and men. Dr. Pierce proposed to stay with the 36th, but a number of his 88th officers being present threatened to get up another for him in their regiment. This was the first presentation ever made by the regiment, and when they make a demonstration they meant it. It was no sham, but a heart-felt act, undeserved on our part but exceedingly gratifying.

The third presentation consisted of a splendid sword, with jeweled hilt, sash, belt, revolvers, etc., made April 16th, to Gen. Sheridan, by all the officers in his division, as a personal compliment to him on his promotion to the rank of Major General. The whole cost from twelve to fourteen hundred dollars. The presentation speech was made by Col. Sherman, and the General's reply was a model of neatness and appropriateness. The 36th had felt an unflagging interest in Gen. Sheridan from their first

acquaintance with him when he was a Captain in the regular army, and Quarter-master in Missouri, and not a few were ready to prophesy his rapid advance in rank if the war continued. His conduct at the battle of Stone River brought him into prominent notice and opened the way for his brilliant and honorable career.

By this time the weather was becoming inconveniently warm, and the regiment engaged pretty generally in building sheds over their tents, to keep them cool. By allowing them to extend over the front of the tent and then planting large evergreens at intervals, a cool verandah was secured, and, at least until the leaves withered, a very pretty effect was procured.

One of the favorite recreations at this time was bathing in Stone River, and no doubt many a record could be made like that given by Dryden, Company C, who says: "In camp at Murfreesboro I received my first and only black mark. A number of us were swimming in the river one evening, and by hard running reached Company I just as Wilson got through calling the roll. Next morning we took a wagon and built a brush shed over Lieut. Turnball's quarters as 'fatigue duty,' (?) all the punishment I ever received in the army."

A favorite amusement all through our Murfreesboro stay was base ball, and many an hour was spent at Camp Schaffer in this absorbing game. Sometimes the fun was varied by a contest with some other regiment, and though the 36th were very skillful, they sometimes met their match, as one record very candidly says: "In the afternoon eight boys of the 24th Wisconsin played ball against eight of ours and beat us (!) by fifty—a very interesting game."

April 14th we were again paid off, and on that day the whole regiment was made to sympathise with a heavy affliction which

fell upon Lieut. Clark, Company E. His wife had been dangerously sick for some time, and two weeks before he had used every effort to secure a leave of absence for a few days to visit her. But leaves of absence were discouraged at headquarters, and one was refused him, and when a telegram was sent informing him of her death, the whole regiment felt it as a personal affliction. A leave of absence was now procured for him, and in a few hours he started for his desolate home and motherless children.

On the 18th we had a meeting of which officers and men have been proud ever since. An act of Congress made it the duty of every chaplain "to report to the colonel commanding the regiment to which he is attached, at the end of each quarter, the moral and religious condition of the regiment, and such suggestions as may conduce to the social happiness and moral improvement of the troops." In my report for the quarter ending March 31st, were the following passages: "Our volunteer army sustains peculiar relations to the country. It is not composed of men who have taken up arms as a chosen profession, but of men from every calling and walk in life, who, because their flag has been insulted and their loved country imperilled, have laid all aside for awhile, that treason may be rebuked and our glorious Government saved. This done, they expect to return to the quiet pursuits of civil life; the student to his books and profession, the merchant to his desk, and the farmer to his land. This army, then, is not only at present the bulwark of the republic, destined to beat back the waves of sedition, but being composed in a great measure of the young and promising, it will for years to come constitute the very strength of our land, while the spirit our soldiers cultivate and the habits they form will be a controlling element in the nation long after the war has been brought to a successful issue. In the meantime, the volunteer is the object of

intensest solicitude to his friends at home, not only on account of physical dangers which stand thick on every hand, but of the vices and habits which army life, away from the restraining and refining influences of home, is found frequently to foster. Respect, then, for the feelings and wishes of the good and honored at home, anxiety for the present and eternal welfare of the soldier and an enlightened regard for the future of our country, combine to press upon all in situations of authority, the importance of surrounding the soldier with every influence that may foster virtue and repress vice. Foremost amongst these powers for good is the observance of the Sabbath. The President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief, feeling his responsibility in this regard, issued his general order about four months ago, and the general commanding this department has since given to this army Sabbath rest, except when the pressing necessities of the service prevented. It is probable that this course will be pursued in the future. But the full benefits of Sabbath observance are enjoyed only, when besides rest for the body, the mind is turned to the contemplation of the works and will of God. Our facilities for doing this are much fewer than in civil life, rendering it important to make the best use of the means we possess, that as much of the day as possible may be occupied, and the soldier be not left to that vacuity of mind which is the sure parent of vice. I therefore respectfully recommend that whenever the weather and military duties will permit, arrangements be made for two public meetings on the Sabbath, believing that the interest which has hitherto been manifested in one service, and the good which has flowed from it, will justify the step. A second most potent influence for good, is well selected reading.

I propose to continue my past course with respect to religious reading. I find no difficulty in obtaining money for this purpose,

as the report read a few weeks ago to the regiment clearly shows, but I have frequently to refuse contributions, as we have not transportation sufficient to justify keeping a large assortment on hand. It is necessary that the men should be supplied with reading of a more general character, which shall combine amusement with instruction, thus contributing to the contentment and mental vigor of the soldier, and preserving him from the deleterious effects of the debasing trash which he often reads because it is all he can obtain. The small libraries now in the hands of different companies, suggest a feasible plan by which this lack may be supplied. One hundred or one hundred and fifty volumes might be selected from the catalogues of different publishers, which being divided into five or six libraries, would add but little to the transportable property of a company. At intervals, each library might be changed, until the whole had been within the reach of the entire regiment, and the advantages of a regimental library be enjoyed without the embarrassment which would arise from keeping the books all together. I would respectfully recommend that whenever the prospect of the regiment's remaining in camp is such as to warrant the experiment, such a plan should be adopted, convinced that it would conduce to the social happiness and moral improvement of the troops."

Both these recommendations were heartily adopted. Until our removal from Murfreesboro we held two public services on the Sabbath, whenever other duties did not interfere, and our camp on that day became as quiet and orderly as a New England village, and all not by order, but by the voluntary choice of the regiment. The second recommendation found a hearty response from the officers, and on Saturday night, April 18th, just before dark, a meeting was called of the whole regiment, and the plan of the regimental library laid before them. An eye witness says: "When the motion was put to go into the plan, you should have

heard the 'Aye.' Whoever thinks that soldiers are degraded, would learn something from that sound. If they are degraded, it is because no one tries to elevate them. Good seed never found richer soil than here in the army." Subscription papers for each company had been prepared and were now distributed, and after singing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," the meeting broke up. In about an hour \$200 was brought in, which was soon swelled to \$350. The only danger now seemed to be that our library would be too large, but we hoped by dividing it into thirteen sections—placing one in the care of each company and one for headquarters—that it would not prove burdensome, while at the same time affording every facility for self-improvement. The Chaplain was prouder of his regiment that night than ever, and especially as both officers and men insisted that the books should be of sterling value. The task of selecting and organizing such a library so as to give variety and appropriateness to each section, proved to be very heavy, and having to be accomplished at such a great distance from the publishers, necessarily took a good deal of time, and was only finished at last by the kind assistance of Rev. Mr. Cass, of Como, who, while on a visit to his brother, Captain of Company D, volunteered to take the oversight of the purchase of the works and to issue the catalogue after all the lists had been prepared. Messrs. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, furnished the books and presented us with a copy of "Webster's Unabridged." Although the work was pushed with all speed possible, we did not receive our library before we left Murfreesboro and the interruptions of our advance south hindered still more, so that it was not till we had camped at Bridgeport that the library arrived and was distributed. Further reference will be made to it when we reach that point.

On the 21st, Brig. Gen. Lytle took command of the brigade. He was from Ohio; had distinguished himself in the campaign

in West Virginia, and at Perryville, where he was wounded. On his recovery he was assigned to the command of our brigade. He was a brave and competent officer, highly respected by all who came in contact with him. On the 29th an order was issued requiring all the wall-tents, except one for each company and three for the field and staff, to be turned over to the Quartermaster. This made a great fluttering, as it confined all the men to their shelter tents, and brought the officers into tight places. But necessity is the mother of invention, and the men procuring boards and other material for the sides of their quarters, and using the shelter tent for the roof only, succeeded in making themselves comfortable. The order fell specially hard on the hospital department and the chaplains, indeed the latter were thereby deprived both of all personal accommodations and all opportunity for doing their work. At this time, besides our public services, I had regular meetings in my tent five nights every week. Our officers would not hear of my tent being taken. The Quartermaster did not touch it, and Gen. Lytle very kindly sent me word to hold on to it. In the end the position of chaplains was actually benefitted by the order, for Gen. Rosecrans had been supposed for some time to make distinctions in favor of Catholic chaplains, but now the three Corps Commanders, who were strong Protestants, threatened to appeal to Washington if the chaplains were deprived of their tents. Gen. McCook invited all his chaplains to meet at his quarters, where they filled a large room. He spoke to them kindly and with evident understanding of the annoyances to which many of them were exposed. He said he had made arrangements that all his chaplains should have a tent of any kind they chose, *to be their own*, not to be touched by any other officer, nor controlled by the Quartermaster; that transportation should be afforded by the

Colonel; that he wanted to receive a report from each as to whether they were comfortable and well cared for, and that so long as he had a place to sleep and food to eat they should have both. Before we separated an order came from Gen. Rosecrans giving to each chaplain his own tent, thus ending the agitation, and making comfortable and useful many a chaplain who received no attention from the officers of his own regiment. In the 36th it made no difference except to make their Chaplain feel how strong both he and his work were in the hearts of officers and men.

At the close of this meeting the chaplains were invited to attend a wedding to be celebrated next day on the spot at the extreme left of our line, where had been the hardest fighting on January 2nd. Inviting Maj. Sherman to accompany me, the news spread, and the result was that the Major, Dr. and Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Cushing and Quarter-master Sutherland, all went over together, arriving just as the ceremony was being performed. Immediately after, Gens. McCook, Crittenden and Johnson arrived. We were all introduced in turn to the bridal party, and extended our congratulations. The bridegroom held a position in the army, the bride was a lady who had been in the service of the Sanitary Commission.

Any description of our camp life in Murfreesboro would be defective if it did not make special mention of the intense interest with which all the movements of other armies were regarded. The army of the Potomac was watched and criticised unsparingly. The army of the South-west, which at this time was concentrating for the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, excited the deepest solicitude, for we were destined to feel the effects of its movement, whatever they proved to be. Many and fierce were the debates to which the daily events gave rise, and men and

officers grew hot as they discussed the various phases of the war and the competency and incompetency of Generals in command. No better example of camp excitement could be given than that afforded by the report which thrilled the whole country on Sunday, May 10th, that our troops had entered Richmond. For twenty-four hours the camps had been full of anxiety, but when the news finally came, about noon, even Gen. Sheridan was so much carried away by the excitement that he galloped to the headquarters of one of the brigades without his hat. It was quite dispiriting when we found that only our cavalry had been within sight of Richmond, giving the Confederate rulers a terrible scare, but nothing more.

On the 11th of May, Capt. Olson became Lieut. Colonel, and took command of the regiment. This promotion was highly honorable to that worthy officer, whose fidelity and courage, tested both in camp and field, had won the confidence of the regiment. The appointment, too, will never cease to be equally honorable to Major Sherman, who, though himself the ranking officer, and entitled to retain the position, by recommending Capt. Olson as Major, a course which was often taken in the army, and did not lack for advocates on this occasion, yet voluntarily recommended him for the position of Lieut. Colonel, himself retaining the Majorship, an instance of self-abnegation as honorable as it was rare.

About this time we were in daily expectation of welcoming the return of the officers who had been wounded and captured on the ever memorable December 31st. These were Maj. Silas Miller, Capts. B. F. Campbell, Albert M. Hobbs and O. B. Merrill, and Lieuts. S. H. Wakeman, John F. Elliot and Myron Smith. They had been sent after the battle, first, to Atlanta, and then to Libby prison, Richmond, which at that time was at the height of its

reputation for filth and wretchedness, and its keepers for general heartlessness and bitter hatred of all who came into their hands. Although for the most part we were kept in ignorance of the condition of our officers, yet now and then a few meagre items of information were obtained, sufficient to whet our curiosity and awaken the liveliest interest in their welfare.

Our solicitude was not a little increased by learning that Gen. Willich and Maj. Miller had been selected as hostage, and were threatened with death. But as time wore on and the exchange of prisoners proceeded we began to anticipate the pleasure of welcoming them home. On the 16th day of May, Maj. Miller addressed the citizens of Aurora, giving a glimpse not only of army, but also of prison life, from which much of his story in a former chapter has been taken.

The interest of the regiment in his return was increased by his promotion to the rank of colonel; not simply his by virtue of his seniority, but felt to be well earned by his singular fidelity and courage. On the 5th of May, Capts. Wakeman and Campbell returned and received a hearty welcome, but it was not until the 23rd that Col. Miller arrived. For several days he had been eagerly expected, and on the 22nd we learned that he and Capt. Hobbs had arrived in Nashville and would be out next day. Lieut. Col. Olson and a number of officers met him at the train. His horse, which fortunately had been saved from the battle was led down, and as soon as word was brought that the party were approaching camp, the whole regiment turned out and stood waiting until the Colonel appeared, when they broke into their wildest cheer, which with the 36th meant a great deal of noise. He galloped at once among them, grasping the hands of the men as they crowded around his horse, and gave himself up to as hearty a welcome as was ever given by a regiment to its commander. Soon the officers of the other regiments in the brigade

made their appearance, crowding the head-quarters tent. The band of the 24th Wisconsin came over and played in their best style "Home Again," and for several hours nothing seemed thought of but congratulations and joy at the return of one who had led the regiment so bravely, and suffered for it so greatly and so long. At the first dress parade, held a few days afterward, all endeavored to be present, Surgeons and Chaplain, too, in compliment to the Colonel, to whom it was a great gratification to be surrounded by those so enthusiastically attached to the cause and to himself. About the same time quite a number of our paroled men returned from parole camp, and gave us quite a re-inforcement, making us feel more thoroughly at home than at any time since the battle.

From this time until our final march from Murfreesboro, much attention was given to every description of drill, even the officers being drilled in the use of gun and bayonet by Major Sherman. As the weather was now intensely hot, these drills were often very exhausting, and one man, Charles Irish, of Company H, was sun-struck.

Great excitement continued to prevail in regard to the campaigns on the Potomac and the Mississippi. We were in daily expectation of hearing that Vicksburg and Port Hudson had fallen, while in the East, the failure of the campaign under Hooker, followed by Lee's invasion of Maryland, kept us in constant anxiety. It was doubtless, too, to hide the weakening of the force in our front that the enemy made several attempts to feel our lines, and exhibited signs of activity, while in reality all his available force was used elsewhere. Our own War Department was extremely anxious that Rosecrans should advance to make a diversion in favor of Hooker and Grant, and were impatient at the long delay. When, however, the great difficulties of our



Silas Miller

COL. SILAS MILLER

LIBRARY
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advance into Southern Tennessee and Georgia stood revealed, the caution of Rosecrans appeared to be vindicated. But all signs pointed to an early advance, and we waited to hear the word "forward," which at last came on June 24th, and our long encampment at Murfreesboro was over.

This record should not be closed, however, without a word upon the religious interest which prevailed at that time. For some months increased attention had been given to religious services throughout the army, and quite a number of the leading officers sustained Sabbath services at their headquarters. Gen. McCook had preaching every Sabbath afternoon, which was attended by many Generals and regimental officers of his corps. Series of night meetings were also held, and a large number of the men made professions of religion. At the Chaplains' meetings, held every Monday morning, the reports from the different regiments were highly encouraging. The last Sabbath before we marched, thirty were baptized in Stone River. On that day the Chaplain of the 36th, on going to the camp on Salem pike, where the regiment was, found that the place selected for the pulpit had been carefully and beautifully ornamented by an arch of evergreens, giving evidence at once both of the interest and taste of those who had prepared it. After an interesting service, thinking to enjoy the privilege of hearing a sermon, he went to Gen. McCook's headquarters, but the appointed preacher having failed, at the General's request the Chaplain officiated. Before another Sabbath both officers and men were once more amid the excitements and confusions of a campaign.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ON TO THE TENNESSEE.



THE ENEMY'S center was Tullahoma, while its wings extended to Shelbyville, which was strongly fortified, and McMinnville. The country through which we were now to operate presented increased difficulties in the way of military operations, as we were gradually nearing the mountain region, penetrable only through certain passes, which of course it was necessary to seize, but were comparatively easy for the enemy to hold unless they were manœuvered out of them by superior strategy and celerity of movement.

On Wednesday, June 24th, the army left Murfreesboro in three columns, Thomas on the right, McCook in the centre, and Crittenden on the left. Our brigade being out on the Salem pike, had its preparations made the day before. Early in the morning the pickets were drawn in, and after breakfast the brigade joined the rest of the division near the "Board of Trade Bridge," and we marched out on the Shelbyville pike. The army was in fine spirits and hopeful of success. We had scarcely started, however, before it began to rain, inaugurating what might truly be called "the campaign of mud and slush." About six miles out we struck the enemy's lines, and at the distance of nine miles we were

halted for several hours while the cavalry skirmished, supported by two regiments of our brigade. The enemy used artillery in checking us, and two or three shots fell in front of our regiment. Soon a part of Thomas' corps came up and went forward toward Shelbyville, while our division was turned eastward on a dirt road, on which we marched about six miles and went into camp in a dense wood. The headquarters' wagon not coming up, the officers were in poor plight. The rain poured down all night and next day, and though we were up at three o'clock A. M. no orders came until three P. M. We could hear, however, the sound of firing in the advance, where Johnson's Division was taking Liberty Gap, which they did in fine style, not, however, without considerable loss. The next day we were up at three o'clock, marched a little way, and then halted until eleven o'clock. Again it commenced to rain—if rain it might be called which came in such torrents that rubber was no protection—and the water varied from ankle to waist deep, with mud in proportion. The men pronounced it the hardest they had ever seen. We went through Liberty Gap, captured the day before, and camped at the entrance of Hoover's Gap, on the McMinnville pike, having marched only about four miles. Next day, the 27th, we were up at three o'clock, and reached the Manchester pike, where we found our train and rations. We made a halt for some time, then leaving the pike, struck off to the right, through a small town called Bedford. Here our division encountered some force of the enemy, and for about half an hour the 36th was thrown out to the left as a protection. We soon went forward, however, and turning east again, marched on until nine o'clock, when, thoroughly exhausted, we went into camp in an orchard, about two miles from the Manchester pike.

On the 28th (Sunday), we struck the pike about nine o'clock, and went into camp near Manchester about eleven o'clock. The

day was fine, and the boys used it to bathe and wash up, for which they had unusual facilities, there being a dam with a fifty feet fall. All they had to do was to stand under the descending water and their clothes were cleansed from the mud with which they had been covered. This day's rest helped the troops much, and we were encouraged by learning that our forces occupied Shelbyville the day before. In the evening, arrangements were made for a union service of all the regiments in the division camped together. The Chaplain of the 36th preached the sermon to a vast audience, gathered in an immense circle. At the close, those who desired to give themselves to the Lord's service were invited to step into the center, where they kneeled as prayer was made for them. It was a solemn sight, for soldiers do not commonly profess such an interest unless they deeply feel it.

On Monday, 29th, we resumed the march about noon, the inevitable rain beginning to fall just as we left camp, and pouring in torrents as we plowed our way along. We had to make several halts to rest, for sometimes the battery and wagon wheels sank so deep that it seemed almost impossible to move them. We went into camp about seven o'clock and remained there all next day, as it was impossible to move artillery. As we were now within a few miles of Tullahoma, of whose great strength we had been hearing for months, there was much speculation as to what reception we should meet there. We marched again about two o'clock July 1st, and had scarcely gone a mile before we learned that the enemy had evacuated. A rapid march was made under a burning sun—so hot that a large number of men fell out—and our division was the first to enter Tallahoma. We found the deserted fort, with several sixty-four pound siege guns spiked and quite a quantity of tents and ammunition. Next day we started

at five o'clock and began to receive into our lines a number of prisoners, who represented themselves, and large numbers of their comrades, as disgusted with the war and determined to desert to us rather than leave the state as Bragg was preparing to do. About ten o'clock we made a long halt at Estelle Springs, and finally found it necessary to leave the direct road in order to ford Elk River, the enemy having burned the bridge. This was a difficult and dangerous operation, as the recent rains had swollen the river to a roaring torrent, and the enemy were on the other side. We commenced crossing about six o'clock. It was a ludicrous sight to see so many men wading the stream, with their clothes and accoutrements raised in the air, to keep them out of the water, which with some men came almost to the neck. The current was so rapid, that in places it was difficult to urge horses through, but at last they became so accustomed to it that some of them made a number of trips, carrying over special friends. We went into camp at eight o'clock, having marched fifteen miles.

Starting next morning at six o'clock, we soon came in sight of Winchester, and the rear guard of the enemy could be plainly seen. A line of battle was at once formed, with Company B thrown forward as skirmishers to support the cavalry, who charged into town, capturing fifty prisoners. After wading a stream waist deep, the infantry stacked arms in Winchester. At another stream beyond, our cavalry received a check, and the infantry was formed again in line of battle, but the enemy soon retired and we advanced, wading another stream and passing a house where a small boy had been accidentally killed in the skirmish. We continued our march till we reached the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, and went into camp at Cowan Station at six o'clock. Further pursuit being fruitless, the Nine Days' Campaign ended

here, and Middle Tennessee was once more in possession of our forces. The boasting with which Gen. Bragg made his advance a year before, and the assurance he had given the farmers that no second invasion should ever interrupt their ordinary pursuits, were seen to be vain, for the army of the Cumberland had returned with more strength and determination than ever.

At the conclusion of this campaign, the War Department were incessant in their demands for an advance against the enemy south of the Tennessee; but they scarcely realized the difficulties which such a movement would encounter and the risks which would be incurred when it was actually made. In the meantime the railroad bridges were rebuilt, and as fast as supplies could be brought up, the troops were thrown forward to the line of the Tennessee, preparatory to the fall campaign. During this time, the regiment had the usual variety of picket, forage and outpost duty, interspersed with events which were startling at the time and are now interesting to recall.

The day after our arrival at Cowan, the glorious Fourth was duly observed by a national salute, and a patriotic sermon by the Chaplain on the 5th, it being the Sabbath. About sundown on the 7th we were attracted by firing of heavy guns in the direction of Tullahoma, Gen. Rosecrans' headquarters. Many were the speculations as to what it meant, but next morning we were roused at sunrise by our own batteries making a similar salute in honor of the fall of Vicksburg and the victory of Meade at Gettysburg. For several days the excitement was most intense, and we watched the papers for every scrap of information about both armies, many prophesying Lee's utter destruction and the near end of the war, little dreaming that two weary years must yet elapse before peace would come.

On the 13th the regiment went out to Anderson Station, near the Alabama line, marching on the railroad track through the

Cumberland Tunnel, 2228 feet long. They returned on the 16th. Orderly Sergt. Hunt, of Company G, died on the 17th, and was buried with military honors the next day.

By this time the railroad was repaired, and on the 21st we were greeted by the first passenger train. During these two weeks' stay at Cowan we suffered constantly from the heavy rains which fell, and on the other hand were wonderfully favored with an abundance of blackberries, which were devoured all the time and in every possible shape, off the bush, out of the pail, in sauce, shortcake, pies, &c., a diet as healthy as it was acceptable.

Our religious meetings, too, were resumed, and on Sunday, July 19th, we had two excellent services under trees by the banks of the creek. Col. Miller had promised that when the prospect of our remaining in camp would justify it, we should build a chapel for public worship. After making the tents comfortable, volunteers and a detail of men were set to work, the plan being furnished by the Chaplain, and the erection superintended by Capt. Wakeman, of Company H, and Lieut. Smith, of Company E. As the chapel was altogether the most attractive of any that was seen in our army, and was highly prized by the regiment, a further description of it may be desirable. Against a picket fence as a base was described a semi-circle, thirty-six feet across the widest part and sixty feet long. At intervals on this circle and through it diagonally were erected strong posts, on which poles were placed for plates and rafters, the whole bound together strongly. The roof was covered with branches of trees, while evergreens, about five feet high, were planted all along the outer circle between the posts. Similar evergreens, points downward, were hung from the plates above, making a complete evergreen siding to the whole building, which, while keeping out the sun, admitted the air through the waving branches.

Next to the fence the lower tier of evergreens was omitted for purposes of light, and here was placed the pulpit, from each side of which an aisle was drawn in line with the posts supporting the roof and leading to two Gothic doors built in the sides. The spaces between the aisles and on each side of them were filled with seats, arranged in the same shape as the building, so that every hearer faced the pulpit, and the congregation was brought into a compact form. As the work proceeded, much enthusiasm was manifested, and those who had special tastes devoted themselves to special parts. The pulpit was trimmed with sunk panels of arbor vitæ, by J. C. Denison, Kelly and Burch; some trimmed the Gothic doors, while others made and covered with evergreens the figures 36, so large that when placed on the front plate of the chapel they could be seen all over the camp. Right over the centre of the chapel was built an evergreen cupola, arranged so as to hold the regimental flag. When finished it surpassed the expectation of those who planned it, and was the admiration of the whole camp.

On Sunday, the 26th of July, the morning opened most beautifully, the flag was hoisted, and at ten o'clock the men assembled, Capt. Wakeman and Lieut. Smith acting as ushers. The seats which would accommodate about five hundred were comfortably filled. Gen. Lytle and Col. Miller were seated in the pulpit with the Chaplain. The sermon was from Ps. LXXXIV-1: "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O God!" and was a discussion of the influence of the Christian sanctuary upon individuals and nations. A collection was taken to purchase a new supply of reading for the regiment. In the afternoon we organized a Sabbath School and Bible Classes, and in the evening held a prayer and conference meeting, and when the day closed all felt abundantly repaid for the toil. The chapel was so airy and cool

that it became a favorite resort, many coming there to read or write letters.

The next day, finding that a Lieutenant of topographical engineers on Bragg's staff, had come in and given himself up, who was an excellent draughtsman, having in his possession some very fine drawings of Lookout Mountain and other scenery near Chattanooga, we proposed to him to make two drawings of our chapel for preservation. He was in need of money, and gladly accepted the offer at five dollars each. The pictures were excellent, and taken by the Chaplain to Chicago and lithographed by Shober, a thousand copies of each being eagerly purchased by the regiment and are now carefully preserved.

Monday, the 27th, Maj. McIntyre arrived with four months' pay, and permission being given the Chaplain to proceed to Illinois with such funds as might be entrusted to him, the day, and far into the night, were spent in writing letters and preparing packages of money for the dear ones at home. Next day he started, carrying over \$15,000, and taking also the regimental flag, to have inscribed on it the names of the battles in which it had been carried.

On Thursday, July 30th, we broke camp for the march over the mountains, which proved rough and weary indeed. Many wagons broke down and again the rain did not forget to fall. Halted for the night three miles from Anderson Station and next day arrived at Stevenson. On Saturday we went forward to Bridgeport, the advance of Sheridan's Division. Here an island divides the Tennessee River into two channels, each of which was spanned by a fine railroad bridge. That on the west had already been partially destroyed, and the enemy's pickets occupied the island. Our men frequently held conversations with them and the pickets exchanged papers. Trains ran through to

Bridgeport, bringing up the baggage, and a permanent camp was once more made, where we remained until the general advance. The weather at this time was intensely hot, and there being little or no shade, united with the miasma from the river, caused quite an increase of sickness in the regiment. The usual routine of picket and foraging duty was varied with bathing, fishing, &c., and now and then a flag-of-truce boat put out from one or other army, transferring persons and carrying messages.

The event of this camp, however, was the receiving, after so long a delay, of our regimental library. It arrived August 9th. The work of cataloguing and dividing it into sections having been done before it was ordered, a force immediately proceeded to cover the books with stout paper, put on the numbers and labels, and next day each company was in possession of its section. The eagerness with which the books were taken out and read was a sight good for the eyes. It must be remembered, too, that they were not flashy books, but the choicest literature in the English language, comprising the works of such authors as Washington Irving, Macauley, Motley, Scott, Dickens, Hughes, &c. The enthusiasm pervaded all classes. Strong boxes were fitted up and every provision made for the safe preservation of the books. The library was used whenever we were long enough in camp to justify its being brought forward, and at the muster out was divided among the survivors of the regiment. On the 17th and 18th of August, meetings were held to organize a literary society, for the purpose of encouraging and directing an intelligent use of the library. Speeches were made by various officers, patriotic songs were sung, and the following officers of the society were elected: *Pres't*—Chaplain Wm. M. Haigh; *Vice-Pres't*—Maj. Geo. D. Sherman; *Sec'y*—Thos. P. Hill; *Board*—Capt. Geo. G. Biddulph, Sergt. J. J. Wilson, Nath. McCutchen, Company B, and George Wood, Company D.

About this time another arrangement was made, which proved of the highest benefit in providing reading matter. Hitherto our papers had been chiefly religious, but our funds were now sufficient to provide a larger variety on which we might depend during the march. Accordingly we procured twenty copies weekly of the N. Y. *Evening Post*; twelve copies each of *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Continental* and *Eclectic* Magazines, and also the *Army and Navy Journal*, which, with the large number of religious papers, gave us all the benefits of a perpetual reading room. This plan was found so beneficial that it was kept up to the last.

On the night of the 14th, the enemy fired the remainder of the bridge. A few shells were thrown during the night and the next day, but with no particular effect.

All signs began to indicate a movement. Companies B and C, supported by D and E, made a reconnoissance, followed in a few days by Companies A, F, H and G.. At the close of the month, trains came in loaded with pontoons and materials for building, and September 2nd, the bridge being completed, the word "Forward" was sounded and we were once more on the march.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.



HATTANOOGA, the objective point of our next campaign, was the "gateway of Georgia," and, in a sense, of the whole South, for from it opened valleys, through which operations could be carried on and supplies furnished in almost every direction. But the very features of the country which gave such advantages to forces holding Chattanooga, presented the most formidable obstacles to any force operating against it, especially from the north. Protected as it was by a rapid stream over two thousand feet wide, on the banks of which were cannon ready to sweep away any army that should attempt to cross, it was still further inaccessible by the mountainous region to the north, over which it was exceedingly difficult to operate an army, and even more difficult to supply it so far away from any practicable base. Its lines of communication south were protected by mountainous ridges running south and south-west, through which the openings were but few and easily defended, but across which it was a stupendous task to throw an attacking force. Indeed, much as the War Department had complained of Rosecrans' delay, the event showed that he had not overrated the difficulties of the task, especially when his deficiency of mounted men was considered.

A flank movement being the only one which promised success, and the country north and north-east being unfit for army operations, it remained to cross the mountain ridges on the west and south-west and strike the enemy's communications south, compelling either the evacuation of Chattanooga or fighting a battle on equal terms.

The success of such a movement, involving the passage both of the river and several high mountains, depended upon keeping the enemy in ignorance of our real plan, by diverting its attention and resources to a different quarter. This was most effectually done by a brilliant feint by Crittenden, whose corps crossed the Cumberland Mountains into the Sequatchie valley in four days, though they had to drag their cannon over precipices by hand. Thence he despatched four brigades, two of cavalry, Col. Minty's and Wilder's mounted infantry, and Gen. Hazen's and Wagner's brigades of infantry, to proceed to points on the river opposite Chattanooga, above and below the town, and make a feigned attack. This was done. Some of Wilder's troops above the town let ends of logs, rails and bits of timber float down past Bragg's front, as if they were preparing a bridge; other troops slapped boards together to make a lumbering noise, while Wilder unlimbered his artillery and shelled the town. In the meantime the other corps of the army had been concentrating at Stevenson, Bridgeport, Battle Creek and Caperton's Ferry, the pontoons and other preparations being kept out of sight, and when the time for crossing had come, Bragg's attention had been so completely absorbed by the movement on his front that the whole army was transferred across the river without opposition.

The passage of Sand Mountain involved the necessity of making and repairing roads, and when this had been done as far as practicable without too much delay, such was the steepness of

the ascents on the different routes of advance that teams were often doubled to move the artillery and wagons. By September 6th these movements in the main had been completed, and the army, except what was left to threaten Chattanooga on the north, lay along the western base of Lookout Mountain from Wauhatchie, a point six or seven miles from Chattanooga, to Valley Head, thirty-five miles distant.

It was on Sept. 2nd that Sheridan's Division, to which the 36th belonged, received orders to cross the river. As there were not pontoons enough to reach across both channels, the engineers had finished the bridge by setting down trestles and planking them over—a device which came near costing us dearly. It was an exciting time. Thoughtful men realized the peril of putting such a river in their rear with such mountains in front, while the measured tread of infantry, the rattle, shout and crack of the whip, as the heavily laden wagons bounced from the banks on to the narrow pontoon causeways; the heavier jar and crash, as the huge artillery vehicles rumbled over the planks, must be heard to be appreciated. The troops passed over safely and in fine spirits, and marching forward about four miles, went into camp in Hog Jaw Valley, where Gen. Negley, of the 14th Corps, had preceded us and was preparing to ascend the mountain. We soon found that the officers were destined to an unpleasant night, for word was brought that in attempting to cross the bridge some of the trestles had broken, precipitating several wagons into the river. This meant that we must shift for ourselves for shelter and food. Good use was made of the abundance of soft corn growing near, which, with salt, was quite a pleasant change from army diet. Next morning troops were under arms early, but we did not march. By and by our wagons arrived, the bridge having been repaired during the night, though it gave

way a second time. It seemed little less than miraculous that, in accidents so dangerous, no men were lost, and only one mule. Two men, however, were much injured in camp by the fall of a tree.

It was an interesting sight to watch Negley's Division ascending the mountain road, which in many places was as steep as an ordinary house roof. The teams of six horses or mules had to be doubled to accomplish the task. Some of the men were so impatient of the delay that they went to the top to reconnoitre, and brought exciting news of the scenery and prospect. By and by they had as much of mountain climbing as they desired.

It was not till Friday, about three o'clock, that the way was cleared and we began to ascend. It took our battery four and a half hours to go up. On reaching the top we continued our march for about five miles and went into camp at dark, much exhausted with the heat and dust. It took most of the night for the train to come up the hill, and, with all the care that could be exercised, several wagons fell over the precipice on the roadside, which varied from ten to one hundred feet deep. The next day we crossed the mountain, and descending a hill even worse than the one we ascended the day before, went into camp near Trenton about three o'clock. Our train came in early, so that we made ourselves quite comfortable, and were especially gratified to find a creek of most beautiful water, supplied from a spring which gushed out of the rock in a stream as broad as a man's body. Such water in so great abundance makes a soldier happy. On Sunday we resumed our march down the valley, passing numerous houses with rich and beautiful farms. We found here, too, more men at home than usual, and quite a number who had been paroled at Vicksburg. The heat and dust that day were almost intolerable. One man sank down by the roadside and

another when we reached camp. On Monday we went eight miles further and then camped, where we remained until Thursday. It was during these three days that the object of this hard marching was accomplished—the evacuation of Chattanooga.

As soon as the main army had been transferred to Lookout Valley, Crittenden on the left was instructed to advance over the mountain, Thomas to penetrate and hold the gaps in the centre (Cooper's and Stevens' Gaps), while McCook was to push for Broomtown Valley, his outpost being at Alpine. These movements revealed the real plan of Rosecrans, and Bragg at once commenced to evacuate, as his line of supplies and reinforcements were falling into our hands. Besides, the lull of operations, both east and west, was allowing reinforcements to be sent him from Virginia and beyond the Mississippi; Buckner was on the way from East Tennessee with fifteen thousand men, and time was needed to concentrate these forces. His evacuation was evident to our troops on the north side of the river, on Tuesday evening, September 8th, and on the 9th our men entered. This success, as the result of strategy alone, gave great joy to the army and gratification to the whole country, and all thought now not of battle, so much as pursuit and capture of the retreating forces. Orders were therefore given for Crittenden to occupy Chattanooga, and push towards Ringgold and Dalton; Thomas to penetrate the gaps on his front and reach Lafayette; McCook to enter Broomtown Valley and communicate with Thomas, while cavalry was sent out towards Rome. Accordingly we marched from our camp in Nill's Valley, September 10th, and moved fast up to Valley Head, where a spur of Lookout juts across the valley. Here we joined Davis' and Johnson's Division, which had come over the mountain from Stevenson, and our corps was now together again for the first time since leaving Murfreesboro.

After resting two hours, we began to scale the mountain through Winston's Gap, which was very steep, and both men and horses were exhausted with our previous march. After reaching the top (Lookout is 2,200 feet above tide), we went on about two miles and camped beyond Davis about four o'clock.

These mountain tops were a great curiosity, this being, as a writer has said: "Some dozen miles wide, so level and gently rolling that one laughs at his preconceived ideas of the tops of mountains, if he does not forget that he has left a valley. No peaks from which to unfurl a flag, if any one should be geographically poetic; no sugar loaves where one can clamber, and feel like a giddy explorer standing on a heavenward land's end. There are groves, fields, and smooth flowing streams, where the imagination pictures verdant crags and cascades."

We camped that night in a most picturesque spot, named very appropriately "Falling Waters," where the water poured over the rocks, two hundred feet high, into a deep basin. Next day we went forward until we reached the opposite brow of the mountain, where we were halted for a while by some obstruction in front, but had a most glorious view of the country, its succession of hills and valleys extending as far as the eye could reach. We then descended into the Broomtown valley, and went into camp about two miles beyond. Here we remained until Sunday, the 13, the reports from the cavalry making any further advance unwise. Indeed, the real position of affairs was only now beginning to be understood. If Rosecrans had succeeded in misleading Bragg enough to compel him to evacuate Chattanooga, he was himself misled in his belief that Bragg was in full retreat. He had, in fact, been all the time concentrating his army near Lafayette, with the purpose of striking ours in detail, as we sought to penetrate the gaps at various points stretching from Chatta-

nooga to Alpine. At this time our situation was all that he could desire. Negley found as he advanced to the gaps in his front that he was in the presence of a heavy force that was able to attack him through gaps on either flank, and Bragg made immediate dispositions for doing so, but by some unaccountable delay was hindered long enough to give time to Negley to withdraw his division to a safe point. Crittenden's reconnoissance toward Ringgold revealed the fact that Bragg was not retreating, and compelled Crittenden to draw his corps together. As soon as the movement against Negley failed, an attempt was made to overwhelm Crittenden, which also came to naught by the latter sending VanCleve with one brigade on a reconnoissance toward Lafayette, who, meeting the enemy with cavalry and artillery not far from Gordon's Mills, drove him three miles, disconcerting Gen. Polk, who, instead of attacking as ordered, halted in defense, and called for reinforcements. This failure saved our left. McCook also found from the reports of his cavalry that the enemy were not retreating but concentrating, and as we were so far away and isolated from the centre and open to attack from Lafayette, our position, too, became quite critical. Indeed, the whole army was in danger, for Bragg was nearer to either of our wings than it was to the other. Crittenden could not hold the road to Chattanooga until Thomas could close up on him, and Thomas could not do this until McCook joined him. For four days, while we were crossing the mountain to join Thomas, the fate of the army hung in the balance, and as we now look back and see the advantage Bragg had, we are amazed that with opportunities so vast his achievements were so meagre.

It was at midnight on Saturday, the 12th, that Gen. McCook received the first intimation that he was to join Gen. Thomas.

At first, he prepared to send his trains under the protection of three brigades, Gen. Lytle commanding, back on the route of advance, and with the remainder of his corps to move along the eastern base of Lookout to Dougherty's Gap. But this was soon abandoned and another route was sought on the mountain to Stevens' Gap. As the citizens concurred in denying the existence of such a road, and having no guide, he determined to move by way of Valley Head. This necessitated a march of forty-six miles instead of seventeen, and the loss of four days and a-half, instead of one and a-half. It was on Sunday we received orders to march on this return, but our brigade being rear guard to the trains, we lay round all day until five o'clock, when we marched back two miles to the foot of the gap by which we had descended from Lookout two days before. Here we lay exposed to the cold, which was very severe, while the trains continued to ascend the hill; huge fires being kept up all night to facilitate the movement. At daylight, the teams were all up, and we followed, accompanied by about fifty prisoners who had been captured, and who all united in declaring that their generals were preparing for battle.

We marched back to Falling Waters, where we remained until Wednesday, Sept. 16th, and returned to Dougherty's Gap. Here we had a magnificent view of the Alpine Valley. The cavalry marched past us most of the night. Next day we started early, moving north to Stevens' Gap and keeping in sight of the valley all day. We then descended a hill two miles long, the worst we had yet found, and entered McLemores' Cove, where Negley had first found the enemy and where we were for the first time in supporting distance of Thomas, who proceeded at once to close up on Crittenden. As soon as we entered the cove, the proximity of the enemy was evident, and the troops were thrown

into line of battle. We lay down, expecting to be called at any moment, but notwithstanding this and a threatened rain, we slept soundly, for our day's march had been one of the hardest we had known, over twenty miles of a mountain road, for the greater part without water and almost insufferable from dust. Next morning we were up at three o'clock, and at daylight began our march up the valley, toward a gap held by the enemy. After going about four miles, we halted and formed line of battle, and in about two hours moved a mile or so further, then went into camp with the expectation of staying all night. Just before dark the "general" sounded, and immediately we prepared to march, but hindered, probably by the teams, we waited and waited, and at half past eleven we had moved but a few rods, while the men built huge fires of rails for warmth and light. After we got started our progress was extremely tedious, many of the men lying down by the roadside to sleep, and officers in danger of falling from their horses through sleep; but on we went, lighted by burning fences, until we bivouacked at Pond Spring about three o'clock, and in a few minutes were fast asleep.

We were up next morning, 19th, about six o'clock, and immediately began to speculate as to what all this marching and counter-marching, this turning night into day, could mean—for though it is all plain now, then it was mere conjecture. We could see, however, that our army was concentrating, and that we were in constant danger of being attacked by the enemy. As the morning advanced, a muttering sound as of distant thunder was heard to the north-east, and every ear was turned, listening for it again. Before long it was repeated again and again, and we took in the situation at once, for

"Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before,
It is, it is the cannon's opening roar."

Bragg, after failing to strike our three corps in detail, had been waiting for reinforcements from Virginia. On the 17th our cavalry discovered his columns from Dalton to our left, with the purpose of crossing the Chickamauga and occupying the roads to Chattanooga, north of Gordon's Mills, which Crittenden was holding. Had this movement been executed with vigor on the 18th, as Bragg ordered, it might have been successful; but that unaccountable delay by his subordinate officers, which had already lost him such golden opportunities, ruined this also, by giving Rosecrans time to bring up Thomas and McCook.

While this movement to our left was taking place on the 18th, the enemy made some demonstrations against Gordon's Mills and Craw-Fish Springs to cover its real plan, but the revelations of our cavalry left no doubt of its ultimate design. Accordingly our forces were brought up on the 18th as rapidly as could be done with safety, and during the night while we marched up to Pond Spring, Thomas was marching past Gordon's Mills, taking up a position which protected the main roads leading from the crossings of the Chickamauga to Chattanooga. Neither force knew of the proximity of the other, but Gen. Thomas, being informed that a Rebel brigade was isolated on this side of the creek in consequence of the burning of the bridge by our cavalry, sent forward two brigades to reconnoitre, who encountered a heavy body of the enemy that had crossed during the night. This merely tentative movement proved the opening of a general battle, whose first shots had attracted our attention. Thomas was reinforced by a division from Crittenden, and by Johnson's division of McCook's Corps, which was arriving on the ground and were able to check the enemy inflicting heavy loss on him, which so occupied his attention that he did not discover for some time a large opening between Thomas and Crittenden which our

Generals strained every nerve to fill. A portion of their force at Gordon's Mills was thrown to the left, and soon Gen. Davis arrived from McCook. These dispositions were scarcely made before a heavy body of the enemy, concentrated for the purpose of filling this gap in the line and cutting our army in two, broke upon them. They resisted manfully, drove back the enemy, but soon, little by little, gave ground, specially on the flanks of the line, until Davis' right and left rested upon the Lafayette road. In this position, supported by Wilder's mounted infantry, he fought successfully the superior forces of the enemy through several hours. It was while resisting this attack that our division came up to help.

In the morning the wagons were sent to Chattanooga, and Sheridan's Division made a rapid march to Craw-Fish Spring. Here every man filled his canteen, and extra boxes of cartridges were distributed to the companies, men being detailed to carry them on their shoulders. Then on we went again at a rapid pace, until the sight of Negley's flag showed that we had struck the right of the army holding one of the gaps and thus protecting our rear. Soon we arrived at McCook's headquarters, where all was excitement. Says an eye witness, "An aid with pallid face rides up to McCook and exclaims, hastily, 'For God's sake, General, send somebody down to hold Gordon's Mills! Bushrod Johnson has crossed with a division, and is hugging the bank of the stream. He will be in our rear in fifteen minutes.' 'Where is Wood?' asked the General. 'Gone into the fight long ago and left the position vacant.'" McCook orders Sheridan to take his division down to the Mills and hold them. The first brigade files by, Gen. Lytle at its head, calmly smoking a cigar, receiving his orders with that stately courtesy at once so becoming and winning. There was not the slightest change in the manner or

intonation of the chivalric Lytle. I felt, as his horse bore him quickly away, that I was gazing upon the incarnation of manly courage and nobility. His brigade swept by with a graceful swing. One of his regiments, the 36th Illinois, whose banners were blazoned with "Pea Ridge," "Perryville," and "Stone River," had a number of men carrying heavy boxes of cartridges on their shoulders. Noble fellows! Experience has not been lost upon them. They, perhaps, had learned the value of full cartridge boxes. The next moment an aid from Rosecrans dashes up. "Where are your reserves, General," he asks. "I have none, save Negley holding Owen's Gap," was the reply. "Tell him to report immediately to Thomas, who is hard pressed again," rejoins the aid and gallops off. Negley is quickly summoned and streams by towards the left, and so Sheridan's Division is the extreme right of the army. But even a single division could not be spared for so important a point, for the pressure upon Davis and Wood became so heavy that Bradley's and Laiholt's Brigades were ordered to their assistance, leaving our brigade alone to guard the mills. The same eye witness says: "Reaching an open field, I find two of Sheridan's Brigades moving by the left flank from the position just assigned them. 'Where are they going?' I ask. 'They go to reinforce the right,' I am informed. Gen. Lytle's brigade alone was left at Gordon's Mills, and there were no more to come up. Glancing at the sun my very heart sank to see it still an hour and a-half high. The left had already absorbed the centre, and the centre and right had absorbed every brigade in the army, except one holding a vital point. I followed Sheridan's swift brigades and soon saw the right of our line in confusion, falling back rapidly under an appalling fire. Sheridan's third brigade, commanded by that true gentleman and soldier, Col. Bradley, deployed into line, and

the very instant its flanks turned to the front it pushed into an open field at a double quick, while behind it Wood's two brigades rallied and gathered up their scattered groups. I heard a cheer, loud and ringing, and riding up behind the line of Col. Bradley's charge, saw four noble regiments far across the field pouring swift volleys into the flying foe, and flapping their colors in triumph. Their cheers subsided, and a sharp shower of balls warned me away from the inspiring sight. In a moment Sheridan dashed back to the rear, hatless, but his eyes aglow with pride for the brilliant charge of his brigade. His practiced ear had caught the warning musketry rattle of a counter charge, and he threw his second brigade into line for another charge if the other one was compelled to give way. But it did not give way. Inspired by Sheridan and Bradley it withstood the shock, and its assailants hastily retired. A few more straggling shots, and firing ceased along the whole line, as if both parties had exhausted themselves. Just as night fell, a terrific fire of musketry opened on our centre where Negley was moving into position, but it lasted not ten minutes, then all was quiet again. The moon, which in a few nights had grown from the slenderest of silver sickles into a graceful, golden canoe, was far on its nightly voyage, shining faintly on two weary armies, bent on destroying each other, and waiting only for the line and gold of sunrise to renew the struggle."

With the exception of Granger's Reserve Corps, Lytle's Brigade was all of our army that did not participate in the battle. As for us, while holding that important point, so vital to the safety of our right, we expected every moment to take a share in the fray; but it was ours only to listen to the whistle of scattering bullets, dodge an occasional stray shell that came whirling over our heads, and witness the agonies of the wounded and dying. Night closed the scene, and we lay on our arms expecting to

be called in any emergency, for we could plainly hear the enemy busy in their preparations, ahead, and now and then the crack of a rifle and the whiz of a stray bullet fired by an advanced picket. It was a chilly as well as an anxious night as we lay on the cold ground. Still it brought us some rest from our long and tiresome forced march. About eight or nine o'clock we were startled by a heavy night conflict on the left of our line, where two of Thomas' Divisions had been suddenly attacked, resulting in heavy losses on both sides, and final repulse of the enemy.

The battle of Saturday resulted in our general success. The contest raged along hillsides and amid forests and ravines. The army lines extended over nearly three miles of ground, and only by the smoke that rose above the heights, the dust that ascended above the forest trees in the valley, or as the cannon's roar and the rattling discharges of musketry were heard upon surrounding hills, could the observer note the ebb and flow of the tide of battle. Besides the beginning of the conflict, being on the part of both Generals rather accidental than intentional, the lines had a great deal of an extempore character, and on our side the different divisions were arranged without any reference to their place in the corps, each being thrown in where it was most needed. But we closed at night with a continuous line and with a more compact and favorable formation than we had had any time during the day. Gen. Bragg had one marked advantage, in that he had more troops in reserve available for the next day than Rosecrans. He had three divisions almost untouched, and Longstreet with several fresh brigades reached Ringgold in the evening. But still he had cause to feel uneasy with regard to the work before him. He had been completely foiled in his strategy and tactics. He had expected to find Crittenden's corps on the left of the national army, but his own enveloping lines had been taken in

flank, and the right half had been fearfully shattered. At the opening of the battle his army had been well in hand for offence or defence, while Gen. Rosecrans had been compelled often to throw forward divisions and brigades without support on right or left, and the national army was now before him with continuous lines, having the choice of strong positions in the rear. Besides, this army was yet upon the roads to Chattanooga, which he had expected to grasp after he had doubled its left upon its centre and pressed it back upon the mountain passes. In all his special expectations and dominant aims Gen. Bragg had been disappointed and defeated.

Gen. Bragg received reinforcements during the night, and with them, their commander, Lieut. Gen. Longstreet. He transferred all his infantry to the west bank of the Chickamauga; divided his army into two wings, placing Gen. Polk in command on the right and Gen. Longstreet on the left. He ordered the former to attack from his right at daylight and to bring his divisions into action consecutively to his left, and the latter to await developments on the right and then attack in similar manner. While thus ordering an attack along his whole line, the special object to be sought and gained was the possession of the Lafayette road to Rossville and Chattanooga.

On our side, about midnight, after a conference with his corps commanders and other general officers, Rosecrans gave orders relative to the battle front for the next day. Thomas was to maintain his line as formed on Saturday evening; McCook was to withdraw Sheridan's and Davis' Division and form a new line, further to the north and west, with the right resting at the Widow Glenn's and the left joining to Thomas' right, thus making a shorter but a stronger line. Crittenden was to withdraw Wood's and Van Cleve's Divisions to the rear of the junction of Thomas'

right and McCook's left, to be ready for the support of either. The cavalry were to connect with McCook and receive orders from him, which proved in the end to be the pivot on which the misfortunes of next day's engagement turned. Negley, at Gen. Thomas' request, was to be relieved from his place in the line and transferred to the extreme left, to aid in defending that flank, which it was anticipated would be the chief point of attack by the enemy.

Before daylight, the divisions designated for new positions, except Negley's, made the movements required, while those in position, as far as practicable, covered their fronts with barricades of logs and rails. Gen. McCook placed Lytle's Brigade, of Sheridan's Division, to the right and rear of Widow Glenn's, and Laibold's and Bradley's to the rear and right of Lytle, and the two brigades of Davis' Division, Carlin's and Heg's, in rear of the line thus formed. Wilder's Brigade of mounted men was divided, two regiments being placed on the right and two on the left of Sheridan. Gen. Crittenden posted his two divisions on the eastern slope of Missionary Ridge, in readiness to support either the right or the left. It is not too much to say, in view of all subsequent events, that had this line remained substantially undisturbed and Negley been sent before daylight to his place on the left, our right would have held its ground, and night would have seen a complete victory for our army. Unfortunately, however, these dispositions did not command the approval of Gen. Rosecrans, when he inspected the lines after daylight. He wished to hold the space from Widow Glenn's house to Brannan's right with McCook's six Brigades, including Wilder's, and keep Crittenden's corps wholly in reserve. He therefore ordered McCook to fill the space to be made vacant by the withdrawal of Negley, if practicable. But it was not practicable to cover the

space from Widow Glenn's to Brannan's right, except with an attenuated line, and after some delay Rosecrans called upon Crittenden to furnish troops to fill the division interval which Negley was holding. Gen. Wood, therefore, was ordered to relieve Negley, while Van Cleve took position behind Wood. Rosecrans also ordered Davis to form his brigades some distance to the north and east of where they were in the rear of Sheridan. As this change exposed his right flank, Gen. McCook posted Laibold's Brigade, of Sheridan's Division, to the right and rear of Davis and held Lytle's and Bradley's Brigades in reserve. This left Lytle's Brigade and the 36th in their old position near Widow Glenn's, but with a line much weakened. Other changes were soon made, which still further favored disaster.

A heavy fog hung over the battle-field during the early hours of the day, and Gen. Polk did not attack as ordered. Gen. Bragg waited near the center of his army until his patience was exhausted, and then proceeded to his right, to find that the commander of that wing was not on the field and that the necessary preparations for battle had not been made. During the progress of preparations, Bragg ordered a reconnoissance beyond Thomas' left flank, and was gratified to learn that the Lafayette road was open to his possession. This condition of affairs was owing to the fact that Negley's Division was still in position on the right of Brannan. Thomas felt great uneasiness, for though his troops had constructed barricades, the flank could not be strong while the promised division was absent; yet Gen. Bragg was forming a combination against it, both in pursuance of a general plan and with special reference to its weakness, and he was sure that an attack would not long be delayed. He therefore sent a staff officer to hasten Negley, two of whose brigades were yet in line, the reserve, Gen. Beatty's, being alone free to move. This was the only sup-

port on Thomas' left flank, in room of a whole division promised for the coming battle.

At half-past eight A. M. the character of the skirmishing plainly indicated that the enemy was preparing for an attack, and within an hour from that time he made a furious assault upon the left of the general line, which was rapidly extended to the right. The single brigade protecting the flank was soon displaced, and Thomas' left flank was greatly overlapped; but the attack against the main line was so stoutly resisted that the enemy dare not swing his right flank into our rear, the other divisions being so fearfully shattered. Gen. Cleburne reported the loss of five hundred men in a few minutes. Breckenridge's left brigade was almost annihilated, having lost its commander, Gen. Helm, and four Colonels, two killed and two wounded. The national artillery was especially effective.

Thus their second battle opened auspiciously for our army; but as the attack progressed along the line and Longstreet advanced to continue it, he found only isolated fragments of a battle line before him. This state of things resulted from a combination of circumstances. As the promised division had not been sent to Gen. Thomas, he repeated his requests for reinforcements, especially after the opening of the action. These calls, and the quietness of the enemy on the right, induced Gen. Rosecrans to believe that Bragg was moving his army to his right. So strong was this belief that he finally decided to withdraw his own right altogether. At ten A. M. he ordered Gen. McCook to make dispositions looking to the movement of his troops to the left, and soon after gave him a specific order to send two brigades of Sheridan's Division to Gen. Thomas, with all possible dispatch, and the third as soon as the line could be sufficiently withdrawn to permit it. He also directed Gen. Crittenden to send the two

reserve brigades of VanCleve's Division to the same destination. These orders put in motion to the left every brigade in reserve except Wilder's.

Another misapprehension was still more favorable to the enemy. Gen. Rosecrans having received information that Brannan's line was refused, on the right of Reynolds, he ordered Gen. Wood to "close up on Reynolds and support him." Regarding this order too explicit in requirement and too imperative in tone to warrant any discretion as to obedience, Gen. Wood withdrew his division with promptness. His left was aligned with Brannan's right, and he saw no way to close upon Reynolds but to withdraw from line and pass to the left, in the rear of Brannan. Having advised Gen. McCook that this change would be made, Gen. Wood moved his division rapidly from line. Brannan was not out of line, Reynolds was not under pressure, and just as Wood moved out the enemy advanced to the attack, Wood's last brigade being severed as it retired, and Brannan was struck in flank. Gen. Davis threw his reserve brigade toward the wide, vacant space, but the heavy columns of the enemy were soon upon it. His troops resisted bravely, but assaulted in front, flank and rear, they were lifted from position and hurled in fragments toward Missionary Ridge. The attack and issue were too sudden for Laibold's brigade to move to his assistance, and the latter was quickly routed. It was then that Lytle's and Bradley's brigades at the time ordered to the left, were halted and thrown in to occupy the ground from which the second brigade had been driven, and gallantly did they face the fearful task; but with a force flushed with sudden success swarming on both flanks and in front, it was a task hopeless and vain from the first, and after a deadly and desperate struggle they fell back to the road where they rallied, but after checking the enemy were again overpowered

by superior numbers, and the shattering of our right wing was complete. After this general view of the situation, let us now retrace our steps and gather up the story of the first brigade and the 36th.

It was about three o'clock on Sunday morning that we were ordered with the brigade further to the left. The hospital department with the ambulances did not follow until about daylight, when, as they approached the lines, they found the cavalry guarding the flank, so that for some time they had been outside our lines, and in coming in, had passed so near the enemy that they could have been fired on and taken, had it not been for the heavy fog which covered everything until eight or nine o'clock. Our new position proved to be the Widow Glenn's house, Gen. Rosecrans's headquarters, which had been selected the preceding day, as being the rear of the center of our line of battle, but which this morning was our extreme right. Here the men had breakfast, the 88th kindly giving our boys one day's rations. By and by Rosecrans came round accompanied by his staff and escort. He looked in bad plight, but his voice was ringing and cheery. "Boys," said he, "I never fight Sundays, but if they begin it we will end it."

The men lay round, ready at a single bound to reach their places, while all speculated as to the coming events of the day. Some of the officers of the 51st, which was close by, came over, and gave us a full account of their part in the battle of the day before, declaring it the hottest place they were ever in. Gradually the fog lifted and a warm and beautiful day greeted us; a day for praising and serving God, rather than for destroying man. Everyone felt that it would not be long before the enemy would show his intentions. There were conversations, too, and words that proved to be the last with many, which will long be remembered

by the survivors. There was Gen. Lytle, as he sat calm and dignified at the head of the brigade, to all appearance unmoved by the circumstances, though comprehending all the gravity of the situation. As soon as the brigade had taken its place near Widow Glenn's, he called aside one of his aids, Lieut. J. M. Turnbull, of Company E, and told him that he felt a great battle would be fought that day and that he would be killed. He said, "Turnbull, I want you to stay with me to-day. I will have orders carried by others, and I want you to stay with me." His reply was, "General, if that is your wish, while I live and you live we will be together." There were Capt. Wakeman and Lieut. O. Smith, who had taken such an interest in the erection of our chapel and who had officiated as ushers at the dedication. Capt. Wakeman had been sick for a number of days and unable to march, and Surgeon Lytle had offered to send him back, but he had repeatedly declined to go. The Chaplain remonstrated with him that morning, but he adhered to his resolution to stand by the boys.

Every little while, scattering shots from the picket line were heard, but between nine and ten o'clock, the thickening sounds began to tell that the day's work was opening. It was not long before the musketry increased to a continuous roll, and then the booming of artillery began, telling us that our left was attacked. Fierce and long did the terrible roar continue, and then it came nearer, making every man feel that it could not be long before the terrible storm would break on us. And nearer it did come, till the crash seemed almost upon us. Troops near by moved up at quick pace, and batteries of artillery were started off at a jump, but, unlike what we had experienced before, we seemed left till the last, whereas our place had hitherto been at the front. Those who were present will never forget the awful silence in

which these movements were watched and orders were waited; every man grasping his gun and every officer standing to his place. Soon there came an orderly at full speed and dashed up to Gen. Lytle. It was but a word, and his voice like a trumpet rang out, "Fall in!" Every officer took up the word and every man was in his place. "Forward—double-quick!" and in a moment the regiment was dashing down the slope and on to the scene of conflict.

A little while before this order was received, Lieut. Turnbull was sent forward to the skirmish line in our front, commanded by Capt. Bross, of the 88th. On reaching the left of the line, which rested just in the edge of the woods, he found that it did not connect with the troops on the left. Enquiring of the Sergeant about it, he learned that the line had been withdrawn a few minutes before (the result of moving Wood to the left). Telling the Sergeant to caution the men not to fire on him, he rode to the front to reconnoitre. Proceeding about a hundred yards through the thick brush, he heard troops moving before him and so near that he could hear the command, "Halt," "Halt," continuously given. He divined at once that the enemy were massing, after crossing Chickamauga, preparatory to a movement through our broken lines. Turning, no time was lost in reaching our skirmishers whom he ordered at once to face to the left and move into the woods, the right of the line to rest where the left then was. He returned as fast as his horse could carry him to the brigade, which he found moving, as we have described, under the guidance of one of Rosecrans' staff officers, whose name (happily for him) we do not know. On taking his place beside Gen. Lytle, Turnbull protested against moving by the flank as they were then doing; told him we should move in line of battle, that the enemy were close to us in our front and we

should have to form line of battle under fire. The General called the staff officer and told him. He laughed, and said he had just come from the front, and intimated that Turnbull was scared. So on they went, through dust enough to choke, and heat to melt, soon meeting the wounded and demoralized of the first line which had been routed and driven back, while the second line was beginning to give way. It seemed but a few moments when a most terrific volley was opened on them. (Turnbull looked around for our staff officer who was acting as guide, and saw him riding rapidly to the rear and has not seen him since.) Gen. Lytle turned in his saddle and gave the command to the officers at the head of the column, "By company, into line." It was taken up by the line officers, and it is questionable whether such a command was ever executed under such terrible fire so gallantly and so well as was this one by these brave men. They were falling on every hand thick and fast, but they formed a good line and moved rapidly to the crest of the hill. This was the ground which the second brigade had tried to hold, and their wounded and dead obstructed the way, while men, horses and artillery were scattered in great confusion. One battery wagon swinging round with almost lightning speed struck a dead tree, which caused the top to break off, coming down into Company F and striking two men, one of whom was Oscar Hobbs, supposed to be killed, but he afterwards revived.

In the order of march our battery was in the centre of the brigade, which delayed very much the formation of the second line of battle. Becoming restive under this delay Gen. Lytle turned to Turnbull and ordered him to superintend the formation of the second line of battle with all possible speed. The Lieutenant looked at him; seeing that he was terribly in earnest, saluted him for the last time, and turned to execute his order.

Directing the artillery to the rear, the second line was speedily formed, the front line in the meantime having advanced to the brow of the hill, where it took but a moment to comprehend the situation and realize the terrible danger to which they were exposed. The sight was truly appalling. "We were in an old field where the ground was covered with dry grass and old logs which the bursting shells had set on fire. A thick cloud of smoke had risen about as high as our heads and seemed hanging like a funeral pall in the air. Under this we could see, away down the slope of the hill and across the little valley just as far as the eye could reach, moving masses of men hurrying toward us. In our front, not more than seventy or seventy-five yards distant, the enemy's front line lay secreted behind a low rail fence. We set to work with a will, while the ranks of the enemy belched forth a stream of fire, and a battery of artillery on the right flank tore the ground with grape and shell."

But more quickly than we can tell the story, death was doing its terrible work. Gen. Lytle had bravely fronted his brigade. Riding up before our regiment and praising its conduct, he drew his sword close by our colors and was apparently about to give orders to charge, when he was struck in the head with a bullet, and fell into the arms of one of his aids, while his horse galloped to the rear. This was the General's third battle and third wound. Struck at Carnifex Ferry, and grievously hurt at Perryville, on both occasions he had requested those around him to leave him, exclaiming that he was mortally hurt. Now he again begged to be abandoned, but not until the enemy had almost closed around him did the aid obey his desire, and then the General was apparently dead.

In the meantime the fiery conflict grew more desperate and deadly. Col. Miller, on whom the command of the brigade

devolved, gallant as ever; Lieut. Col. Olson, brave to a fault, and Major Sherman, true and unflinching, were everywhere conspicuous, encouraging the men by their example to wring from unwilling hands of fate the victory which was denied. Our exposed left was not unseen. "Who will take care of our left?" said a man to Major Sherman. "Never you mind the left," he replied, "take care of what is in your front." And well did they do it against ever increasing forces, sending well directed volleys into their ranks which staggered and checked them; while the gallant color-bearer, William R. Toll, of Company C, seeming to know no fear, stood erect, waving in the very faces of the foe our glorious flag, already blazoned with the names of "Pea Ridge," "Perryville" and "Stone River," soon torn and the staff shattered by many a bullet aimed at the brave bearer. Ezra Parker, Corporal Company B, one of the color guard and a true man, fell pierced by a bullet through the forehead. Sergt. Hitchcock, of Company B, at the extreme left, was notified to detail another corporal to fill his place. He designated Corp. Charles G. Ayers, who, like the true and brave soldier that he was, shouldered his musket and ran to his stern post of duty, and afterwards he could show forty bullet holes through his blankets and uniform. Fearful was the havoc which the storm of lead was making. Capts. Mitchell, Campbell, Hobbs, Austin, Wakeman; Lieuts. O. Smith, Company E, Denning (on Gen. Sheridan's staff), Myron A. Smith, Company H, and a host of non-commissioned officers and privates were falling victims. The air seemed alive with bullets, and every moment the ranks were growing thinner. The column which had dashed on to the field fifteen minutes before with three hundred and seventy men, had already lost one-half, while the enemy in growing ranks were swarming around both flanks as well as pressing on the front.

The command was given to fall back, which was executed in good order, every step of the ground being contested, until they reached the valley through which they had come, when fighting behind rocks and trees they checked for a little while the advancing foe. It was a bitter thought that they should have so many of their comrades wounded and some dying in the enemy's hands. Quite a number were helped off the field, others were assisted to sheltered places behind trees, &c. But time was short—on again came the hosts of the enemy, bringing artillery with grape and canister to bear, until slowly the retreat was continued across the road and into the woods beyond, halting and checking their advance from time to time, until all hope was gone—our right had been utterly shattered.

At the time the brigade was ordered in, the Hospital Department with the ambulances followed and took position on the west side of the road, sending in the men detailed with stretchers, and waited to render assistance to the wounded at the earliest moment. As the last file of men disappeared in the woods now half hidden in dust and smoke, the roll and crash of musketry was so terrible that it seemed impossible for any one to come out of such a storm alive. Here they gazed in the direction of the battle, expecting every moment some poor, wounded soldier would be brought for relief, instead of which only here and there a straggling one appeared with a slight wound, able to take care of himself, while the firing, instead of being checked, seemed to come nearer. Soon the bullets struck spitefully in the tree-tops, and gave warning that the ambulances must be moved further back. Taking them back a little way they were halted again, while the number of slightly wounded and straggling soldiers seemed to increase every moment. It was but a few minutes and again the bullets were striking snappishly in the tree-tops, and

streams of men, wounded and unwounded, began to pour forth. Reaching the next ridge, and passing along it, we found Gen. Sheridan and Lieut. Turnbull riding up and down, begging the men to halt and form line. The Lieutenant, after executing Gen. Lytle's last order, to form the second line, had his horse shot under him, saw the General's galloping riderless, and soon the whole line gave way. He made all haste to procure another horse, then rode back to the ridge where we saw him, and with the help of other officers undertook to organize by pressing into the ranks every person that came to the rear. When they had got about a hundred men in line, Gen. Sheridan and a staff officer or two rode up and said, "You are doing a good work; have the men fall back to the next ridge and gather up every straggler." As we passed on we heard him say, "O, my men, wont you make a stand here?" By following too much the lay of the country we were unconsciously facing too much to our right where we should be exposed to capture, and so were directed to bear to the left. Passing over a ridge we found a road in the next hollow, on which were streaming wagons, ambulances, caissons, officers and men, mounted and unmounted, wounded and unwounded. Here we gathered more of our wounded. Capt. Austin and Lieut. Denning, who had both been helped off the field, were taken up. The ambulances were loaded. Surgeons Lytle and Hatch and the Chaplain gave up their horses for the wounded to ride, and so we pressed on, expecting every moment to see the Rebel cavalry coming down upon us and capture this long train. By and by we came to a cross road, near a high ridge, on which were cavalry men and a part of McCook's escort, stopping every straggler and beginning to form a line. Here all the ambulances, wounded men and hospital arrangements were ordered to make their way with all speed to Chattanooga, about twelve miles distant from this point.

While they were wending their way to the city, the work of re-organization went on rapidly. Lieut. Turnbull with his co-workers had gathered two or three hundred men by the time they made their second halt, and it was not long before Gen. Sheridan had quite a force ready and willing to follow him anywhere. Then came a short council of war, which is a good illustration of the fertility of that General's brain on a battle-field. "Officers," said he, "we are cut off from the main army and must reach Gen. Thomas with the least possible delay. This, I think, from my field notes, is ——— Ridge, and, if I am right, by following it we shall come to a cross-road, where, I hope, we can communicate with the General." He was right, and on the march thither fragments of each regiment in the brigade were gathered up. Among them was French Brownlee, Sergeant Company B, who had been sick for some time and was directed by his officers and Surgeon to stay with the ambulance and aid the wounded. But his spirit had no rest, and as our line retired he kept near enough to use his Springfield rifle. The 98th Illinois coming near where he was, one of their captains requested him to lead some skirmishers. He soon found three rebels roaming over the field, ordered them to halt, promising them safety. One came in; he sent the contents of his musket after another, giving him a close call, but not being supported by the skirmishers he retired with his one prisoner and handed him over to the 98th. In following the regiment he passed the killed and wounded, gave the latter what water he had, and soon found the color bearer of the 22nd Illinois wounded. He carried his flag and assisted him to walk until he gave him into the care of one of his own men, then, after two hours of painful search, succeeded in finding his own regiment as it moved under Sheridan.

On reaching the Dry Creek Valley road, the force having increased to fifteen hundred, some delay occurred, and the troops

re-organized. The commanding officers of each regiment were stationed at a designated spot, and the members of the different regiments directed to report to them. Here the brigade again took form. Col. Miller was put in command, and Turnbull ordered to report to him for duty. It was soon ascertained, however, that the enemy had moved on a parallel line with us, and were already in possession of the Dry Valley road, so the General determined to make a rapid march through Rossville and join Gen. Thomas on the Lafayette road. This was successfully accomplished about half-past five P. M., Sheridan reporting with more men and guns than he carried originally into the fight.

When the right was compelled to give way under the overwhelming force brought against it, it was the general opinion of all in that part of the line that the disaster extended to the whole army. Rosecrans, McCook and Crittenden, all shared this conclusion, but as the afternoon proceeded it was found that the right and centre still held their ground. Bragg made another and still heavier attack on our right, but was repulsed with great slaughter. Brannan, a part of whose division was broken with the right wing, succeeded in rallying and taking up a very strong position to the right and rear, and by throwing up barricades made it impregnable. Other dispositions were made to the right and left of him as emergencies arose, and at last Longstreet, who had been massing his forces through the afternoon, made a most desperate attack, which, however, though repeated again and again, was successfully resisted. But there was a depression on the west of Brannan which afforded easy passage around it. This passage the enemy started to seize, and thus take in reverse the line which had repelled every direct attack. This was the crisis of the whole battle. A few moments more and the day would have been utterly lost to us. At this critical juncture Gen.

Granger with his reserve troops which had hastened from Ross-ville, reported to Gen. Thomas, who directed him at once to our threatened right; and as the enemy moved down the northern slope towards our rear, Steedman's Division, with a fury born of the impending peril, charged the foe and drove him over the ridge. In gaining their position one thousand men were lost, "but if the issue of battle has ever given compensation for the loss of valuable lives, it was in this action, for the opportune aid of these two brigades saved the army from defeat and rout." Longstreet afterward massed his whole force to carry these positions, but he failed in every instance, the configuration of the ground proving very much to the advantage of our men, who could advance and deliver a plunging fire from the brow of the hill, and by a slight recession while loading were entirely covered from the bullets of the enemy. Indeed, the greatest danger at last was the scarcity of ammunition, the average to the man being not more than three rounds, and it was quite common to search the cartridge boxes of those who fell. Whenever ammunition failed entirely, the order was given to fix bayonets and hold the hill with cold steel. Thus was the enemy repulsed at every point until night fell, and in the final attacks this was accomplished in no slight measure with the bayonet and clubbed muskets.

After Sheridan had reported to Thomas, his division was sent toward Rossville to bring off a train which was falling into the hands of the enemy. After marching some miles, they went in perfect silence to within rifle shot of the enemy's camp-fires without discovery, secured the train, and returned five miles, where they bivouacked for the night as best they could. A more tired and hungry set of men it would have been hard to find, some having had nothing to eat all day, and others had breakfasted on bran pudding. But saddest of all was the thought

that so many comrades were gone, partners and mess-mates, killed, wounded or missing. Not a few have never been heard of since. During the night the army was withdrawn, and took a strong position around Rossville.

The train of ambulances with the wounded whom we left on the road to Chattanooga pursued their way all the afternoon and evening, being much delayed by various causes, but arrived in the town about nine o'clock. Wagons, ambulances and all kinds of army baggage, with wounded and unwounded men, had been streaming in on the different roads all the afternoon. The teams filling the main streets in rows four and five deep, were ordered across the river. Breastworks were planned and commenced in the rear of the place, ready for a new and last line of battle should such a struggle come. The stragglers were set to work, and many of them reformed and sent back to the army. We had about eighty men in the ambulances of which we had charge, and it was a long, tedious task to find accommodations for them all, dress their wounds, and supply them with food. But this was done before we stretched our own tired limbs to rest long after midnight.

Next morning we were up early, went down to see the boys, had all the 36th removed to one of the churches, of which Dr. Lytle was put in charge, drew rations for them, and had their wounds dressed. The other hospitals also were visited to find any of our men. By and by the hospital wagon with the nurses arrived, the big tent was set up, and our men were made tolerably comfortable. Lists and descriptions of the wounded were made out to be sent home the first opportunity, and it was observed that the wounds as a class were specially light, which was easily accounted for by the fact that the worst wounded men were unable to leave the field when our troops fell back. In the

meantime every kind of wild report was brought by stragglers from the front, and it was the confident expectation of all that our troops would fall back. Every man capable of walking was sent over the river, where a field hospital on a large scale was being laid out.

After the most pressing work had been done, it was arranged that the Chaplain and Dr. Hatch should go to the regiment, while Dr. Lytle should remain with the wounded. As they rode out toward Rossville it was evident from the streams of wagons, caissons, &c., coming in, that preparations were being made for a retreat. They found the division a short distance to the south and west of Rossville, with a strong line of barricades protecting their front and flank. During the night the army had withdrawn from the position occupied at the close of the battle, and was now grouped on the roads concentrating at Rossville. During the day the enemy with a strong force of infantry and cavalry approached on the direct roads from the battle-field, and in the afternoon they felt our lines and there was considerable skirmishing, succeeded later in the day by a brisk artillery fire. What remained of the three left companies of the regiment, aided by a company from the 21st Michigan, were sent forward about one-quarter of a mile as skirmishers, but were relieved at night. Our army seemed terribly shrunk in size, but they were undaunted in spirit.

The movement to Chattanooga was commenced at nine P. M. It was made by divisions in supporting distance, one after another, from left to right. Sheridan's Division being on the right, we did not start until two or three o'clock, although we were called up about midnight. The air was chilly; we were forbidden all lights, fires or noisy movements, and it seemed as though the order to move would never come. At last, however,

we filed out to the road, and found Sheridan sitting calmly on his horse, waiting until the very last of his division had safely retired. His subsequent history only confirmed the confident judgment of his men that night that had he been in a superior instead of subordinate command, the results at Chickamauga would have been much more satisfactory. Our march was in double column, filling the whole road so that the retreat was speedily made. At five o'clock we reached the suburbs of Chattanooga, where, after breakfast, the brigade was set to digging rifle pits, and the siege and defence of Chattanooga had begun.

The battle of Chickamauga has provoked the most active criticism from both sections of the country. But the verdict of time is not very different from that which our army gave as they entrenched themselves at the foot of Lookout, that provided we held Chattanooga it was for our army a great triumph. For, if to attain and hold the objective point of the campaign, to throw ourselves across such a river, and by wise and vigorous marching day and night over mountains and through mountain gaps, threaten communications and then elude attack in detail, gather up our widely scattered forces and concentrate in the face of an outnumbering enemy, foil his plans to throw himself on our flanks, and then in a great battle not only hold him at bay, but inflict upon his overwhelming force such terrible losses that he was incapable of any but the most cautious following when we fell back to occupy the place for which we had been contending—if all this was not success, what was it?

On the other hand, for Bragg to have his own army reinforced by large bodies from both the east and west, a veteran corps from Lee in Virginia, Buckner's corps from East Tennessee, troops from Mississippi and Georgia, until this force was superior to ours by twelve or fifteen thousand, with the expectation not

simply of retaking Chattanooga but annihilating the army of the Cumberland, and then to have failed to strike our scattered forces in detail, to fail to prevent their concentration on his chosen battle-field, fail to drive them from their position even when mistakes on our part gave him the advantage, and then, notwithstanding the preponderance in numbers, to suffer such immense losses especially in men and officers, that though possessing the field he was too exhausted and beaten to follow to any purpose, thus making whatever success he had barren of any real results—if this was not failure, what was it? No wonder that Bragg's generalship was criticised, and that the Southern people complained that the battle of Chickamauga gave no results commensurate with the resources it represented or the losses it entailed. Bragg admits in his report the loss of two-fifths of his army; two Major Generals were wounded, three Brigadiers killed and three wounded, and one of the latter was captured.

As regards our own division and brigade and the 36th, every man feels that it was an honor to have served amid such perils and contests. Not to mention the weary marches, day and night, over mountains two thousand feet high, the dust, heat, lack of water and rations, the spirit of the men in battle was something to be proud of. Virtually deprived of the direct handling of their trusted Sheridan by the over-ruling orders of his superiors, and thrown into the battle after the enemy had made the attack in overwhelming numbers, success was hopeless before they fired a shot; while the large number of both officers and men who fell in the front line, attests the persistent courage of all in the face of the most terrible odds. Instead of counting it any lessening of their honor that they finally fell back, it would have been no disadvantage if they had done so sooner, for the forces both in front and on each flank were simply overwhelming. Sergt.

Hitchcock, who was wounded in both arms just before the regiment retired, and paralyzed and bleeding was captured in a few moments by the rushing foe, was afterwards led under guard over that ground and found large bodies of troops yet undeployed, while Lieut. Col. Thurston, chief of staff to McCook's corps, returning from Craw-Fish Springs with our cavalry about fifteen minutes after our forces had retired, saw a long line of the enemy reaching far to the south of Widow Glenn, moving up to continue the fight. To have remained longer would have been to be captured bodily. As soon as re-organized they were ready again for the sternest work, and on the succeeding days and during the long siege of Chattanooga, and then on Mission Ridge, gave proof that though they had been checked their spirit was simply invincible.

This chapter must not be closed without one more reference to our noble brigade commander, who fell close to our colors on that fateful day. Under a flag of truce his body was recovered for honorable burial by faithful and loving hands, and long will his name and memory be fragrant to the survivors of the First Brigade. Gen. Lytle was a classical scholar and a poet, and every member of the 36th will be glad to possess a copy of the following poem written by him, and published immediately after the battle :

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY GEN. WM. H. LYTLE.

From the *Memphis Bulletin*.

The following poem was written by the gifted and gallant Gen. William H. Lytle, of Ohio, who fell in the recent battle in Georgia. It was published a few years ago in the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and pronounced by W. W. Fosdick, himself an eloquent poet, "One of the most masterly lyrics which has ever



BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM F. LYTLE.

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adorned American poetry ;" and he predicted for it "a popularity and perpetuity unsurpassed by any Western production."

Both of these gifted men are now dead. One died in a quiet, happy home, in a peaceful land, surrounded by his friends ; the other "*perished like a Roman*," went down amid the "*Stygian honors*" of battle, surrounded by his "scarred and veteran legions."

"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"

C. L. T.

"*I am dying, Egypt, dying.*"—[Shakespeare.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark, Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, oh ! Queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Hearken to the great heart secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and shattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore ;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low ;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star fades quite away,
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away !

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home ;
Seek her—say the Gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star eyed Egyptian !
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to stygian honors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine :
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying !
Hark ! insulting foeman's cry ;
They are coming—quick, my falchion !
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah ! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell ;
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra ! Rome ! farewell !

LIST OF CASUALTIES AT CHICKAMAUGA.

COMPANY A.

Capt. W. H. Mitchell, left knee ; Corp. John S. Long, finger ; Fred Krahan, wounded and missing ; Dorus Murus, wounded and captured—since died ; John O'Connell, killed ; Ed. H. Robinson, lungs, and captured—died at Andersonville ; Chas. B. Rapp, killed ; Michael Seisloff, wounded slightly ; Ed. Nute, slightly.

COMPANY B.

Capt. B. F. Campbell, wounded and captured ; 1st Sergt. Samuel Hitchcock, both arms, and captured ; Corp. Ezra W. Parker, killed. Privates—Jacob Winn, died at Andersonville ; Rudolph Berger, slightly ; O. F. Brownlee, knee ; Frank Dugan, both hips ; Fred. Haeni, face, and

captured; Chas. Heinzie, thigh; Henry Levoy, finger; John Ott, left arm; Daniel B. Roberts, face; Daniel Terry, slightly; Christian Brunemeyer, face; Thomas McCutcheon, never heard from.

COMPANY C.

Corp. James L. Dryden, wounded and captured; Corp. William S. Allen, killed; Corp. M. L. Bute, wounded and captured—never heard from; Sergt. Geo. N. Mercer, wounded; Ethan Keck, wounded; Thos. Leggett, wounded; Geo. H. Knox, wounded, and died at Chattanooga; Hugh W. Harper, wounded; John H. Ward, wounded; John G. Cavis, wounded, captured and never heard from; Geo. W. Thompson, wounded and captured; William Ward, captured; Elisha L. Atkins, captured, and died in the enemy's hands; Benj. Sawins, the same; Orlando Hayes, captured; Geo. Monro, wounded and captured.

COMPANY D.

Sergt. W. I. Maycroft, neck and shoulder; Corp. J. M. Leach, foot; Corp. Harvey Kimball, killed; W. W. Gifford, leg, and captured; Edward Seymour, arm, captured and never heard from; Ezra Taylor, body, and missing; Francis Phelps, elbow; C. H. Bissell, finger; Joseph Shaw, leg, slight; Peter A. Johnson, wounded and captured; Miles Murray, William P. Burgess, Joseph Apply, captured.

COMPANY E.

Capt. A. M. Hobbs, wounded and captured; Lieut. Orison Smith, killed; Sergt. William Willett, killed; Corp. D. Burnside, hip, and captured; Corp. John Phansteil, slight; Comfort Brace, killed; Henry C. Baxter, killed; Herbert Dewey, wounded and captured; William Hanson, face; James Hatch, neck; Henry Hennes, hips; Reuben Perrin, killed; Oscar Pecoy, right arm; Henry Smith, head, and captured; Jacob Wolfe, killed; William Zellar, left arm; Elisha Lloyd, wounded and captured; Barney Wheeler, captured.

COMPANY F.

Sergt. Burgo Thompson, head; Sergt. Geo. Neff, hip; Corp. Gunner Gunnerson, shoulder; James H. Hall, died in enemy's hands, Sept. 22; Ira M. Johnson, neck; Oscar Hobbs, head; Walter E. Partridge, head; William McLary, finger; Chas. Sweetland, captured.

COMPANY G.

Capt. Linas J. Austin, thigh; Lieut. Robert Denning, thigh; Sergt. William Rolla, face; Sam. Saltmarsh, face; Alex. Still, dangerously, and captured; Daniel Kennedy, severely, and captured. Corp. L. B. Dawson, left arm; James Lear, left side; Robert Jordan, leg, slight; Joseph Hebert, slight; Peter Bradt, head and breast; Frank Bradshaw, hip; Isaac Carson, killed; Joseph Vogt, shoulder; George Haltz, killed; Lewis Jones, wounded and captured; Charles Landon, wounded and captured. James Meacham, shoulder; Sylvester Meacham, killed; Henry Spelman, elbow; Seth Slyter, hand; Benj. Stevens, killed.

COMPANY H.

Capt. S. H. Wakeman, killed; Lieut. M. A. Smith, killed; Ebenezer Lamb, killed; David Warwick, killed; John C. Wolfe, arm; Day Elmore, lungs; S. Z. Carver, leg; M. W. Goold, back; Charles Dygert, breast; Chas. Irish, arm; John Holderman, head; Harrison Montgomery, lungs, died Sept. 26; Addison M. Throop, head; Cornelius Vanness, arm; Henry C. Murray, shoulder; Geo. Jackson, James K. Perkins, captured.

COMPANY I.

James Scully, killed; Corp. J. Barth, head; M. Manning, face; F. Shoger, finger; F. Schulenberg, hand; F. Witski, mouth; S. Mall, mouth; Fred Miller, captured.

COMPANY K.

Sergt. David H. Dickenson, leg; Sergt. James C. Hogue, leg; Corp. Peter Barnet, hip; Corp. E. Pratt, leg; James Delany, slight; James H. Hogue, back; William N. Hall, neck; Abram Long, shoulder; Sidney O. Munger, left leg, amputated; Allen Burroughs, killed; William Adams, Lem Grundy, J. Levereau, Edward Mayberry, Harlow Slate, captured.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHATTANOOGA.



WHEN the Army of the Cumberland fell back into Chattanooga, it was with no certainty that it could be held. Gen. Rosecrans expressed his fears to the President, the day after the battle, that he should not be able to hold his position. This will partly account for the lines of defence which he adopted, and the disposition of his forces. He made no attempt to hold Lookout Mountain, the railroad, or the river below Chattanooga, and was therefore shut out from all direct communication with Bridgeport and Stevenson, our base of supplies. That is to say, he made his disposition to save the army from immediate disaster, by protecting his bridges and presenting strong lines to the enemy, rather than to prepare for resisting a protracted siege.

As soon as we reached Chattanooga on the morning of the 22nd of September, heavy details were made for working in rifle pits. Every hour added immensely to the strength of the position and the courage and determination of the men. The lines selected were admirably adapted to their defensive purpose; extending from Chattanooga Creek at its mouth, near the foot

of Lookout, to the mouth of Citico Creek, north of the town. After the work had progressed some hours, heavy cannonading was heard in front, as the enemy felt his way towards our position, and the brigade fell in, the 36th being put in reserve. Probably it was here that occurred that honorable mention of the regiment which the boys were glad to repeat. It having been suggested to Gen. Sheridan that an additional battery was needed to strengthen a certain point, "No," said the General, "the 36th Illinois is stationed there; no battery is needed." But no attack was made, the enemy being content with skirmishing and finding out our position.

It is worthy of mention that even in these critical circumstances, our mail came in, bringing a good supply of *Atlantics* and *Harpers'*, besides the usual letters, so long looked for and so welcome. Towards evening, things having quieted down—the wounded having been all transferred to the field hospital—Surgeon Lytle and the Chaplain determined to ride down to the river crossing, below the town, and ascertain for themselves the prospect of an evacuation, which it was supposed would be made that night, if at all. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as they rode by the foot of Cameron Hill and looked upon the placid river, with the pontoon bridge sleeping quietly on its bosom, the contrast with the stir, confusion and agitation of the camp was most marked. It was evident that there was no present intention on the part of our commander to evacuate the town, which had already cost us so much. As they continued their trip through the principal streets of the town, saw its public buildings, railroad facilities, hospitals, &c., they thought it ought not to be evacuated, but held at all hazards. On their return to camp, voices were heard on all sides, asking for the news. "Are we going to evacuate?" "No," was the reply,

“no evacuation; we must hold Chattanooga.” We had a splendid night’s rest, and a marked improvement in the spirits of the men was visible next morning.

Digging entrenchments and felling trees was the order of the day on the 23rd, quickened by the report that the enemy was advancing upon us. After dinner there was heavy firing to the left, and all was excitement, as we looked for a general attack along the lines. As the afternoon wore away, Gen. Rosecrans passed along from left to right, encouraging the men and receiving hearty cheers wherever he went. “We started for Chattanooga;” said he, “we are in Chattanooga, and we will stay in Chattanooga.” The same day he telegraphed to Washington more confidently than on the 21st, saying: “We hold this point, and cannot be dislodged, except by very superior forces and after a great battle.” Another good night’s rest helped the spirits of the men wonderfully.

We were up at three o’clock on the 24th, and that day the enemy took possession of Lookout Mountain. An attack in force was still looked for and every preparation made to meet it. Our brigade was the extreme right of the army, resting upon the Tennessee River, and, when on the front line near Chattanooga Creek, was in the vicinity of a huge foundry and tannery, which had done good service to the Southern army. In these buildings the 36th was set to pile up combustibles, so that they might be destroyed if we had to abandon them. The enemy, without making a general attack, succeeded in lodging his batteries so near that a shell exploded in our brigade and wounded one man in the 88th. The ambulances were ordered back out of range, and at eight o’clock P. M., the left wing went to work on entrenchments, working till one o’clock A. M. The right wing went out later and worked until morning. At ten o’clock, P. M. there was

heavy skirmishing and cannonading near the centre of the line, lasting about two hours. Next morning the brigade was moved back on to a hill, in preparation for a permanent camp, and a detail was sent out to work on a fort being erected at our right, which overlooked the river. The day was quiet along the lines until about sundown, when cannonading was resumed for a while, but it did us no damage. The nights were now growing intensely cold. Next day (Saturday) was spent in felling trees and working on rifle pits, which was continued till late at night.

On the 27th, just one week after the fight, we began to make our regular camp and resume something like regular habits. The mail being once more allowed to go out, lists of the killed and wounded were sent north for publication, and for the first time since we left Bridgeport, we were able to have service. A large congregation assembled, and the Chaplain preached. About eleven o'clock P. M., we were roused by a fierce attack of musketry in front, and the regiment went into the rifle pits, remaining about an hour, and then returned to camp.

It was now evident that Bragg had no intention of driving us from Chattanooga by assaulting our lines, but had determined to compel our retreat by cutting off our supplies. The bitter lessons he had learned at Stone River and Chickamauga, about assaulting our men when only partially entrenched, were not lost upon him. After the last battle Gen. Johnston thus accosted him: "Having beaten the enemy, why didn't you pursue the advantage?" "Well," replied Bragg, "my losses were heavy, you see, my line was pretty long, and by the time I could get under motion the Yankees would have been *ten feet under ground!*"

From Van Horne's history we now learn that "Longstreet insisted on a flank movement instead of a siege. He suggested to his chief to cross the river above Chattanooga, and make him-

self so felt in the rear as to force Rosecrans to evacuate the position and fall back to Nashville, then, if not able to continue the northern movement from inadequate transportation, to follow the railroad to Knoxville, destroy Burnside, and from there threaten Rosecrans' communications in the rear of Nashville. Bragg, however, did not deem this suggestion feasible. His transportation was not considered adequate, and in his view purely military considerations forbade the step. He thought that the interruption of Rosecrans' communications with Bridgeport, south of the river, promised better results, and he disposed his army to accomplish this object. He confided the holding of this important route to Gen. Longstreet, and threw his cavalry across the river to operate against the transportation of supplies by wagons over the mountains to Bridgeport. He judged wisely that his superiority in cavalry and the length and condition of the roads, rendered wagon transportation a precarious means of supply for the army shut up in Chattanooga. His success was assured if he could maintain his hold upon the river and the shorter roads to Bridgeport. The situation of the beleaguered army was critical from the first," for though immediate steps were taken to transfer two corps under Gen. Hooker from the army of the Potomac, and bring assistance from Gens. Hurlbut and Sherman, yet "the movement of troops from points so remote, gave no promise of immediate relief, and as the enemy was on the direct line of approach, their passage from Bridgeport to Chattanooga was itself an intricate problem." The maintenance of our position against such fearful odds, the ultimate raising of the siege, and the successful defeat of the investing army, will ever furnish one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of our war.

On Monday, September 28th, one hundred ambulances were sent out to the battle-field to bring in our wounded, and in two

days a similar train went on the same errand. At the picket line our drivers were compelled to give way to Rebel drivers, who took charge of the ambulances until they were brought back with their sad loads. The tender mercies of these drivers will be perpetuated in the narratives of some of our men.

Among the first to be brought in was Capt. Hobbs, of Co. E, reported among the killed, but who proved to have been wounded in the knee. Capt. Hobbs had been identified with the regiment from the first, had participated in all its marches and battles, had everywhere proved himself a worthy and efficient officer, and was highly esteemed by both officers and men in the command. At the battle of Stone River he was wounded in the breast captured, and shared with other officers in the five months captivity and wretchedness in Southern prisons. He and Lieut. Turnbull, Company C, were selected by choice of their comrades, on account of gallant conduct in battle, to represent the regiment on the "roll of honor," which was made up by order of Gen. Rosecrans. After his arrival in Chattanooga, he remained in one of our hospitals in town, receiving every attention until he was able to be moved, when he was sent North. The situation of the ball in the knee was such that it was not safe to remove it, and as it would not hinder his walking when aided by a cane, it was concluded to allow it to remain. It brought, however, his army life to a close. He returned to Kendall County, where the people showed their appreciation of his services by electing him Circuit Clerk, an office which he retained until his death. In time, the presence of the ball in his knee gave him much trouble, and seemed to threaten his life; he therefore submitted to an operation for its removal, which, instead of benefitting him, hastened his death, which took place a few days later, on January 4th, 1872, over eight years after the battle in which he was wounded.

From Capt. Hobbs we learned more definitely about the others whose fate was uncertain. His 2nd Lieutenant, Orison Smith, was found to be dead. He was a gallant soldier and a true man everywhere, and his loss was deeply felt. All suspense, too, was ended about the fate of Capt. Wakeman. Some had assisted him to a sheltered spot behind a tree, after he was wounded, and we hoped, even against hope, that he might survive, but most probably he died almost at once after our line retired. "Dad," as he was familiarly called in Company A, while yet in a subordinate position, was one to be loved by those who knew him. Beside his noble qualities as a soldier, he was exceedingly companionable as a man; well read, of fine tastes and elevated views, in sympathy with all that was pure and good. He had a special love for fine scenery, and his fellow officers call to mind many a pleasant talk they had over their pipes, while he would point out whatever was attractive in the scenery or the occurrences of the day. He was the fast friend of the Chaplain, and sought in every way to advance the highest interests of the regiment.

His 1st Lieutenant, Myron A. Smith, reported wounded, was also found to be dead, and much other information was gained in regard to those who had been left on the field. Those who were brought into our lines gave sad proof, in their wretched condition and haggard looks, of the rough treatment they had received. Some of them had had nothing to eat for four days. Two narratives, which have been secured, may stand as representative of the rest. One from J. L. Dryden, of Company C, and one from P. A. Johnson, of Company D.

DRYDEN'S NARRATIVE.

The first Rebel I got sight of, I fired at; and while loading, a buck shot struck me in the knuckles of the left hand, causing no inconvenience, however. I finished loading as quickly

as possible, drew up and fired at a Rebel who was capping his gun. The instant I fired, a musket ball struck me, glancing across the upper side of my left wrist (which was then turned under, holding the gun in position for firing), and passing through my left shoulder and top of left lung, caused my left arm to drop as if struck with a club, turning me partly around, but not causing me to lose my balance. My gun fell at my feet; I saw at a glance that my share of the work was finished, and taking a farewell look of my faithful Enfield, I started for the rear. I walked perhaps twenty rods before I fell, exhausted from loss of blood. A Sergeant of Company H passed just as I fell. I called him. He came, and with his knife freed me of my knapsack, cartridge box, haversack and canteen. He lifted me up and we managed to walk a little further until we met the fifer of Company G, Bennie Sawin, Lon Hays and Daniel Baldwin, with a stretcher. I was placed on this and carried to a little cabin where I remained until an ambulance came along, when I was conveyed to the hospital at Craw-Fish Springs, lifted out, and laid down under an oak tree, where I remained until Monday night. About sundown of Sunday evening the black-whiskered surgeon of the 21st Michigan came along. I asked him to do something for me. He replied that it was useless, as I would never see morning, and with this morsel of cold consolation, passed by on the other side.

I have no distinct recollection of anything that passed from that time until Monday night. I was then carried into a tent, stripped, and my wounds dressed by Federal nurses and surgeons. I did not know until the next day that our forces were defeated and we prisoners. Tuesday afternoon the rebel cavalry came flocking in, stealing everything they could find. Fortunately, I had nothing left but my hat, and that they took, and would have taken my pants if they could have got them off. For nine days I lived on boiled wheat, and but little of that.

On Wednesday, September 30th, five hundred ambulances reached us with crackers and coffee, and the work of assorting and paroling commenced. We were put to all manner of tests

to discover how badly we were injured. The surgeons, nurses and those barely able to care for themselves were sent, God knows where, and such of us as were not able to take care of ourselves were paroled and sent back to Chattanooga. This was my good fortune; and on the morning of October 1st they commenced piling us into the ambulances, filling them as full as they could hold. It was raining hard—bitter, bitter cold to a man without clothes. About daylight we were ready for the road, and looking back, I could see the long line of my poor, starved, crippled comrades on foot, taking up their line of march for the nearest railroad station, and thence to Southern prison pens. It was the saddest sight I ever saw. In a short time after starting we passed through the fated battle-field of ten days before, and within fifty yards of where we formed our first line. I did not see a single Rebel unburied; neither did I think it possible that one of our men could have been buried, they lay so thickly on the ground and so closely to the road that the driver, through carelessness or spite, ran our ambulance over many of them. It rained hard all day. Oh, the horrors of that day's ride! Many of the streams we crossed were so swollen that our ambulance box would be filled with water, and the poor boys who were lying down in the bottom were nearly drowned once or twice. Our driver, a gruff, sour, old Rebel, wouldn't hear to one word of complaint, saying "it was all good enough for d—d Yankees." About midnight we reached Chattanooga; were carried up stairs in a large, brick building, washed, had our wounds dressed, and felt satisfied that we were "just inside the borders" of civilization once more. I remained in Chattanooga two days; crossed the Tennessee river to the field hospital, two miles in the country, where I remained two weeks. All this time the "Cracker Line" remained closed, and our rations were by no means large enough to be used as evidence at the bar of "conscience" in making out an indictment against us for the sin of "gluttony." But here—thanks to the Northern fingers which made it, and blessings on the Sanitary Commission which brought it—I once more reveled in the luxury and gloried in the possession of a shirt, having

been seventeen days without hat, coat, shirt or socks; it was a blessing not lightly to be esteemed—that shirt was.

On Wednesday, the 21st of October, we started with a large ambulance train for Stevenson, Alabama, distant thirty-five or thirty-six miles by the river road, but by the “pole road,” which we were obliged to take, it was almost one hundred, occupying five days and nights, and those were days and nights of the most fearful and most causeless suffering, hardship and privation that I ever endured in my life. The train was placed in command of an old German surgeon—I know not who he was, where he came from, or where he has gone to, and I care less. His first care was to crawl into the ambulance containing the hospital stores and get drunk, and he remained drunk until we reached Stevenson. The train started, winding its way up miserable little ravines and cracks, on the east side of Waldron's Ridge, which we crossed on the morning of the third day after starting. There are not adjectives enough in the English language to express the condition of that road. Rocks about the size of a sentry's box, lying right across the road, would raise the front end of the vehicle up straight, then the hind end, causing us one moment to be lying full length on the bottom of the ambulance, and the next standing on our head in the corner. Our driver was a jolly, good fellow, but he couldn't help the jolting, except as he lightened our burdens by laughing at our odd predicament. The third day we crossed Waldron's Ridge, and started down the beautiful Sequatchie valley, when our road gradually became better as we neared the river. During the whole of this trip I know of no one who had his wounds dressed from the time we started until we reached Stevenson. We were almost starved. There was provision along, but our head being muddled with whisky, there was no one to issue it; the strong helped themselves and the weak did without. At night the driver would gather me a hatful of persimmons, and after supper I would lie down under the ambulance and dream of the “gal I left behind me.” I got but one square meal in the whole time, and I got that just as the skunk secures many privileges—by my smell.

We reached Stevenson, Alabama, at last, starved, wearied, jolted and used up generally, when I stretched my wearied limbs upon a *bona fide* hospital cot, and lay and wondered whether the whole world, inhabitants and all, had not been passing through "the mill of the gods." I seemed to be ground down exceedingly fine. Here Add. found me, after a long, dangerous search, furnished me with a new blouse and cap, and bound my feet in slips of red flannel, in lieu of socks. After many more ups and downs we started for home, and on the 22nd day of November we crossed Mason and Dixon's line, and were in God's country again.

J. L. DRYDEN,

Company C, 36th Illinois Volunteers Infantry.

JOHNSON'S NARRATIVE.

Sept. 20th, 1863, I was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, and like a great many others, left on the battle-field. After we broke from the first line of battle, Gen. Sheridan ordered us to halt, face about, make another charge and drive the Rebs back. While making this charge, I was somehow a little in advance. I kept right on, and the first thing I knew, all our forces were gone and I was alone. I started back, when I was wounded in the leg. The Rebs came right on, and as soon as they came up to me, one asked if our men were in full retreat; to which I replied, "Well, I guess they are going back rather lively." "Have you any cartridges?" was his next question. "A few," said I. "Well, let's have them," said he. So I pulled off my cartridge-box and gave it to him, and while so doing, some other Reb stole my rubber blanket. By this time, the main line came up and all pushed on, so I turned my attention to my wound. I began to think I was going to bleed to death, so I tied a little bag, about the size of a common pillow case, around it, and poured some water on it. As soon as the water struck the wound I fainted. A couple of straggling Rebs happened to be near by, saw me faint and instantly came and rubbed my forehead with water and brought me to. Soon the Rebels retreated and stragglers began to come on to the field, among them our drummer, Billy Burgess. As soon as he saw me, he said, "Hallo, Pete, are you badly wounded?" "I

do not know," said I. "I will go and get an ambulance," said he, "and take you to the hospital." So off he started, in his shirt sleeves, and that was the last I ever heard of him. We gathered ourselves together in a little group beside the road and did what we could for one another. Among us were Will Gifford, Company D, 36th, James H. Hall, Company F, 36th, and a great many from other regiments. It was here I witnessed the death of J. H. Hall, Company F, 36th, Sept. 22nd. He gave me some silver money, his pipe and pocket knife, to send to his folks at Newark, Illinois, when I should get through the lines, which I sent to the Captain of Company F, as soon as I reached Chattanooga. We all lay on this battle-field from the 20th to the 27th of September. After we were taken to the hospital and everything arranged for being paroled, we were about to sign the documents, when the Rebel officer having charge said to our doctor: "Doctor, I would like to have all your men sign this parole, if they can." To which the Doctor replied, "I want you to understand we have a class of men who are able to sign their own names." The Rebel officer replied, sharply, "None of your slurs."

A letter received by Col. Miller from Capt. B. F. Campbell, soon after this time, gives his experience:

FRIEND SILAS:—You are no doubt aware of my misfortune in being wounded and captured by a force of the enemy, which moved in round the left flank of our regiment on the 20th of September. That part of the line giving way before the advancing foe, exposed the left wing of the old 36th to a galling and destructive cross-fire, with a prospect of being bagged, as the force on our left could not be rallied to our support. Still, our brave boys worked on, never flinching, until the order sounded along the line to fall back and take another position, which was done. I rallied my men about twenty yards in rear of the line from which we had just retired, and again moved forward. When near where the first line was, I was sent sprawling to Mother Earth, almost helpless, from the effects of a shot in the right breast, operating severely on my ribs, at the same time causing

me to spit blood quite freely. In this plight I was soon surrounded by the enemy and called on for my implements of warfare by a Lieutenant Colonel of a Georgia regiment, who coolly told me to go to the rear, which it was impossible for me to do then, being very weak. After recovering myself slightly, I with much difficulty rose to my feet, and was escorted to the rear with others, by the post guard. I arrived in Richmond, September 30th, and was put in Libby Prison. There are now eight hundred and twenty-five Federal officers confined here, awaiting exchange. We occupy six rooms, with privilege to visit any of those rooms at will. The old hospital room of this building has been fitted up for a dining hall, and we do our own cooking in the basement—quite an improvement on the former style. In addition to this, we are permitted to send outside the prison and purchase many things we need, at rates that will make bankrupts of us all, if not soon exchanged.

My wound is doing well ; hope to be with you soon. Do not fail to write me. My regards to all the boys.

When the wounded were brought into our lines, we were already beginning to feel the effects of the siege, in the shortened rations that were issued, and even the hospitals found difficulty in obtaining a full supply. But Steward J. C. Denison, who had charge of the supplies for the field hospital, went direct to Gen. Sheridan and represented the destitute condition of the wounded coming in, and he promptly ordered full rations; saying, "We must take care of our poor wounded men."

In pursuance of his general plan, Bragg soon began to make demonstrations against our communications, to embarrass us in our really vulnerable point—our supplies. On the 1st of Oct., Wheeler crossed the river with a large force of cavalry, and before our troops could overtake him, he attacked and partially destroyed a large wagon train loaded with supplies, near Anderson's cross roads. Our cavalry immediately pursued, but the

enemy having the start, and heavy rain falling continually, they were much hindered. On coming near Anderson's, they saw the smoke of the burning wagons, and hurrying forward, drove a portion of the enemy's force past the fire, upon the main body, which was in line of battle about a mile off. Several attacks were made with continued success and the enemy was pursued across the Sequatchie Valley. Eight hundred mules were recaptured and some of the wagons saved, but three hundred were burned. Quite a number of the enemy were killed, wounded and captured. Another detachment of Wheeler's command had been sent to McMinnville. This also was pursued, but not in time to save the stores and garrison. A similar movement against Murfreesboro was headed off, and Wheeler, after several defeats, was compelled to make his way across the Tennessee River, while other forces, designed to co-operate with him, had to retreat. Upon the whole, while the loss of the train was a great one, the expedition proved very disastrous to Wheeler, and did not accomplish anything like what was expected of it. His loss was computed at two thousand men and six pieces of artillery.

The first news of the burning of our train created a great excitement in Chattanooga, for it was felt that we could resist the enemy in front better than spare our supplies. But a worse enemy than Wheeler was beginning to work against us, and "the situation of our army was becoming exceedingly critical. At the commencement of the occupation, there were large trains in good condition, and the prospect of transporting supplies was somewhat promising. But early in October the rain began to fall," and the rains of that mountain region are something to remember. It seemed as though the very heavens had turned to water, which poured down incessantly, sometimes for three and four days and nights, until everything was soaked through and through.

The roads became almost impassable. The sixty miles between Chattanooga and Bridgeport required a longer time with every trip, and the animals grew more and more exhausted with incessant labor and lack of forage. As the number of wagons grew less and the weight of supplies they could bring was diminished, the rations served out to the men were steadily reduced. The possibility of being starved out of our position stared us in the face. All along our front, extending from Lookout across the valley of Chattanooga and all along Missionary Ridge lay the Southern army, their flags flying, their tents in full sight, and every little while their heavy guns on the mountain-top belching forth defiance, only waiting until we should commence our retreat, when they would fall upon our flanks and rear and make the Army of the Cumberland one of the things of the past. With them and with President Davis, as he looked down upon us from the mountain height, our ruin and the consequent recognition of the South was only a question of time.

But not so thought we, and as the situation grew more desperate the spirit of our army seemed to rise in stern and unquenchable determination to hold Chattanooga or die. Many were the jokes about the possibilities in store for us; headquarters and the hospital department had many a pleasantry about our six mule team, one of the sleekest and most attractive in the army, of which George took almost idolatrous care, as we prophesied the day when we should be taking our daily rations from their tempting flanks. The keenest minds were quickened to find some solution of this stern problem, which should save both the army and Chattanooga, and in due time it was found. Before we narrate the circumstances of our relief, a number of incidents occurring at that time should find record.

Too much cannot be said of the benefit we derived from the coming of our mail. Next to his rations, the soldier always

valued his letters, and that value was very much increased during the dreary time of the siege. At first, communication was stopped by the General, but after it was once resumed there was no further interruption, but through all the rain, mud and risk came our letters and papers. With the 36th this meant a good deal, for the regiment stood alone for the amount of reading matter which it provided through the mails in addition to our library. Twelve copies of the four monthlies, twenty copies each of several weeklies, beside all the religious reading, swelled the mail matter largely, so that after the blockade was partially raised the Chap- received at one time a bushel of magazines and papers. When our library came up, which it did about the same time, the moral effect on the men was most happy.

No record of the regiment would be complete which should omit to make special mention of this peculiarity, or should fail to notice the untiring efforts and marked skill which characterized our brigade mail carrier, Frank W. Raymond, of Company A. Frank was a universal favorite, and was emphatically the right man in the right place. He knew every man, and the sight of his cheery face, the sound of his familiar voice, especially when he had a letter, was often better than medicine for a sick man, and he says, "If their friends could have seen their disappointed faces when I told them I had no letter for them, they would have been more frequent in writing."

While the regiment was at Rienzi he made the trip to Corinth and back (fifteen miles) every day. After the Perryville campaign began, he followed with the mail, traveling as far as his horse would carry him, camping either by the roadside or in the house or barn of some citizen at night, until we reached Bowling Green. When the railroad was repaired he took it from our base of supplies, wherever that might be. During the Tullo-

homa campaign he encountered all the perils of that wet and muddy time, swimming Elk River when it was very much swollen, with his horse "Old Gabe," in the presence of a brigade of cavalry, who expected to see him carried away by the current and drowned. As he came out on the south bank, a Major, one of Gen. Rosecrans' aids, on his way to Tullahoma with despatches, came to him and said, "Young man, I will give you ten dollars if you will swim my horse across." Frank replied, "No, Major, not if you give me your commission." When Gen. Sheridan heard that the mail carrier of the First Brigade had reached camp, he sent for him, questioned him at some length in regard to his trip, and then wrote him a very complimentary letter.

Early in October, the Army of the Cumberland was reorganized by the consolidation of the 20th and 21st Corps into what was now called the 4th Corps, and the reserve corps was incorporated with the 14th. Each corps included three divisions, and each division three brigades. The 4th Corps was placed under command of Maj. Gen. Gordon Granger, with Generals Palmer, Sheridan and Wood, commanding respectively the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Divisions. About the same time, Gen. Hooker, with the 11th and 12th Corps, took position on the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, and disposing his troops from Nashville to Bridgeport, gave security to our communications. The Army of the Cumberland thus comprised four corps, with three divisions of cavalry. The 36th was attached to the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, (Sheridan's) 4th Corps. These changes necessitated a change of camp, we being moved over toward the left, and a portion of the 14th Corps taking our place. Our former camp had its disadvantages, for in heavy rains the water poured in streams down the hillside, and was with great difficulty kept out of the tents. But in our new location, we had peculiar annoyances, for the ground

being very low and flat there was not only no opportunity for drainage, but it was at night and morning enveloped in thick fog, and justified the strong expression of Major Sherman as we took possession of our new quarters, "Here, gentlemen, is where you can get your ague in solid chunks." It was only by cutting deep ditches through the ground that we could keep the camp in tolerable condition, while again and again the heavy rains poured down, finding every hole in our tents, compelling us to select a seat somewhere between the leaks, soaking our clothing and even our books and papers, as the marks on many a man's diary and letters sent home now bear witness. The weather, too, was fast becoming extremely cold, and the thin, worn clothing of the men was but slender protection from the piercing wind.

Necessity quickens though, and the dilapidated ruins of former mansions soon found their way to camp, and with mud for mortar, camp chimneys began to go up in all directions. It was not every man who knew the secret of constructing a chimney so it would not smoke, and bitter were the experiences of some who, after wearisome toil, succeeded in finishing their task, only to find that as soon as the fire was built all the smoke poured out into the tent; only by lying down and breathing the lowest stratum of air could they stay in the tent, however stormy it might be outside. Great was the rejoicing when, after many failures, their efforts were crowned with success and the draught was all right; then the tent was cosy indeed.

Our new position was a little south of the Western & Atlantic Railroad, not far from the point where the track turns to the north, and so we were almost directly opposite Gen. Bragg's headquarters on Mission Ridge. The Rebel camps were in plain sight, and their flag at headquarters and on the top of Lookout waved defiance day by day. Beyond this, and their watch over

us, they did but little harm, much less than they might have done if they had tried. The second Sunday of our occupation, while we were still on the right, and the regiment was on picket near the foundry, the Chaplain went out to hold service. During the afternoon the attention of all was attracted to movements on the mountain side, the nature of which it was difficult to determine, as they were much concealed behind the trees. Our suspicions, however, were soon confirmed by the construction of an earth-work and the mounting of guns. Next day they opened upon our line with shot and shell. One rifled shell fell in Company E, and sliding along the ground struck Henry Haigh, taking the skin off the hip, but as it fortunately did not explode, no further harm was done. Very soon heavy guns were mounted on Lookout, from which shell were occasionally thrown even into town, and sometimes to Brigade Headquarters in our new position at the left, but we soon became perfectly indifferent to the whole performance, except as it afforded material for conversation or jests from day to day. We were able to return these compliments in kind, and sometimes with marked effect.

It seemed at first as though Rosecrans had made a great mistake in giving Lookout Mountain to the enemy, but it was soon found that the fort erected on Moccasin Point went far to neutralize the advantage, for it was perfectly easy to shell the base of the mountain and even the top when necessary, while the fort itself was strongly protected on both flanks by the river. The sharp, shrill voice of Moccasin, as she took care of our right flank, became one of the recognized institutions. Fort Wood, too, on our left and rear, in our second position, could easily reach the side and top of Missionary Ridge, and many a wagon train or detachment of men was glad to quicken its steps as Fort Wood planted a shell near its track. Indeed, Bragg evi-

dently thought that time, rain and mud would accomplish his purpose, and that he need not waste his ammunition upon us, but no hawk ever watched a feeble bird with keener glance than he watched the army which he counted as his lawful prey. At the time the army was re-organized, when all the camps were in confusion, regiments, brigades and divisions changing places, he thought his hour had come, and we were certainly preparing to evacuate, for he kept his troops ready all day to march at a moment's notice. Besides the singularity of two hostile armies thus watching and operating in plain sight of each other, the nearness and familiarity of the two forces was something remarkable. The camps were so near that when one night the Colonel and the Chaplain had walked out to the picket line at the time of tattoo, the sounds of fifes and drums from both armies were so intermingled that it was difficult, even when they attempted it, to tell them apart. The pickets, too, held conversations, exchanged papers and scraps of news, and as B. F. Taylor says, "An examination of many a plug of the Indian weed in a picket's pocket would show the print of a Rebel's teeth at one end and a Yankee's at the other." "An officer belonging to a regiment in the front came across the neutral ground, and while standing with our picket until he could be brought in, actually heard them call the roll of his company, and when his name was reached, cried out, 'Here!'"

During all this time of fortifying, watching and waiting; these days of storm and rain and mud and ever shortening rations, our religious meetings were well attended, sometimes when it was scarcely to be expected. One week from the battle, Sunday, we held our first service on the hillside to the right, and though the men had been working day and night during the week, there was a large turnout from both the regiment and the brigade. Our

evening meetings were also resumed, and continued as long as the weather would permit. On the following Sabbath, Oct. 4th, the regiment being on picket, the service was held near the Foundry, where the enemy's line was within hearing distance. From that time one or two services were held every Sabbath when practicable, after which, the Chaplain visited one or more wards in the hospital, preaching a short discourse in each ward. Our supply of reading matter enabled him to distribute a great many papers, &c., among the wounded men, which were most eagerly received and read. So little had many of the poor fellows enjoyed of such things, that they looked with wonder upon our excellent advantages in the way of reading. The field hospital across the river also was visited regularly, and reading matter distributed. If it was something never to be forgotten to notice the silent, patient determination with which the men in the ranks met the hardships of their lot, still more to be remembered is the quiet uncomplaining spirit of the sufferers in the hospitals, by whom the smallest kindness was esteemed a favor; who received a cup of water, a paper or magazine, a short prayer or an address with a tender gratitude which would bring tears to the eyes that looked on it.

The changes in the Army of the Cumberland proved to be but the precursors of still wider changes throughout the West. The departments of the Cumberland, the Ohio and the Tennessee had been hitherto independent of each other, and though attempting some sort of co-operation, had signally failed in aiding each other. This failure had proved very disastrous to us, when Buckner had re-inforced Bragg with 15,000 men, just before the battle of Chickamauga, while Burnside was not able to come to our help. Now that the enemy had concentrated his forces against Chattanooga, and had drawn upon the whole Southern Confederacy for

troops, it became imperatively necessary to unify our strength and bring all our scattered forces under one control. The coming of Hooker added new complications, for there were now two generals who had commanded the Army of the Potomac, and it was difficult to reconcile questions of rank. The Department at Washington found a happy solution for all difficulties by creating the "Military Division of the Mississippi," and placing Gen. Grant in command. The same order (dated Oct. 18th) designated Gen. Thomas to command the "Army of the Cumberland," which now included Hooker's two corps, in place of Gen. Rosecrans. Probably the Government had various reasons for the change, but it was certain that the tone of Gen. Rosecrans' despatches had caused a fear that he might evacuate Chattanooga, although he had no intention of doing so, except in the case of absolute necessity, and on the day of his removal he was engaged in maturing the very plans which under Grant, ten days afterward were the means of opening the river and the direct road to Bridgeport. The Army was sorry to part with Rosecrans, but they could appreciate the situation and had every confidence in Thomas, who, they knew, was only prevented by his modesty from accepting the command of that army at Louisville, a year before, and who had actually saved it by his coolness, determination and skill after the almost fatal break on the 20th of September.

Gen. Grant's first telegram on assuming his new command, and Gen. Thomas' answer, indicate the spirit which was to characterize the new administration. "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards," was the order. "We will hold Chattanooga until we starve," was the reply.

Before Gen. Grant reached Chattanooga, on the 23d, preparations had been well forwarded for opening the river, and after he

had given the plan a careful investigation and approval, it was carried out with complete success. Although the 36th bore no part in the execution, yet the movement itself was of such vital importance that some account of it ought to be given.

The Tennessee River makes a very circuitous course in the neighborhood of Chattanooga, of which most excellent advantage was taken. Winding to the west of the town in the shape of a half circle, it flows in a south-easterly direction, until it is arrested at the foot of Lookout and forced by rocky barriers to turn and flow north-west, then north, until opposite the town it again turns permanently north-west. By this strange course a tongue of land is cut out, which, when looked down upon from the top of Lookout, presents the appearance of the moccasined foot of an Indian, and is therefore called Moccasin Point. On the shore across the narrowest part of this foot, which is south-west from town, is Brown's Ferry, opening up to Lookout Valley, through which the railroad and wagon road to Bridgeport passes. This ferry is only about four miles from Chattanooga, while round by the river it is nine miles.

The plan proposed was for Hooker to advance up the valley from Bridgeport until he could hold the roads connecting Brown's Ferry with Kelley's several miles below, and by a force from Chattanooga co-operating at Brown's we should take possession both of the shortest route to Bridgeport and up the river far enough to allow boats to come up to Kelley's, since Brown's Ferry was within range of the guns on Lookout. A steamboat at Bridgeport and another taken by us at Chattanooga were fitted in readiness for use. One of Gen. Thomas' first orders after assuming command was to Gen. Hooker to prepare his troops for that expedition, partially matured by Rosecrans. After Gen. Grant had given his approval, and everything was ready, Hooker

designated October 27th to commence his march, and the night of the 26th was fixed for the Brown's Ferry movement.

This was really one of the most delicately constructed and skillfully executed movements of the war. pontoons had been prepared at North Chickamauga Creek, and brought by a circuitous route behind the hills to their starting point at Chattanooga. These were to convey 1,500 picked men under Gen. Hazen down the river, passing the enemy's pickets stationed for seven miles along the left bank, and then effect a landing at Brown's, while the remainder of Hazen's Brigade, Gen. Turchin's Brigade and three batteries of artillery, were to take position above the ferry, ready to cover the landing on the opposite bank, and cross in support as quickly as possible. Chaplain Van Horne, in "Army of the Cumberland," thus graphically describes the scene:

The boats moved from Chattanooga at three o'clock A. M. on the 27th. A slight fog veiled the moon, and the boats, directed by Col. T. R. Stanley, glided noiselessly with the current. Hugging closely the right bank, they rounded Moccasin Point and moved unperceived to the place of landing. The boats had been called off into sections before starting, and each section was placed under an officer, who knew beforehand his exact place of landing. As the foremost section neared the shore at its appointed place at early dawn, the surprised pickets fired a harmless volley and fled. In quick succession the several sections landed; the men leaped upon the bank, and ascended the adjacent hill to meet and drive back a small force that had hurried forward in response to the warning volley. There was a sharp engagement for a moment, then all was quiet. The boats first brought over the remainder of Hazen's troops, and soon after Turchin's Brigade. Hazen took firm hold of the hill above the gorge through which the Bridgeport road passes to the ferry, and Turchin the one below it. As soon as skirmishers could be thrown sufficiently forward to prevent a surprise, detachments with axes went vigorously to work felling trees and constructing barricades and abatis.

In two hours the defenses were such as to bid defiance to the enemy. This accomplished, the pontoon bridge was speedily thrown under the skillful supervision of Capt. P. V. Fox, First Michigan Engineers. Although the force engaged was exposed to a vigorous cannonading by the enemy's batteries on the front of Lookout Mountain, Gen. Smith's loss was six killed, twenty-three wounded and nine missing. The loss of the enemy was probably not less, as six of their dead were left on the field and six prisoners captured. Twenty beeves and two thousand bushels of corn were added to the slender rations of the troops. These supplies, of hardly appreciable value to a large army under ordinary circumstances, were of very considerable moment at a time when soldiers gladly gathered the fragments of crackers and grain which fell to the ground in transfer.

This was a surprise to both armies, so secretly had everything been executed. To Bragg it was a great mortification, and it is only the more astonishing that he did not perceive the drift of it and prevent its entire success by defeating Hooker. The latter met no opposition until reaching Wauhatchie, when a faint demonstration was made against him and the force was shelled from the Mountain, but his advance went into camp one mile from Brown's Ferry, at five o'clock. On the night of the 28th, a sudden attack was made upon these troops, which, after a fierce struggle and one bayonet charge, was successfully repulsed, and our troops were in possession of the valley and the hills commanding the roads.

We were roused from our slumbers by the attack, which in the moonlight and the silence of the night, sounded distinctly through all our camps, and we realized that the question of our supplies was being settled by the musketry which echoed through the still air from the mountain side. That night the steamboat at Chattanooga successfully ran the batteries on Lookout, and the one at Bridgeport was soon in motion up the river, laden with

supplies. This movement was made none too soon. The very day that Hooker went up the valley, our boys only went through the motions of having breakfast, dinner and supper—all they had was some coffee, with the addition at supper of a little beef. On the 31st, one hundred pounds of hard bread—a good share of which was green and yellow with mould, besides being wormy—was all that could be allowed for the regiment. Even at headquarters, about this time, we had a few flour pancakes, with a little bacon, and water to drink, while the men who had eagerly picked up bits of mouldy hard tack and gathered kernels of corn out of the mud and fried them in a little grease, thought themselves specially happy. Indeed, the short rations, scanty clothing, excessive picket and trench duty, the wet and stormy weather and cold nights, were telling fearfully on the men, whose sunken cheeks and spiritless manner gave token that their powers of endurance were being greatly tried. Sometimes they were so weak that they tottered and staggered like old men. The teams, too, which through the mud, rain and dangers of those weeks had kept on the mountain road, to our base, were fast perishing. Many of the deep ruts and ditches were filled with animals that had died in the harness, while dead horses and mules were scattered in every direction around Chattanooga. But the end had come, and though it was not until the railroad was completed that we might be said to have full supplies, yet by the 5th of November the change was so great as to justify the most cheering comments in the journals of the men. For the sick and the wounded, too, the relief was most acceptable, for instead of being transferred to the rear over the rough mountain roads, they were sent on the return trip of the boats.

The whole outlook for the future became more bright. We had no longer the prospect of choosing between evacuation and

starvation. The siege was virtually raised, and it was simply a question of time when we should assume the offensive, tear down the flags now flaunting from Mission Ridge and Lookout, and plant there the stars and stripes.

The most gigantic preparations were now undertaken for driving the enemy from his strongholds. Sherman, who had been repairing roads as he advanced, was ordered forward with all speed. All available men in the rear were brought up, and arrangements made for mounting the forts with heavy siege artillery. The sight of these black monsters was particularly gratifying to those who had been so long penned up within entrenchments, and the rebound from the discouragements of Chickamauga, and the sufferings of the state of siege began to be felt. Nothing, however, has appeared more inexplicable than Bragg's strange ignorance of the situation, notwithstanding that from his post of observation all our operations were exposed to view. Even so vital a movement as the junction with Hooker at Brown's Ferry, he failed to comprehend until it was too late to arrest it, and now so little did he divine our plans or understand our situation that he detached Longstreet with his corps to recover East Tennessee by overwhelming Burnside, with the expectation, perhaps, of returning to attack us. Not content with this, other portions of his army were afterward sent to Longstreet's support. Perhaps it was to cover their movement that a general attack was threatened November 2nd, and all our forces were thrown into the entrenchments at night, remaining there about two hours and then returning to camp. Men were set to work building a bastion near our reserve line, to be mounted with artillery. As soon as it was ascertained that Longstreet had gone, Gen. Grant was anxious to attack Bragg, both to take advantage of his weakened force and to make a diversion for the

relief of Burnside. Indeed, an order was issued for an attack on the north end of Missionary Ridge November 7th, but after a careful examination of the ground, the condition and paucity of the animals and the inadequacy of his forces, he decided that the movement was "utterly impracticable until Sherman could get up." This caused a delay of over two weeks, but the grand success which resulted showed the wisdom of it. It was not until the 15th that Sherman with his advance reached Bridgeport, when he immediately hastened to Chattanooga, and the plans were matured for the general attack.

In the meantime some incidents occurred which are worthy of mention. On the 12th, the Chaplain was sent for to Brigade Headquarters by Col. Sherman. On his reporting there, he was informed that two men of the brigade, one belonging to the 44th and the other to the 88th, had been sentenced by court martial to be shot for desertion, and the sentences, having been approved by the Commanding General and the President, would be carried out at twelve o'clock next day. The Chaplain was requested to prepare the men for their fate. A tent was set up and every facility afforded him for his melancholy task. Subsequently a Catholic chaplain was procured for the man from the 44th, he being a German Catholic. With the other it was found impossible to make any progress, as he insisted that his sentence was unjust, and that on proper representation being made his life would be spared. That no obstacle might remain in the way of his true preparation, the Chaplain waited on Col. Sherman, and subsequently inquiries were made as to the possibility of a reprieve. It was found that his desertion had been attended with such marked aggravations that not a man of his own company could be induced to take a single step towards his deliverance. The Chaplain informing him of this, he resigned

himself to his fate, and the rest of the day was spent in settling up his affairs, dictating letters, written by the Chaplain, and joining in reading the Scriptures and prayer. He professed to be penitent for his sins, but still maintained his innocence of any crime against the Government. The next morning was excessively cold, and on repairing to the Guard Tent, the Chaplain found him standing with the guards near a rail fire, which had been built for his comfort. Instead of appearing in the penitent mood of the previous evening, he soon broke out into bitter accusations against everybody who had anything to do with his condemnation, exclaiming against their injustice, and declaring that they dare not execute his sentence. As this speech was evidently made for effect on the guards and those to whom it would be repeated, the Chaplain called his attention to the time and care that had been taken in his case ; to the unprejudiced character of the men who had tried him ; to the fact that the evidence and findings had been reviewed by the highest authorities, and that even his own company would not make any move towards the mitigation of his doom, assuring him by all that was solemn, that the sentence would be executed, and that when the hour arrived he would be a dead man. He exhorted him to use his few last hours in preparing to meet his God, rather than accusing man. As soon as he saw he would not be allowed to prejudice the guards, he desisted from his attempts, and thenceforth gave himself up to conversation, prayer and sending his farewell messages and tokens of affection to his friends. Just before noon, the officers and guards arrived, the two men were brought out and the mournful procession started.

In the meantime the whole brigade had been drawn up in an open space east of the railroad track. Four regiments formed three sides of a hollow square, the railroad bank making the

fourth side. The remaining five regiments formed a similar square outside the first one, and some twenty feet from it. The regiments forming the smaller square faced about, and through this passage between the squares the procession marched. First came the band of the 24th Wisconsin, playing a dead march; next followed the guard and details from the two companies to which the condemned belonged, who were to execute the sentence; then eight men carrying the two coffins, followed by the doomed men, each attended by his chaplain. As they struck the right of the brigade where were Gen. Sheridan and Col. Sherman with their staffs, the 88th man, who had evidently determined to make the most of his situation, straightened himself and saluted the officers with the grace of a Major General, and all through the march around the regiments he continued to salute the officers, and conduct himself with the loftiest bearing. On reaching again the railroad embankment the coffins were set down, and the guard and detail to fire took their places in front of the smaller square. The Chaplain addressed to his man a few last words, urging him, as he would appear so soon in the presence of God, to truly repent of his sins and cast himself on His mercy. They then knelt down by the side of the coffin while the Chaplain offered a short prayer, and then shaking hands with him, left him seated on his coffin. The other man had a crucifix placed in his hands by his Chaplain, on which he was exhorted steadily to gaze. The Brigade Adjutant stepped forward and began to read the sentences and orders under which the executions were to take place; at the same time every regimental adjutant stepped out in front of his regiment and did the same, so that every man throughout the whole brigade heard the order. A white cloth was then bound over the eyes of the condemned. The regiments in the inner square

faced inwards and with the guard knelt down, when the orders "Prepare—take aim—fire!" were given in a low tone, and the men fell dead without a struggle. The 88th man, as the order was given, pointed to his heart, indicating his wish to be shot there. The moment they fell, Col. Sherman gave the command "Forward," and leading the way with his staff, the whole brigade filed past the dead bodies and went into camp.

Besides the brigade, there were thousands of men gathered from all parts of the army to witness this strange and mournful sight. It was the first time that this extreme penalty had been inflicted in the Army of the Cumberland, and was regarded by some as a doubtful course to take. The result was every way favorable to the interests of the army, for so far from exciting sympathy for the sufferers and their cause, the general, and it might almost be said the unanimous voice of the multitudes that discussed it was one of condemnation of the men, and of increased determination to uphold the flag and the welfare of the country. The common expression was, "Well, I am not going out of the army that way." The event was one of the most exciting in all our experience, and created much commotion for the time. On the following Sabbath a sermon was preached by the Chaplain from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God," in which the practical lessons of the sad sight were enforced, and the necessity of true allegiance to Divine government was exhibited.

On Saturday, Nov. 14th, the regiment was paid off, and if the men had been unable to procure a full supply of clothing, had compensation now in being able to draw a corresponding increase of pay. At the request of Col. Miller, the Chaplain received permission to carry home to the families of the soldiers their much needed money. His task was a very complicated and delicate one, owing to the many interests that had to be attended

to. It may be interesting to notice how it was discharged in the 36th, and how the many dissatisfactions experienced by other regiments were avoided. Both now and when we were paid off at Cowan, the following course was adopted: Notice having been given through the regiment, each man prepared his letter, with the money enclosed; then each company reported in turn at the Chaplain's tent, where several officers were present to assist him. Each letter was emptied of its contents and the amount entered on a roll—the letters being filed away. When this was done, and the amount on the roll and the amount of cash were found to agree, the money was refunded to the Paymaster, who issued his draft on Louisville for the total sum, and then all risk of loss by capture of the train was avoided. On reaching Louisville, the Chaplain drew the full amount from the U. S. Depository and replaced the necessary sum in each letter. On reaching Chicago, all letters that could not be delivered in person were sent out by express, the agent signing the receipt roll, and the rest were conveyed to the families personally, they signing the roll also. By this simple means all misunderstandings were avoided and entire satisfaction was secured. The amount thus distributed this time was about \$17,000.

As the men were suffering so much for lack of warm clothing, the Chaplain obtained permission from headquarters to bring back with him a box of goods, not exceeding five hundred pounds, not doubting that friends at home would gladly fill such a box with socks and mittens. Everything being arranged, he was sent over in an ambulance to Kelley's Ferry, on Wednesday, Nov. 18th, taking the evening boat, which arrived at Bridgeport in the night. He there found that Gen. Sherman had been rowed down the river in a small boat; had started his troops forward with all haste, and that the previous evening a force had crossed

the river to penetrate the Trenton Valley, and thus begin that series of movements which in just one week drove the enemy from Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge.

CHAPTER XXX.

MISSION RIDGE.



IN ONE respect, at least, the great battles of Chattanooga were in marked contrast to Chickamauga. The latter was fought on ground which afforded no points of view from which the nature and progress of the struggle might be seen and directed, and every division, and sometimes each brigade, had, in a sense, to fight alone. As a consequence, not only was the general conduct of the battle hindered, but the troops were deprived of that moral support which comes from the knowledge of what others are doing, and the consciousness that their own conduct is observed by the rest of the army. These conditions were now to be exactly reversed, for if the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge will always furnish one of the most thrilling stories of the war and of modern times, it is partly because the theatre of those battles was such as not only to give

scope for great generalship and wise direction, but also to evoke from every soldier all the heroism and patriotism of which he was capable. A brief description of this theatre is absolutely essential to a correct understanding of the struggle by those who were not present. Every 36th man knows full well that country, and carries in his own remembrance a picture of it which will perish only with his life.

One of the most prominent objects in that semi-circle of works erected by our army in front of Chattanooga was Fort Wood, remarkable not only for its great size and strength, but because from its location admirably adapted to reach the enemy's line even to the summit of Mission Ridge. From this fort the most comprehensive view of the situation could be obtained. Standing on the parapet, the town in the rear, the general line of our works reaching from the river above the town to the river at the foot of Lookout was plainly visible, with lesser works for the grand guards and the pickets in front. The most prominent object, of course, was Lookout Mountain, which seems to stand guard over this whole region, go where we will. From Fort Wood it is nearly five miles, though appearing only two, and from its summit the Southern flag waved and heavy guns boomed from day to day. In front, stretching away to the north, as far as the eye could see, to the south and south-east, until nearly touching Lookout, is Mission Ridge, itself a high mountain range but appearing low in contrast with Lookout. In front of this ridge, broken by detached hills, is the Chattanooga Valley, which sweeping south, turns to the south-east through a narrow opening between the ridge and Lookout range. Of these detached hills which break up the valley, the principal one is Orchard Knob, directly in front of Fort Wood and half way between it and Mission Ridge, while a little to the south was the beautiful

mound shaped hill which afterwards was devoted as a national cemetery. All along the front, on the top of Mission Ridge, across the valley and on the top of Lookout, could be seen the tents and camps of the enemy, while directly in front of Fort Wood on the top of the ridge, Bragg's headquarters was in plain sight, with the flag waving over it. Through the valley, from north to south and in front of our line, were entrenchments for the grand guards and pickets of the enemy, and those on Orchard Knob and vicinity were quite strong works. On the north end of Mission Ridge he had a position of great strength protecting his railroad communications, while Lookout on his extreme left was regarded as unassailable, although Hooker held the valley below.

It was on Friday, the 20th of November, that the army in Chattanooga received orders looking to the coming battle, although, as we have just seen, movements had already been made from other points. On that day, every man was to be ready for action with two days' cooked rations in haversack and eighty rounds of ammunition. Dr. Lytle was detached from the regiment and placed in charge of Division Hospital No. 2, and the musicians, &c., were ordered to be ready with stretchers, to carry off the wounded from the field. Saturday, the 21st, was the day fixed for the attack, but a heavy rain commenced on the 20th and continued through the 21st, making it impossible for Sherman to get into position on our left. Indeed, it is but just to have it understood that not only the day fixed for the battle was changed, but the whole plan of attack was so modified by circumstances beyond control, that the final issue was entirely different from the original intention of Gen. Grant, and several of the most important movements did not enter into his plans at all. The original plan contemplated the principal movement to be

made by Sherman against the position of the enemy on the north end of the Ridge; the Army of the Cumberland to concentrate toward the north end of the Ridge, and ultimately join with Sherman in dislodging the enemy from it altogether. Hooker was in the meantime to hold Lookout Valley, but no attempt was to be made to take the Mountain. On the 22nd, a further postponement was necessary, in consequence of the parting of the bridge at Brown's Ferry, preventing two of Sherman's Divisions from crossing.

It was then that Gen. Thomas suggested the moving of Howard's Corps to join Sherman and the using of the divisions left behind in an attempt to take Lookout. Howard was accordingly moved into Chattanooga and took his place to the left of the Fourth Corps. All this day the troops were in an excited condition, and Fort Wood shelled Mission Ridge heavily. Deserters came in who said that troops had been sent to McLe-more's Cove, and that there were indications that Bragg was about to retreat. This, joined to the fact that on the 20th he had notified Grant to remove all non-combatants from the town, induced the latter to order a reconnoissance, to find out whether Bragg was retreating or not. This reconnoissance proved to be the real opening of the battle, and its results were such as to have a marked effect on the subsequent movements.

It was about noon of the 23rd that the order was received to "Fall in," and Sheridan's Division was formed in line in front of the breastworks—to the right of Wood's Division, which was to lead the movement by a demonstration against Orchard Knob, while our Division was to act as support. It was a grand and imposing sight, as these divisions moved out in plain view of the enemy and started forth on their desperate task. It must have been that Bragg thought his position too strong for even

the thought of assault, or he would not have allowed this advance to be so slightly checked.

Wood's Division, stirred with the consciousness that the eyes not only of the enemy, but of the whole army were upon them, moved rapidly forward, his left capturing the Knob with unexpected ease, and his right, after a desperate bayonet charge, carrying a lower hill. Sheridan moved up his Division to the right, and Granger's headquarters at four o'clock were on Orchard Knob.

All this was unexpected success, as simply a reconnoissance had been designed; but Wood and Sheridan were immediately ordered to fortify and hold their positions, while Howard was thrown to the left of Wood, where, after a brief struggle he succeeded in forming his line. Our brigade, advancing to this place, lay behind rail breastworks; after dark the works were raised, capped with logs and banked up with earth. On Orchard Knob preparations were made for a battery, and Bridge's was moved there during the night. Thus auspiciously did the work begin, for we had not only gained ground unexpectedly, but it was ground from which other movements could be most favorably prosecuted; for from these hills the enemy's positions could be plainly seen—the Ridge, with its three lines of works and all the open space in front. Besides, the movement was so vigorous and imposing, that Bragg was compelled to transfer Walker's Divisions from Lookout Mountain to sustain his left—thereby opening the way for Hooker's success next day. During the night the lines were perfectly quiet. About three o'clock our brigade was moved farther to the left, where the works were only some eighteen inches high, but we soon raised them to three and one-half feet.

During this time, the most important movements were being made by both Sherman and Hooker. On the 23rd, another of

Sherman's Divisions crossed at Brown's Ferry, when the bridge was again broken; but Grant determined to wait no longer. For several days a large number of pontoons had been accumulated at North Chickamauga, prepared to float down and effect a landing at South Chickamauga.

Great care had been taken to preserve the secrecy of these preparations, and the citizens throughout the region had been put under guard. Sherman being now ready to cross, at midnight of the 23d, one hundred and sixteen boats with a brigade left the North Chickamauga and floated quietly down, landing on the enemy's side of the river. Troops were then brought rapidly over, and by daylight two divisions had crossed and the construction of the bridge was well advanced. The steamer Dunbar also came up from Chattanooga and aided in crossing troops. Soon Gen. Howard, with a brigade of the 11th Corps, came through the valley and joined Sherman, showing that the enemy had fallen back to his positions near the ridge. The bridge was finished at eleven o'clock. At one o'clock Sherman began his advance, and in due time occupied the two northern summits of Missionary Ridge. He found, however, that the enemy was in strong position on the third summit which protected the tunnel.

While all this was going on at the left, Gen. Hooker at the right was even more successful. As soon as it was ascertained that Osterhaus' Division could not cross in time to join Sherman, Hooker was ordered to make a demonstration against Lookout, and if found practicable, take the point. At eight o'clock Geary's Division and other troops began to move up the mountain side, hid by the fog, while other forces prepared to co-operate below. The attention of the enemy was concentrated on the latter in a vain attempt to prevent their crossing Lookout Creek, and when Geary had succeeded in reaching the rocky palisades of the

mountain with his right, sweeping on towards the point with his line, the troops below were ready to join him, thus taking the enemy's ranks in flank and rear. The artillery at the same time did fearful execution, and scattering in all directions they began to retreat around the front of the mountain. On this point the Moccasin battery had full range, preventing the concentration of forces, and so our line swept on, inflicting heavy loss and capturing a large number of prisoners. The noise of that battle created intense excitement in the rest of the army. Every available spot was sought from which to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the conflict, and as the noise indicated its coming eastward, the agitation grew more and more wild, until through the rifts in the fog and smoke could be plainly seen the flying rebels, followed by the blue line of our troops, stretching from the rocky face of the mountain, far down towards the valley, and appearing, as it slowly moved round the nose of Lookout, like the swinging of a huge pendulum.

The 36th at this time occupied the hill south of Orchard Knob (which afterward became the National Cemetery), and had therefore a fine view of the whole movement. It was an inspiring sight to men who had watched so long and so impatiently the waving of the Rebel flag on Lookout, to see now flag after flag, with the beautiful stars and stripes, borne gallantly round the point, and though two miles away, the firing and the cheering of each charge were plainly heard. At two o'clock in the afternoon, Hooker's men had exhausted their ammunition, and as it could not be supplied in the ordinary way, they had to wait. At five o'clock, a brigade from the 14th Corps crossed Chattanooga Creek and ascended the mountain, carrying on their persons a supply of ammunition for Hooker, beside what was needed for themselves. Heavy skirmishing was resumed and continued until near midnight, and for

hours the mountain side was illuminated by the constant flashing of musketry.

Next morning, before daylight, a number of daring men from the 8th Kentucky scaled the rocky heights, and planting the National flag on the summit of the mountain, announced to the whole army the full success of the day before. As the morning light fell on the beautiful folds, cheer after cheer went up through all the lines, and a fresh inspiration was gathered for the crowning work of the day. Soon after, it was found that the whole mountain, as well as the summit, was evacuated, and that troops had been drawn off to re-inforce Missionary Ridge. Subsequently Gen. Hooker was ordered to march his force, except what was necessary to hold the mountain, towards Rossville, and then in co-operation with the 14th Corps, to sweep north along the ridge. Delayed through the burning of a bridge, &c., Gen. Hooker did not accomplish his purpose as early as was expected, but succeeded far enough to draw troops from the centre to oppose him, and thus contribute to the final success of the day.

In the meantime Sherman had renewed his attack. The original plan for the day contemplated a combined attack by Sherman and Thomas, but as Sherman had not yet carried the ridge to the tunnel, the combined movement was delayed until later. All through the morning he continued his operations against what proved to be a very strong natural position, made well nigh impregnable by works and by the veteran troops which manned them. As Gen. Grant observed the contest from Orchard Knob, he ordered at ten A. M. Gen. Howard's Corps on the left of the Fourth, to report to Sherman, who soon renewed his effort against the enemy's right but was partially repulsed. About noon Grant detached Baird's Division of the 14th Corps to still further reinforce Sherman, but on reaching him Baird was informed that

he was not needed, and returning to the centre he formed his division with the left of Wood at half-past two o'clock. These movements declaring Grant's determination to carry the north end of the ridge were answered by corresponding ones of the enemy to his right; but as the day advanced and Sherman had not turned the right and Hooker had not yet made his appearance on the left, it was evident that some new effort must be made if the enemy was not to be left in possession of Missionary Ridge. Soon after the return of Baird's Division therefore, Grant ordered an independent assault from the centre, not to take the ridge, *but the rifle pits at the foot of the ridge, by, if possible, the skirmish line.* The signal for the advance was six second guns from Bridge's Battery on Orchard Knob.

Sherman's Brigade and the 36th had continued to occupy the ground assigned them early on the morning of the 24th, and from their position on cemetery hill had a splendid view of the movements on Lookout and all along the ridge. About ten o'clock three companies A, B and F were sent forward to be deployed as skirmishers, under the command of Major Sherman. At one o'clock the three regiments composing the front line of the brigade, of which the 36th was one, were ordered to what had been the front line of the enemy's works, about three-fourths of a mile from the foot of Mission Ridge. These three regiments were placed under the immediate command of Col. Barrett, Col. Miller having been assigned to the command of four other regiments. The command of the 36th thus fell on Lieut. Col. Olson. In the midst of all the other stirring events, about noon the boat from Bridgeport sent forth its piercing scream as it approached Lookout. In a little while it appeared around the bend of the river, and steamed up towards the town, giving to the boys the most cheering proof of all that the blockade was raised, by open-

ing up the "Cracker line." The exciting events of the past two days, the splendid successes already achieved, stirred the men to the utmost, and they were ready to do and dare, while every soldier was general enough to see that with the enemy massing against Sherman we could not long remain idle. But where should we go?

It was about three o'clock when Col. Sherman was notified of the intended advance, and ordered to be ready at the firing of the signal. Lieut. Turnbull was directed by him to communicate the order to the picket line. He started at once, and commencing at the left passed along to the right, giving every man and officer the order and signal. "I shall never forget," he says, "the change of countenance exhibited by those men as they received the order and nerved themselves for the conflict. They seemed to me like men that understood fully what was required of them, and that nothing but death would hinder them from carrying out the order." But what a task it was! They must come out from the protection of the woods and charge across an open plain half a mile wide, in the very presence of the enemy, with sixty pieces of artillery playing on them, sweeping the ground with shot and shell; then when the foot of the ridge was reached "a heavy work, packed with the enemy, rimming it like a battlement. That work carried, what then? A hill struggling up out of the valley four hundred feet, rained on by bullets, swept by shot and shell; another line of works, then up like a Gothic roof, rough with rocks, a wreck with fallen trees, four hundred more; another ring of fire and iron, then the crest and then the enemy." For such a journey no wonder the men had to brace themselves.

Turnbull had scarcely reached the right of the brigade line, when the signal guns from Orchard Knob were fired. As soon as the sixth gun was heard, Maj. Sherman's clear voice rang out,

"Forward, boys," and they sprang forward, emerging quickly from the woods and starting across the open meadow, while Fort Wood and Negley, and Bridge's Battery on the Knob, opened fire over their heads, and sixty pieces of artillery from Mission Ridge swept their path with deadly iron. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and every house top, fort and rise of ground had its spectators, and every man who was not under absolute orders was watching the wonderful charge, near two miles long. Nor was this true of our ranks alone, nor were Grant and Thomas, on Orchard Knob, the only generals who gazed down on that strange sight. The army on the ridge was equally excited, and Bragg stood near his headquarters and took the measurement of this new move. "O, General," said a woman who lived near by, "the Yankees are coming. What shall I do? Where shall I go?" "Woman," said he, "are you mad? There are not Yankees enough in Chattanooga to come up here; those are all my prisoners." But onward went the skirmishers, until they reached the rifle pits at the foot of the ridge, out of which they drove the Rebs, some falling back to the next line, and large numbers surrendering and hurrying to our rear, hastened by the fire of their own comrades which swept the ground. The main line followed hard on the skirmishers, and the foot of the ridge was held in force, the men being glad to drop into the rifle pits for a temporary shelter, and to gain a little rest.

The order under which the line had charged was now obeyed, but it was evident that something more must be done. With such a storm of iron hail falling thickly around, it was impossible to remain—they must either advance or retreat. To retreat was out of the question, after such a success, and over such a plain, and yet there were no orders to advance. "But," as Chaplain Van Horne appropriately says, "there are occasional moments in

battle when brave men do not need commanders, and this was one." Says Turnbull, "the officers of the field and line, and the boys, were the generals ordering the advance; in other words, I think it was a necessity understood alike by officers and men, and acted on at once. This movement along the line was almost simultaneous, yet I believe *our* brigade was the first to start, and it was done without any particular order as to lines or military movement. The crest of the ridge was now the objective point, and they started for it."

A keen observer, B. F. Taylor, says: "But they did not storm that mountain as you would think. They dash out a little way, and then creep up, hand over hand, loading and firing, wavering and halting, from the first line of works toward the second. They burst into a charge with a cheer and go over it. Sheets of flame baptise them; plunging shot tear away comrades on left and right. It is no longer shoulder to shoulder, it is God for us all. Under the tree trunks; among rocks; stumbling over the dead; struggling with the living; facing the steady fire of eight thousand infantry poured down upon their heads, as if it were the old historic curse from heaven, they wrestle with the ridge."

The cannonade from the summit now grew terrific, and as the charges of canister poured over the heads of our men, they sounded like flocks of wild geese sweeping past, while from behind rocks, logs and earthworks, poured an incessant stream of musketry fire. Twenty-eight balls were counted in one little tree. Through such a storm and against such odds our men pressed onward. The generals now began to appreciate the situation, and followed the leadership of the rank and file.

Says Turnbull, "I had come forward with the skirmish line, instead of returning and taking my place with the brigade staff.

I now joined Col. Sherman, ready for further duty, and after accompanying him part way up the ridge, was ordered back by him to the first line of works to urge forward any troops that might be there, to assist in the grand struggle at the top of the ridge. I did so, and on reaching the rifle pit, found it full of troops, protecting themselves from the fire as best they could. Just at this time two staff officers rode up and enquired for Col. Sherman. I pointed to where he was, and told them he was leading his command up the ridge. One of them then told me that he belonged to Gen. Granger's Staff; that he was sent to say the movement beyond the front line of works was contrary to orders, and asked me to communicate this to Col. Sherman. I declined to receive a verbal order from him, saying that he must communicate with the Brigade Commander himself, as I was now under orders from *my* commander that looked as though we intended to see the top of the ridge. I then began in good earnest the task of urging forward laggards, (and I will say right here that I did not find a 36th man among them). On looking up the ridge I became alarmed. The column had assumed a pyramidal or sugar loaf form. The brigade flags, I believe the colors of every regiment of the brigade, were grouped together and *were in advance* of the lines. I urged the men forward to help plant *their* colors on the ridge, and was meeting with only tolerable success, when Gen. Sheridan, who had taken in the situation, dashed forward on his black charger to the foot of the ridge, dismounted, threw his cape to his orderly, and running forward among us, shouted, 'Boys, we are going to take the ridge. Forward and help your comrades.' That settled the question, and there was no soldier, who was not wounded or in some way disabled, that did not make every effort to be among the *first* to reach the top of the ridge."

In the meantime streams of surrendering and captured officers and men poured to the rear, while those defending the heights above grew more and more desperate as our men approached the top. They shouted "Chickamauga" as though the word itself were a weapon; they thrust cartridges into guns by handfuls; they lighted the fusees of shells and then rolled them down; they siezed huge stones and threw them, but nothing could stop the force of the desperate charge, and one after another the regimental flags were borne over the parapet and the ridge was ours. The finest battery of guns in the Southern army, including the Lady Buckner and Lady Breckenridge, &c., was there, the rammers half way down the guns when captured. These were whirled round and fired in the direction of the flying foe. Bragg himself, who believed his position impregnable, had stayed to the last moment and barely escaped as our men came up close to his headquarters. But oh! what yells and cheers broke from the panting, weary, but triumphant ranks. They threw their haversacks in the air until it was a cloud of black spots; officers and men mingled indiscriminately in their joy; all distinction seemed lost for the time in the wild enthusiasm of success. Soon Gen. Sheridan appeared, mounted his black horse, and the boys gathered around him and cheered, patted his horse and greeted him with, "How do you like this, General?" "Bully for Sheridan," &c., &c. In a few moments our Corps Commander, Gen. Gordon Granger, reached the top of the ridge, and a number of the boys, more courageous than many of their comrades, gathered around him, shouting, "What do you think of this, General?" "I think you disobeyed orders, you —— rascals!" was his characteristic reply. He seemed to have no sympathy for so irregular a movement on the part of Volunteers.

Perhaps it can never be ascertained exactly what flag was first over the parapet, so nearly together did many of the regi-

ments struggle on to the ridge; but of our part of the line, our color-bearer says the 22nd Indiana was first, while he was second, and declares if he had been without his overcoat, he would have been first, and the 88th we know was close by. Lieut. Hemingway and Sergt. Hall, Company E, were the first to reach the New Orleans Battery and demand the surrender of the guns. The charge was full of personal incidents, some of which must be put on record.

First, must be mentioned Col. Miller, whose gallant conduct drew the attention that day of his superior officers, even to Gen. Thomas, the Department Commander. B. F. Taylor says: "A division general turned abruptly to me with, 'If you write anything about Wednesday's affair, as you will, don't forget Col. Miller, of the 36th Illinois—one of the most gallant little fellows that ever drew a sword.' I did not need the injunction, for Col. Silas Miller rode through the storm to the summit of the ridge, at the head of his regiment, like a veteran, inspiring his men, till the little 36th was a phalanx of heroes. The Colonel used to be adjutant of types, and lead a column, now and then, in the old days, and true to his early love, he headed a column at Mission Ridge." The horse he rode that day was not his own—which, with the other regimental horses, had been sent to the head of the Sequatchie Valley to be near forage—but an inferior gray horse, which he used in emergencies. He did not dismount, but through all that long and perilous charge of over an hour, in the teeth of every kind of deadly missile, he kept his seat, moving one direction and then another, rallying his demi-brigade and inspiring every officer and man. His enthusiastic nature was wrought up to its highest pitch, making him all unconscious of personal danger, and giving to his very language an exalted tone, which astonished himself in cooler moments. As he moved about from one point to another, he came upon a man sheltering

and resting himself behind some covering. He struck him a smart blow with the flat side of his drawn sword, and pointing to the top of the ridge, he cried out, "Excelsior!"

There was a young fellow who had disgraced the regiment by cowardice at Chickamauga, and Col. Miller had threatened to have him court martialed, but permitted him to go into this fight to redeem himself, with the understanding that if his cowardice was repeated, he would suffer. He went in; stood his ground, and was wounded in the hand. He was so overjoyed that he ran to the Colonel and showed his wound with all the pride he might have felt if he had been promoted.

Side by side with the First Brigade moved the Second, a portion of it under the command of Col. Leibold, of the 2nd Missouri. Near the beginning of the ascent he was wounded in his left hand, and two fingers were shot away. Lieut. Hemingway, Company E of the 36th, was close by and saw him holding up his bleeding hand, exclaiming, "Shust see dhat! I gives dree kegs lager peer if dem fingers shust comes back on mein hand again." On he went, however, his hand dripping blood over his clothes and making him a most unsightly object. On reaching the top he spied a Rebel officer near by and demanded his sword. The officer haughtily replied, "Sir, I am a Colonel in the Confederate army and commander of a brigade, and desire to surrender my sword to an officer of equal rank. What rank are you, sir?" Col. L., who was covered with dirt and blood, and looked as rough as a private, replied, "Ah, you bees a Colonel and commands von prigade ha! Vel, I does dat peesness meinself sundimes. You givs dat sword to me shust now, or I puts mein sword through your life so quick as von minnit." He complied, of course, and was sent a prisoner to the rear.

Lieut. Turnbull adds the following: "The timber on the side of the ridge had been cut down and formed a kind of abattis.

Some of the Rebels, on retreating, stopped about two-thirds of the way up the ridge, and determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The 36th color-guard lay down to rest behind a log, having got too far ahead of the troops. On commencing to rise, the Sergeant in charge saw a man with a musket leveled on them only a short distance away. 'Lie down,' he whispered sharply to the boys. They did so, and he coolly laid his musket over the log in front of him. 'Now,' said he, 'show him your knapsack.' The color-bearer, who had a full one on his back, rose carefully on all fours, exposing only his knapsack. The Sergeant's gun *went off*. 'Lie down again,' said he. He reloaded. 'Do that again,' said the Sergeant. The color-bearer did so, and the Sergeant's gun *went off again*. 'Now,' said he, 'we can go.' One of the boys fished out a Mississippi captain among the logs. He had his bayonet fixed, and was calling on the captain to surrender. The captain was jumping first one way and then another, saying, 'Call an officer.' The soldier responded, 'I'm officer enough for you; surrender, or I will put the bayonet through you.' I was passing along and said I would receive his sword. He very quickly gave it to me, remarking that we were certainly very rough to prisoners. I answered that the soldier ought to have put the bayonet through him. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'what do you mean? I have had prisoners in my charge and never treated them in this way.' 'Then,' said I, 'take off that overcoat you have stripped from some of our shivering, wounded comrades on Chickamauga.' The poor fellow threw it off quickly, saying that we attacked them so suddenly that he forgot to take it off. I made him take the coat with him to the rear, and told him to trade it for a blanket."

Among all the noble spirits that that day struggled so grandly for their country's flag, there was none more heroic than Walter

V. Reeder, Company C of the 36th, who, having received the wound in the thigh, of which he died in about two weeks, lay bleeding on the hill-side, and taking a handkerchief out of his pocket, waved it towards the top of the ridge, silently inspiring his comrades to complete what he had so gallantly helped to commence.

To Bragg and his army, and the whole South, this defeat was a terrible surprise and mortification. Even after the siege was so far raised that he could not hope to starve us out, he felt so safe from any attack, that he did not hesitate to send off Longstreet and other forces to attack Burnside, and in his official report he said: "The position ought to have been held by a skirmish line, against any assaulting column."

With the National Army, besides the combinations of military power, there were forces which, when they come upon soldiers, seem to make every man a hero. In the breasts of both officers and men of the Army of the Cumberland, on which the capture of Mission Ridge devolved, there was shut up a fire of stern determination, which had been burning silently through all the weary days of toil, hunger and storm, and had been fed by hourly gazing upon the white tents and waving flags on the ridge and the mountain. There was the knowledge that the Army of the Potomac had re-inforced them on the right and the Army of the Tennessee on the left; there was the bursting forth of new energy, which came with the successful opening of the battle on Monday, whereby a simple reconnoissance was changed into a substantial advantage. Then followed the forty-eight hours of waiting in this advanced position, almost under the shadow of the ridge, and looking right down into the rifle pits of the enemy. Under their very gaze, Hooker stormed Lookout so gallantly and flung the beautiful flag to the breeze, and Sherman knocked long and

loud at the northern gate of the ridge. On that memorable afternoon, they were so surcharged with inspiring force, and comprehended so clearly—more clearly even than their commanders—the crisis that was upon them, that they needed but the sound of those six guns from Orchard Knob to start them on a race of life and death, from which they brought back what was up to that time the completest victory of the war.

Besides all these natural agencies, and working by means of them, we cannot fail to recognize the power of that Spirit which breathed on men of old, till “one could chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight;” which enabled David to say: “By Thee I have run through a troop, and by my God have I leaped over a wall.” Indeed, we must not forget that the plans which finally prevailed were not the ones originally laid, and the most successful movements were either afterthoughts, or taken without orders. The plan of this series of victories was in the hands of a Higher Power, and while we render all honor to wise generals and noble men, the real glory belongs to Him who heard the cry of His people and had mercy on our land. Was it not more than a beautiful co-incidence, that the loyal people everywhere were preparing with unusual devoutness to celebrate the first Thanksgiving to which they had ever been called by Federal proclamation, and that when they gathered the next day in their houses of worship, to call to mind the abundant mercies of this never-to-be-forgotten year, their hearts should be thrilled with a new and overwhelming call to thanksgiving?

Nor was it alone amid peaceful congregations that devout gratitude was felt and expressed. The journals of the soldiers show that in many a crisis hearts that were as loyal to God as to their country were lifted in prayer for help, and in thanksgiving for victory. One such group at that time may not pass unnoticed,

the more as he who led the devotions in less than one month had laid down his life. While the people of the North were in the midst of their rejoicings; while Fort Wood thundered a salute of thirty-four guns; while the dead were being buried near the ridge, and the sufferings of the wounded were being assuaged, French Brownlee, Sergeant Company B, Sergt. McCoy, J. R. Henderson, and some others of Company C, met in a small tent, and after singing the XXIII Psalm and reading the XCI Psalm, were led in prayer and thanksgiving by Brownlee.

CASUALTIES IN THIRTY-SIXTH AT MISSION RIDGE.

COMPANY A.

Lieut. Leroy Salisbury, wounded in leg.

COMPANY B.

Thomas S. Bowen, arm amputated; Lewis Olson, face; Edward Strait, arm; Chris. Zimmer, nose.

COMPANY C.

Sergt. J. A. Pierce, killed; L. M. Pike, killed; Sergt. J. W. McCoy, shoulder; Sam. Paxton, foot; Warren Kinzie, arm; E. E. Munson, thigh; W. V. Reeder, thigh, died Dec. 12th; E. Sholtz, leg broken.

COMPANY D.

Lieut. S. M. Abbott, killed; Sergt. C. H. Thompson, wrist, W. C. Knox, heel.

COMPANY E.

Ed. Zellar, wounded six times, left arm amputated; J. E. Moss, leg broken; L. Shaffer, left arm; C. M. Baker, nose.

COMPANY H.

Benj. Allen foot; L. Stanton, foot; S. Gates, head

COMPANY I.

George Beck, hand; Chris. Mall, head; William Freeze, leg.

COMPANY K.

James Severance, hand.

CHAPTER XXXI.

EAST TENNESSEE.



NIGHT closing in very soon after the ridge was captured, a vigorous and organized pursuit was impossible. The force which held the north end against Sherman, was the only part of Bragg's army that was not routed. This was drawn off in good order after night, but the rest fled precipitately, and the roads were found strewn with broken wagons, caissons, accoutrements and arms. A portion of Sheridan's Division followed in pursuit that night, but the 36th went into bivouac on the ridge. They were delighted to fill up their boxes with English cartridges, of which they found abundance, so that when Sheridan ordered eighty rounds to a man to be served out, they were found supplied.

At one o'clock A. M. they marched in pursuit, halting about two miles out until near eleven o'clock, when they went on and formed line on Chickamauga Creek. All the way out they met bands of prisoners and deserters coming in, as many as one hundred at a time. Some hurrahed for "Coffee and sugar," some for "Chicago;" others said, "Boys, we have got through with our fighting; here goes for home." One straggler came in during the night to enquire for the 5th Georgia, and was astonished

to find himself surrounded by blue coats and asked to surrender. Cannons were occasionally fired by the troops ahead, and thick clouds of smoke rising betokened the burning of trains and supplies. At three o'clock the division was relieved by Baird's and ordered back to Chattanooga. Arriving at the ridge before sunset they saw the town from that point for the first time by daylight. How changed the condition of things as they returned to the old camp, from what it was when they left it on Monday! Besides all other advantages the material gains had been very great. There were captured six thousand one hundred and forty-two prisoners, forty-two guns, sixty-nine gun carriages, seven thousand stand of small arms, beside the large amount of supplies which were not destroyed by the enemy in its flight.

All the night after the battle and all next day, the ambulances plied back and forth between the ridge and the hospitals, bearing their loads of wounded and suffering men. Surgeon Lytle and his assistants, who had four hundred and thirty-six wounded men in charge, were indefatigable in their labors—remaining at work all night, and even till one o'clock the next night, before rest could be taken. Their fidelity was acknowledged afterward in a complimentary order by Medical Director Hewitt. Many of the wounds were very bad, and the reduced condition of the men in consequence of their privations, increased the unfavorable symptoms. Not a few lingered awhile, only to die at last.

Sheridan's Division had returned to camp to prepare for the necessary march to Knoxville. Longstreet had already gained some advantages over Burnside, whose rations would hold out only to Dec. 3rd, and Grant felt the urgent necessity of relieving him. Granger's Corps was ordered to move at once, and subsequently Gen. Sherman was put in command of all the forces nec-

essary to make the expedition a success; in all, more than eight divisions of infantry, besides cavalry.

The 36th, with Sheridan's Division, left Chattanooga on Saturday, Nov. 28th, about one o'clock, after a heavy rain, which made the mud ankle deep. They marched about ten miles to the east of Chickamauga Creek, crossing on Sherman's bridge, and went into camp at dark. Next day they reached Harrison, and on the 30th, after marching over twenty miles, came to the Hiawassee, over which they were ferried. Here they found the steamer from Chattanooga, loaded with rations. All through their march they found the people friendly, devoted to the flag, and although it was so cold that ice, one and three-quarters inches thick, stood in the sun all day, women and children remained out of doors until their faces were the hue of the damask rose.

Next day, as the enemy was near, three companies were thrown out as advance guard. On approaching Decatur, a strongly rebellious place, Gen. Sheridan and his staff charged into town. The 36th was made provost guard. Their camp was formed on the court house square, and the men stationed as guard in different houses about town. There was but one Union family there. The next day Gen. Sheridan expressed himself as much pleased with the regiment in the performance of their guard duty, and Lieut. Col. Olson was ordered to have one wagon for each brigade loaded with salt meat taken from the people. That day they marched seventeen miles, and the next, eighteen, camping near Morgantown. On the 4th it was necessary to grind corn to supply food. Some of the boys in their ramblings fell in with a young woman, who, among other things, had to tell them about her sweetheart, to whom she gave the endearing name of "June Bug." On the 5th, the troops drew rations of flour and middlings, of which they made pancakes, and about noon crossed

the Little Tennessee on a trestle bridge built by Sherman's troops. On the 6th, they passed through Marysville at noon, while Gen. Sherman and Gen. Granger went into Knoxville to meet Gen. Burnside. Longstreet, having learned of Bragg's defeat, and realizing that his time was short, made an assault on Fort Sanders, the main protection of Knoxville, on Sunday, November 29th, but was repulsed with great slaughter. Knowing that Sherman was near, he raised the siege on the night of the 4th, and retreated towards Virginia.

On Gen. Sherman's arrival at Knoxville, he found a large drove of cattle in a pen; Gen. Burnside comfortably quartered in a mansion, and a fine dinner, including roast turkey, was set upon the table. It was found that at no time had Longstreet completely invested the place or cut off all communication with the Union farmers south of the river—so that the hardships endured to relieve them were not so much needed as was supposed. Sherman, having accomplished his task, left Granger's Corps to aid Burnside, while the rest of the troops began their return to Chattanooga.

The 36th, after a tedious march, and some counter-marching, went into camp near Knoxville, at nine o'clock P. M., on the 7th. Here they remained until the 12th, with very limited rations. On the 9th, the boys drew a half slice of bread apiece; went without dinner, and just at dark had a pint of corn-meal and a little pork for each man. There were some, however, who evidently did not rely exclusively on the army ration, for on the same day one boy wrote, "for breakfast this morning, we had sausage, bacon, potatoes, honey, molasses, short-cake, biscuit, corn bread, graham bread, wheat bread, etc., etc. Bought four chickens, two pies and a pone." Deserters from Longstreet came in, spreading wild stories about the dispersion of his troops. The

question of supplies was an urgent one, and on the 12th, the brigade was started out northeast from Knoxville, for the purpose of occupying and operating the various mills of the country. About thirteen miles out, the 88th took possession of a mill. The 36th marched twenty miles to Bratton's Mill on the Holston, where they staid several days, other regiments of the brigade scattering in various directions. On the 16th they started back, arrived in Knoxville about noon of the following day, marched to the depot and were supplied with sixty rounds of cartridge per man, also some rations of hard bread, sugar and coffee, which were gladly welcomed. At ten o'clock P. M., they took the train for McMillen Station, and next day started out to "Blaine's Cross Roads," the camp which, for many reasons, will never be forgotten. Here they remained, with the usual camp interruptions, until the regiment, having re-enlisted, started home on their Veteran Furlough.

Gen. Granger was by no means a favorite with the troops. Although personally an able officer, he retained that contempt for volunteers and subordinates which characterized many officers of the regular army, and was peculiarly harsh and unfeeling in his treatment of the men. These qualities had shown themselves during his command in Mississippi, and when he was placed at the head of the Fourth Corps, it can not be said that he was welcomed. On the march for the relief of Knoxville, he maintained his arrogant demeanor towards those with whom he was associated, and particularly towards private soldiers; inflicting on them barbarous and humiliating punishments for neglect of duty or infraction of military etiquette. Gen. Sheridan, prior to the Rebellion, was very intimately acquainted with Granger, at one time serving under him as lieutenant, and the familiarity of the past was in a measure resumed.

At one time, after a soldier belonging to Sheridan's Division had been tied and inhumanly beaten with a rope's end, Gen. Sheridan proceeded to Granger's headquarters, and firmly protested against such punishments being inflicted upon his men, stating that he could punish those under his command himself, if they deserved it, without any interference, and among other things, said, "Sir, if you had seen these men where I have seen them, and been with them in the face of death as I have, the thought of whipping one of them would bring tears to your eyes, instead of harsh upbraidings." This conversation was overheard by a 36th soldier on guard, and coming to the ears of the troops, still more, if possible, endeared Gen. Sheridan in the affections of his men.

At this camp, in the very wilderness, the mail came to us twice. Frank Raymond says: "Our severest trip was while our command was in East Tennessee. Our depot was Chattanooga, and we had a long, tiresome and exceedingly dangerous trip through the enemy's country, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty miles. The roads were in terrible condition, and the woods were infested with bushwhackers, but fortunately we were never captured, although we had some very narrow escapes. At one time, I remember, I was journeying towards Knoxville with my mail, when within about thirty-five miles of that place I heard a horse galloping rapidly behind me. I turned in my saddle and discovered a Rebel cavalry man approaching me. It was too late to run, so I decided to hold my ground and take the consequences. He galloped up to my side and spoke to me, and soon satisfied my fears by informing me that he was a Federal spy and that his name was Carter; that his father was an old Baptist preacher, living some twenty-six miles south of Knoxville, towards which place we

journeyed together. That night he showed me his papers, signed by Gen. Burnside, and next day we rode into Knoxville. I felt very proud of my prisoner as we rode by the picket guard, but as he had a pass from Gen. Burnside, while mine was only signed by Gen. Sheridan, I concluded not to turn him over to the authorities, although he did wear a Confederate uniform."

On the 21st, Major Sherman started for Illinois in command of a recruiting party, to fill up the thinned ranks of the old regiment. On the 23rd, a falling tree laid the headquarters tent level, but fortunately no one was hurt.

Christmas was a dull day. About the time that the stockings were emptied at home, the boys were choking and crying over the smoke, trying to get warm. Silas Dyer, who for the first time was sick in hospital at Knoxville, says: "Self and companion managed to get a couple of stuffed chickens for a Christmas dinner, prepared by an Ethiopian cook. Towns-people appear to enjoy it hugely, but we 'can't see it.'"

On Tuesday, the 29th, the Chaplain and Assistant Surgeon Hatch arrived in camp. The Chaplain had not been with the regiment since leaving it just before the battle of Mission Ridge. After reaching Illinois, he visited Aurora, Elgin, Oswego, Bristol, Newark, etc., seeing many of the families of the men, and distributing the money. He also gave some public addresses, describing the condition and prospects of the army and showing the hardships which they had suffered in the siege. Everywhere the proposition to send a supply of socks and mittens to the regiment, as a greeting from friends at home, met with a hearty response, and within a few days money enough was placed in his hands, the socks and mittens were purchased, and he started back with his huge box filled to the utmost. It was a very difficult task to secure transportation for it, especially from Louisville,

and only by the most persistent and personal attention could it be brought along. At last, however, arriving at Stevenson, he found Quartermaster Sutherland with his train, who took it in charge and in due time delivered it at Chattanooga. About noon, December 12th, the Chaplain arrived at the division hospital, which was in charge of Surgeon Lytle, who insisted he should remain and assist him with the wounded men instead of joining the regiment. As it was yet uncertain whether they would not come back, he consented to do so, and for two weeks gave his time to the hospital. The building was a very large one, built like a huge barn, three stories high. It had been erected by the South when Chattanooga was their principal base. Here Surgeon Lytle, with his assistants, were hard at work, while Steward J. C. Denison had charge of the supply department. Besides what was furnished by Government, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions were now accumulating large stores, both of clothing and food suitable for the sick and wounded, and our hospital was treated with great liberality and kindness by these agencies. It is simply impossible to overrate the benefits derived by our army from these institutions, which helped save thousands of valuable lives, besides mitigating much suffering. Like all hospitals of such a size, this one afforded some curious illustrations of the freaks which are sometimes played by the deadly missiles, as well as the wonderful endurance of the men. Surgeon Lytle kept full reports of forty cases of special interest. One man lived twenty-five days after a ball had passed almost through the centre of the brain; could sit up on the side of his cot, and lived four days after the right carotid artery had been tied.

In the various wards of this hospital, services were held from time to time, as opportunity offered. Sometimes in the evening, when all work, dressing wounds, etc., had ceased, Scripture

was read, a hymn sung and prayer offered, and on Sabbath, a short discourse was preached in each room. A large quantity of reading matter was also distributed. Many interesting incidents occurred, bringing out the religious feelings of the men. Immediately after his arrival, the Chaplain looked up the wounded of the 36th; found W. Reeder hopeful, and apparently doing well, but that night he was sent for to visit him, as he was fast sinking. He spoke most confidently of his trust in Christ, and, as on the battle-field, he was now ready for death in the hospital. During the night he passed away, and was buried in the National Cemetery, on the 14th.

The men, in the midst of their sufferings, were enthusiastic in their accounts of the battle, and never tired of detailing the events of that memorable day. One man, Sergt. Hough, Company H, 15th Indiana, gave a most graphic account of his being shot down on the side of the ridge, and as he lay there, bleeding from a cut artery, realizing that he must have help at once, or die, he lifted up his heart to God and prayed for his life, promising to devote himself to His service. Almost immediately, some men with a stretcher were directed that way; found him, stopped the bleeding and had him conveyed to the hospital. "Now," said the Chaplain, after he had finished his exciting account, "don't you think you ought to keep your vow?" "Yes, I do," he said. "Well, will you?" "Yes," said he "I will." Prayer was offered, in which he joined, and as he was visited from day to day, he gave evidence that he had become truly penitent, and was filled with quiet and holy peace. He continued to be as enthusiastic as ever about the battle, but spoke of himself in humble and broken accents. He seemed particularly grateful as he remembered the prayers and anxieties of his loving wife, who, he said, had never ceased to pray for him and his

conversion for fourteen years, "and now," said he pointing to the stump of his amputated limb, "she won't think anything of this when she learns that I am a christian." At his request a letter was written to his wife, giving a full account of his escape and experience. He continued to grow more earnest in spirit as he improved in health, and there was every prospect that he could soon be sent North, but on the Chaplain's return from East Tennessee, he found that the severe weather of the first week in January proved too much for his reduced system, and he had been dead some days.

French Brownlee's condition had been growing rapidly worse for some time. Efforts were made by Col. Miller and the surgeons, to obtain, first, a furlough, and then, to procure his discharge; but owing, perhaps, to the confusion incident to so many military movements, it seemed impossible to get papers through the regular channels. The hope of returning home kept him up for awhile, but at last he sank rapidly and died on Christmas day; very soon after, his discharge arrived. He was a man whose stern integrity and unblemished character made him highly respected by officers and men.

Mittens and socks were distributed among all the men of the regiment who were in Chattanooga, and on Saturday, the 26th, after making every effort to obtain transportation for the remainder, but without avail, the Chaplain started for the regiment. Travel at that time was anything but a luxury. The boat was about destitute of accommodations for passengers. The rain fell in torrents, and at Loudon, the only refuge while waiting for the train, was in a cabin occupied by the most primitive of human beings—girls, and even children, smoking and chewing tobacco. On the train, he had the novelty of stopping occasionally while a detail of men went out to chop and bring in wood for the

engine. At Knoxville, he stayed in the cars all night, taking a wash next morning in a pond near Fort Sanders. At Strawberry Plains were found some of the 36th and a horse, and he reached the regiment at Blaine's Cross Roads on Tuesday, 29th, bringing the first printed account received of the battle of Mission Ridge.

Not only were rations scarce at this camp, but we had the additional annoyance of receiving a supply of flour made of "sick wheat." This acted as an emetic, and robbed many a poor fellow of a good meal. At headquarter's mess the Chaplain and "Little Doc." were both sceptical about the wheat, not having any experience with it. One night the Chaplain thought it best to take a short walk away from camp, not to meditate or star gaze, but to part with the much needed supper he had just taken. He soon recognized some one else out on a similar errand, who proved to be "Little Doc.," at which they both had a good laugh, to be repeated on their return to headquarters.

On the last day of the year the regiment went out foraging. The day was rainy, and during the night it turned to a storm, the wind blowing so hard it seemed as though everything would go to pieces. In the afternoon of January 1st the troops returned, almost perished with cold. The strongest men were staggered. During the night the men could not sleep, though they wore their great coats and had huge fires built in front of their quarters. The only way to endure it at all was to sit or stand close to the fire, and then they would burn on one side and freeze on the other, while the wind blew the smoke in curling clouds about their heads and made them almost blind. There were some whose systems never recovered from the shock of those terrible days and nights. Among these was Lieut. Barstow, who had commanded Company G after Captain Austin was

wounded at Chickamauga. In the notice of him, published after his death at Burlington, Vt., it is said: "From Mission Ridge, badly worn by many previous marches and skirmishes, besides the more desperate conflicts, and by the quarter rations of Chattanooga, they were ordered in lightest equipments, with all speed, to Knoxville. It was there, during the coldest weather known for thirty years, hardly protected at all, as the necessities of service required, that he took a most violent cold, to the effects of which his strong constitution finally yielded. He made in direct marches, as his own private record shows, over seven thousand miles." "Dick" was a faithful soldier.

On Sunday, January 3rd, the cold moderated enough so that it was possible to keep warm by a huge fire with great-coats on. In the afternoon a short service was held, at which the Chaplain preached a New Year's sermon, from "He thanked God and took courage."

It seemed during these few days as if "Valley Forge" was being repeated in this wilderness, and it is not too much to say that the spirit of "Valley Forge" was exhibited by the 36th, as the next chapter will show.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RE-ENLISTMENT AND FURLOUGH.



THE reverses of the enemy during the summer and fall of 1863, had produced a profound depression throughout the South, and the defeat at Chattanooga, especially, cast a gloom over all their prospects. But they were not slow to perceive that there were elements of weakness on our side which might eventually work to their advantage. Chief of these was the important fact that a large number of our best troops would close their term of enlistment during the coming summer and fall, and right in the midst of the campaign we should be deprived of our most experienced and seasoned men. When to this was joined another fact, almost equally important, that near the same time a new election for President must be held, in which all the vexations and traitorous opposition to the Government in the North could be rallied to its embarrassment, they looked with confidence to see the reverses of 1863 turned into victories in 1864. Our own Government was equal to the emergency, and proposed the enlistment at once of Veteran Volunteers, with additional bounties and one month's

furlough and opportunity to recruit at home. It was soon seen that the determination to put down the rebellion was not confined to those who occupied places of security and comfort, but was pre eminently felt by the men on whom the hardships of the service fell most severely. Regiment after regiment fell into line, and during the next few months the different States were made glad as they welcomed home their veteran troops, who not only recruited their ranks, but gave such moral support to the national cause as was largely felt all through the remainder of the war.

It was at Blaine's Cross Roads the day before Christmas that the subject of re-enlisting began to create excitement in the regiment; it grew rapidly every day. They reasoned thus: We are in until next fall any way, so that probably we shall have to share in the remaining fighting. If we re-enlist now it will have a great moral effect on the South, who are counting much on the old regiments going out; we shall also secure the bounty and be discharged when the war is over. In addition, it is most probable that many of us will re-enlist next fall if the rebellion is not ended, so that it is best to do it now. A private letter written at the time, says, "The singleness of purpose to see this rebellion put down which characterizes these men, is such as completely surprises me; it is the *men*, not the *officers*."

In his report to the Adjutant General of the army, the Chaplain wrote, "On the 1st of January, 1864, while in bivouac at Blaine's Cross Roads, East Tennessee, the order with respect to veteran regiments was read, and a large number of those present re-enlisted. The circumstances under which this was done are worthy of record. They had formed a part of the army besieged in Chattanooga, and had borne their full share in the labors and privations of those trying days. Then came the gallant charge

on Mission Ridge, followed by a rapid and arduous march to the relief of Knoxville. The extremely cold weather of the season closed in upon them in the mountain regions, with scant clothing and rations, and the rudest of shelter. And yet no hardships could crush their devotion to the cause, for in full view of the sufferings and trials through which the organization had passed, (nearly five hundred of the original number had been killed or wounded in battle) they pledged themselves as veterans. The scene will long be remembered, where, amid mountain wilds, the smoke of the camp-fires was hurled in every direction, making it well nigh intolerable to remain by a fire, and yet the atmosphere was so intensely cold that when standing by the fire, one side of the body was scorched and the other almost frozen. The ink with which the enlistment papers were signed, froze on the pen while the signer was using it, and had to be broken off in solid ice before another man could use it; the inkstand in the meantime being only kept available by constant contact with the fire. All honor to the noble men of many regiments, who amid such severities still gave themselves afresh to their country's salvation."

To this should be added two sentences taken *verbatim* from the journal of Chas. S. Stiles, Company A, written at the time, and worthy of being printed in letters of gold :

"THE VETERAN ENLISTMENT PAPERS WERE FILLED OUT AND SIGNED THIS P. M. NO RATIONS TO-DAY. TWO EARS OF CORN WERE ISSUED THIS EVENING TO EACH MAN."

The 44th Illinois was re-enlisted at the same time, and it was reported that the regiment which should procure the requisite number of names first would be allowed to go home first. As the work approached completion, long after dark, the excitement grew intense; each regiment having scouts out to watch the movements of the other. The 36th came out ahead, but it was

afterward decided to draw lots, which was done January 5th—the 36th being the winner. Accordingly next morning all the veterans, bidding farewell to their comrades, who were assigned temporarily to the 88th, started for Chattanooga, and after a march of eighteen miles, arrived at Knoxville at 4 P. M. Next day they took the cars for Loudon, where they remained until Sunday, 10th. Here they sought refuge from the severe weather in log barracks, and were gratified on the 9th by the appearance of the box of socks and mittens, which had been delayed so long. Distribution was made to all present, and the rest were shipped to the boys now with the 88th, where they arrived on the 14th. On the 10th, the march was resumed by way of Kingston, and the old camp at Chattanooga reached on Friday, the 15th.

In crossing on the ferry at Kingston, the headquarter's wagon slipped into the river, soaking all the baggage. All who were unable to march were sent down on the boat. They had a hard trip; ran aground several times; broke their rudder; stove in the boat; changed off to another; had to march several miles round the shoal water, and to crown all, having laid in provisions for only one day, were out three, and came near starving—many being glad to gather ears of corn from the shore and eat the kernels.

The next two weeks were spent in making up the "muster out" and "muster in" papers of the men, and in closing up all regimental business. The opportunity was also seized by many to visit Lookout and Missionary Ridge and review the scenes of the late conflicts. As we looked down from that lofty height upon all the encampments of Chattanooga, it seemed wonderful that Bragg did not make a better use of his points of observation.

Services were held with the regiment and in the hospital each Sabbath, and on the 24th, after the sermon, several addresses were made, in view of their starting for home the next week. The Chaplain called attention to the need of caring for their health, which could not fail to be affected by their change of habits; and also to the necessity of safely investing the large sums of money which would be paid them, and which had cost them so much that it ought not to be wasted. Especially he urged them to care for their character and morals, lest their noble record should be stained, and the joy and pride of their friends should be turned to shame. Col. Miller followed, enforcing these thoughts and insisting on the maintenance of discipline throughout the trip. Lieut. Olson also spoke in the same strain, and much was done to counteract the temptations which would be placed in their way.

On the 25th they were mustered into service. On the 27th they were paid off, finishing at 11 P. M., and next morning had breakfast at three o'clock; turned over camp and garrison equipage, and at six o'clock left Chattanooga on the cars for home. They arrived at Stevenson next day at noon, and at Nashville at eight o'clock A. M., of the 29th. Leaving there at seven A. M., of the 30th, they arrived in Louisville at five P. M.

So many veteran regiments had passed through this city, that the storekeepers, and especially the clothing merchants, had learned what a golden harvest could be reaped from men who had been so long away from civilization, and they were not slow to take every advantage possible. They had runners out, who met the regiment as soon as it arrived; learned its number and some of its history, and then were loud in its praises—imposing on many an unsuspecting victim, who was persuaded to buy poor clothing at high prices.

Leaving Jeffersonville at three P. M., Monday, February 1st, they reached Indianapolis next morning, and Chicago at midnight of the 2nd. They were assigned quarters at the Randolph Street Market.

The ladies of the Soldier's Home were prepared to welcome all returning regiments, and expressed the greatest regrets that they had not been informed of the coming of the 36th, so that even at that untimely hour, a good meal might have been ready. A most sumptuous dinner was provided next day at Bryan Hall, to which the regiment sat down, and after the "squarest of square meals," an enthusiastic welcome to the State was given in a noble speech by Thos. B. Bryan, Esq.; responded to by Col. Miller and the Chaplain, and followed by some ladies with singing. They all insisted we should come back to breakfast next morning, when, after a most bounteous entertainment, the ladies sang once more, and the boys sang some patriotic airs. The Governor also sent a congratulatory telegram to the regiment through Col. Miller.

The time was occupied until Friday morning, the 5th of February, in making out furloughs, which being distributed in time for the morning trains, the different companies started out on the C. B. & Q., the Galena and the Rock Island Railroads. Five companies, B, C, E, F and I, went out to Aurora, where they were welcomed by the firing of cannon, the cheers of a multitude, and afterwards sat down to a sumptuous dinner, followed by speeches. Companies D and G were similarly entertained at Morris, and others at their destination.

The six weeks which elapsed before the regiment started again for the front were all too short for the enthusiastic reception which the men everywhere found. The ladies of every city, village and rural neighborhood seemed to have the most lively

recollections of the starvation times in Chattanooga, for they vied with each other in piling their provisions in mountainous ridges, before which even the heroes of "Mission Ridge" were staggered and beaten back. Indeed their movement might very properly be termed "the bread and butter campaign," in which the whole region was traversed by hungry veterans; in which there were combined and deadly assaults in the cities, heavy skirmishing in the country, and a steady running fire from house to house, until the weary soldier could almost look with eager longing for the hardtack and army ration of the front. Besides the reception at Aurora, there were large gatherings at Elgin, Morris, Oswego, Lisbon, etc., at which addresses were made by Col. Miller, Lieut. Col. Olson, the Chaplain and others, in which the most patriotic toasts were given and songs sung. As one of our comrades had been unfitted for service by reason of his wounds, what could he do better at this time than write us a song in honor of

"OUR FLAG."

DEDICATED TO THE 36TH ILLINOIS, BY J. L. DRYDEN.

AIR—"The Bonnie Blue Flag."

Come, boys, a song for our own flag,
Our colors old and dear;
Each shred and tatter time hath made,
We every one revere.
Then fling it once more to the breeze—
Unfold its crimson bars,
And let our friends know we retain
Our galaxy of Stars.

Chorus—Hurrah! Hurrah!

For freedom far and wide;
Hurrah for the dear old flag,
That fills our hearts with pride.

We've rallied 'neath its ample folds
On many a well fought plain;
And since our Country calls, we go
To bear it up again.
And never since by loyal hands
'Twas placed within our trust,
Has that old flag dishonored been,
Or trailed in Rebel dust.

Chorus—Hurrah! &c.

At Pea Ridge first 'mid shot and shell
It waved right gloriously;
And many 'neath its colors fell,
And died for Liberty.
Then next at Perryville it rose
'Mid shouts of victory;
And waving over vanquished foes,
Kentucky was made free.

Chorus—Hurrah! &c.

On Murfreesboro's stubborn field
We see it next displayed;
Though forced by numbers once to yield,
Our trust was not betrayed.
But high aloft 'mid carnage dire,
We bore its flaming bars,
And three score men there shed their blood,
To purify its stars.

Chorus—Hurrah! &c.

Next on Chickamauga's plain,
 It faced Virginia's pride ;
 Though driven back, 'twas borne aloft,
 And Rebel shells defied.
 And last on Chattanooga's height,
 In honor 'twas upreared,
 And proudly waved 'till Mission Ridge
 Of *Dusky Coats* was cleared.
Chorus—Hurrah ! &c.

Then, boys, we'll ever love that flag,
 Stand by it firm and true ;
 We'll wipe out treason from our land,
 And traitor hordes subdue.
 Then friends at home will look with pride
 On those time honored bars,
 And bless the men who fought and died
 To reunite its stars.
Chorus—Hurrah ! &c.

To this shall be added a toast and reply, and song, which, though not given until similar occasions several years after, may well be recorded for their own sake, and as suggestive of the spirit of those enthusiastic gatherings. The first were given at Monmouth, on the occasion of a reception to the 36th and 83rd Regiments :

“ *The Ladies*—Characterized by patriotic deeds and loyal sentiments ; *remembered* as our country's warmest friends and the soldiers' truest allies ; admired for their personal charms and womanly graces ; and loved, because our mothers, our sisters and our wives ; praised and thanked especially for this generous act, this bounteous dinner, these numerous tables so well spread, these large baskets so well filled, these tidy waiters so well willed, and tasty cooks so well skilled. May they have their reward.”
 Eliciting the following response by Miss Alice Mitchell :

We thank you for your words of praise,
 Your tones of kindly greeting ;
 And bright will be for many days,
 The memory of this meeting.

Our hearts, whose pulses beat so high
 When war's grim visage frowned,
 Now send swift praises to the sky,
 And peace with love is crowned.

Heaven bless you, soldiers ! may your arms
 Which struck the chains from others,
 Be now the comfort and support
 Of sisters, wives and mothers.

We wish that you may never have
 Than this, a poorer dinner ;
 And that of some nice, “ tasty cook,”
 You soon will be the winner.

We read your fame in every star,
 On every flag recorded,
 And feel that we *have been and are*
Most gloriously rewarded.

WELCOME HOME.

The following poem was written by a lady in Lisbon, and read at the reception of Company D, 36th Illinois Veteran Volunteers, in that village.

Home again, home again,
Soldiers brave and true;
Loyal hearts are gathered
Now to welcome you.
Forth ye went to combat,
At your country's call,
Shrinking not from danger,
Though each one might fall.

On the field of battle,
In the prison cell,
On the rugged mountain,
In the lowly dell,
Ye have stood together,
Ever side by side,
Bearing on your colors
With a soldier's pride.

There were lonely marches
'Neath the starless sky,
And lonely hours of watching
That saw some comrade die.
There were days of dreary sorrow,
There were nights of wretched pain,
When ye looked across the gloomy sky
For a ray of light, in vain.

O, Brothers, many a Northern heart
Went with you on your way,
And many a Northern heart sent up
Its prayer by night and day,
That God would guide and guard you
And send you home at last—
When our country should be free again,
Her hour of peril past.

And now we meet together,
The friends ye knew of yore,
To welcome sons and kinsmen
To your prairie homes once more.
Yet if some lip should quiver,
And tears should dim some eye,
Remember, there are countless graves
Left 'neath the Southern sky.

Remember ye are bringing
Up memories full of pain—
Of fathers, brothers, lovers,
Who are numbered with the slain.
Remember, there are aching hearts
Still bleeding for their lost,
Who only know that peace was bought
At such a fearful cost.

They have crushed back the rising sigh,
And dried each bitter tear,
And join with us in giving
To you a welcome here.
And 'mid loyal words of greeting
We give three cheers for you,
And three times three for our bonny flag,
The old Red, White and Blue.

At all these gatherings efforts were used to obtain recruits to fill up the ranks. Recruiting offices were opened at Aurora, Elgin, etc. The supervisors of the different counties voted to give additional bounties, and the 36th, in common with other regiments at home at the same time, gathered a goodly number of recruits. The Chaplain also visited several prominent places on the Sabbath, and delivered addresses to large audiences on "The moral and religious aspects of the war," seeking to stir up

not only increased interest in the furnishing of men, but also in their religious and moral welfare, on which the future of our country so much depended.

The following is a list of the Veteran Volunteers and Recruits of the 36th Illinois :

COMPANY A.

John W. Aldrich.	Fenelon J. Nicholas.
Leman Bartholomew.	Walter J. Ordway.
John Bluckman.	Charles Olsykwski.
Jeptha C. Dennison.	Chandler Preston.
Henry Ford.	George L. Peeler.
Henry Howe.	Augustus Ritze.
Charles A. Halsey.	Michael Seisloff.
Leverett M. Kelley.	Milton S. Townsend.
Tobias Miller.	Arzotus White.
Isaac N. Miner.	Homer H. Wilcox.
Edward Nute.	

RECRUITS.

Charles W. Aldrich.	George M. Salisbury.
William Burke.	Francis F. Shaw.
Richard Cool.	William Smailles.
Henry E. Deill.	John F. Scott.
Albert Deill.	Henry Samis.
Henry Hains.	Otis D. Shaw.
Joseph D. Ham.	Aaron B. Tice.
Benjamin F. Lockhart.	William H. Winnegar.
Charles M. Lytle.	Franklin Webber.

COMPANY B.

George Berger.	Thomas E. Hornby.
Rudolph Brager.	Charles E. Henzie.
Arba Camp.	Owen Hughes.
Thomas Clark.	Sidney E. Kendall.
William H. Dugan.	Henry B. Latham.
Daniel Davis.	Robert D. Logan.
John W. Edwards.	Elihu Mahew.
James Eddy.	Peter Pellican.
Frederick Emde.	Van Wyck Race.
Joseph McGee.	Charles W. Sears.
John Ott.	William Schaffer.
Edward Pearce.	Fritz Wilkinson.
John A. Gronberg.	Charles W. Travis.
Dorr K. Hodges.	Christian Zimmer.

RECRUITS.

Nelson Esser.	Henry A. Snell.
John P. Tuffee.	Daniel Terry.
John N. Jones.	Peter Thompson.
August Meak.	Joseph E. Way.

COMPANY C.

Joseph W. Arthurs.	William A. Mitchell.
Daniel P. Baldwin.	George N. Mercer.
Isaiah Baughman.	Jacob W. Moss.
William P. Criswill.	Stephen Matteson.
Isaac Carson.	Samuel Paxton.
Harvey P. Donnell.	John A. Porter.
James Davis.	James Ralston.
John Q. Graham.	William R. Toll.
David H. Henderson.	James I. Wilson.
David S. Irvine.	Samuel W. Wilson.
Ethan Keck.	John Wilson.
Warren Kintzie.	Ezekiel Wimmer.
Henry H. Lord.	

RECRUITS.

James C. Arthurs.	John W. Kitchen.
Abram Y. Arthurs.	Martin E. King.
Joseph A. Allen.	George H. Knox.
Thomas F. Baird.	John McL. Lukes.
James P. Barten.	Francis T. Mitchell.
James M. Black.	Samuel A. Markwell.
William C. Buchanan.	Joseph A. Pollock.
Dexter C. Colby.	Thomas R. Pollock.
Samuel Carson.	William A. Rodgers.
Robert J. Caldwell.	William H. Smith.
Thomas B. Gormley.	Flavius J. Sawins.
Harvey P. Harper.	William E. Stewart.
Robert A. Henderson.	Jackson Snodgrass.
John R. Henderson.	Julius C. Wright.
J. H. Hayes.	

COMPANY D.

Henry F. Birch.	Edward Lars.
Lydon K. Bannister.	James M. Lach.
James A. Baker.	William T. Maycroft.
Charles H. Bissell.	Louis R. Seymour.
Seth Darling.	Phillip Stage.
William Duckworth.	Joseph Shaw.
Nelson Erickson.	John C. Taylor.

COMPANY D CONTINUED.

Alfred H. Gaylord.
John W. Graham.
John Hier.
William C. Knox.
Henry T. Kellam.

Thor Thorson.
Garrett G. Vreeland.
Andrew F. Wilsey.
John Wilson.

RECRUITS.

Joseph Anderson.
Isaac Ashalter.
Edward Anderson.
Timothy A. Burgess.

Henry S. Langdon.
Robert McNoven.
John H. Thompson.

COMPANY E.

John W. Alston.
James H. Alston.
Christopher M. Baker.
George W. Beane.
Frederick Beier.
Christ Batterman.
John Bush.
Marcus S. Bushnell.
Milton E. Cornell.
Patrick Connor.
Edgar S. Case.
Silas F. Dyer.
Charles W. Doty.
Uriah Foster.

Thomas P. Hill.
Henry Haigh.
James S. Hatch.
Judson W. Hanson.
Holvar Hanson.
Henry Hennis.
William Hall.
George E. Lonsberry.
George W. Mathews.
Amos Norton.
Melancton J. Ross.
Walter S. Ralston.
Robert B. Ralston.
Thomas P. Titlow.

RECRUITS.

James Allison.
William P. Boyd.
John P. Clegg.
Edwin E. Dyer.
Michael Divine.
James Henning.
Joseph Jenkinson.
William Manton.
George W. Lannigan.
George McHugh.

William H. McKay.
William Nichols.
Willis Olmstead.
William G. Peterson.
Ross Seely.
David Spencer.
James C. Stokes.
Myron C. Skinner.
Ira M. Scofield.
Henry Webber.

COMPANY F.

Lewis E. Belden.
William H. Curtis.
Edwin Dopp.
Gunner Gunnerson.
John Green.

Warren C. Massey.
Francis A. Mossman.
Walter E. Partridge.
William J. Pletch.
John H. Roots.

COMPANY F CONTINUED.

Oscar P. Hobbs.	Emra Strait.
John J. Jordan.	Benjamin Stevenson.
John T. Johnson.	Beigo Thompson.
Alexander Lipskey.	Alfred Tomlin.
William McClarey.	John H. Whitney.

RECRUITS.

Demetrius W. Cady.	Marshall W. Treeman
Lewis H. Congden.	James Verbeck.
Alexander N. Friland.	Franklin A. Whitney.
Lafayette Price.	William W. Waters.

COMPANY G.

Robert R. Bradshaw.	John S. Fairman.
George M. Birdsell.	William S. Gibson.
Peter Buchanan.	Daniel Hart.
Robert Brierly.	Joseph Hebert.
Jesse H. Brown.	William W. Kerns.
John Corkins.	Newman Perkins.
John A. Dispenney.	James Royds.
Lewis B. Dawson.	William F. Severns.
Wallace Ellis.	Job Whybrow.
Evan Edwards.	Milton G. Yarnell.

RECRUITS.

Francis Carney.	Ebenezer S. B. Northrup.
Jonathan Foulk.	James Rafferty.
Warren Foulk.	Bryan H. Streeter.
Ellis W. Hulsizer.	Henry Wehr.
Joseph Hook.	Thomas Williams.
William Mei.	

COMPANY H.

Lillburn B. Agnew.	John A. Halderman.
Horace N. Chittenden.	David Hartman.
Samuel Z. Carver.	Charles W. Irish.
Andrew J. Conroe.	Myron D. Kent.
Charles B. Crawford.	Cassius M. Kimplin.
William Carl.	Charles H. McDargh.
Day Elmore.	John Nemeyer.
John P. Floyd.	Nelson B. Sherwood.
Thomas Finlayson.	Frederick Smith.
Stephen Gates.	Lavern Stanton.
Madison W. Gould.	Barent VanNess.
James A. Hutchins.	

RECRUITS.

Henry Allson.	John Fox.
Elias Bartlett.	George Kingsbury.

COMPANY I.

George W. Avery.	Samuel Maul.
George Beck.	Nicholas Swichart.
Dwight G. Cowan.	Andrew Turner.
Hobert Doctor.	Harvey Tooley.
James F. Ferris.	Christopher Thake.
Joseph V. Gentensburg.	Bart J. VanVaulkenburg.
Henry Hirse.	Abram V. Wormley.
Conrad Larnichel.	Christ Wentz.
John Lonigan.	James Wicks.
Hiram Lowry.	

RECRUITS.

George Case.	Charles Meyers.
John Figgins.	James D. Powell.
Martin Highbrick.	John Roush.
Michael Kertiser.	John Shields.
Zachariah Lerindin.	Isaac P. Smith.
Jonathan Moore.	Jared E. Thomas.
Henry Mehlke.	William Tobey.
Michael Manning.	John E. Watts.

COMPANY K.

Harrison W. Blank.	John C. Minkler.
Seneca Birdsell.	James McCrary.
Solomon Emberling.	John Poll.
John M. Gordon.	Simeon Parsons.
Daniel P. Hammond.	Emery W. Pratt.
James Hazelhurst.	Robert H. Starr.
James M. Hogue.	Romain A. Smith.
James C. Hogue.	George M. Scales.
John H. Johnson.	Francis Tewksbury.
John P. Lenhart.	Charles A. Tucker.
George Laker.	William C. Underwood.

RECRUITS.

Hiram Bogardus.	John McFarland.
Lucien Button.	Patrick O'Connor.
John Dunn.	Lyman K. Powers.
John Gannon.	Peter Parquette.
James Guss.	Joseph Richardson.
Zenas E. Hogue.	Harlow Slate.
M. LaRue Harrison.	John Tyler.
Edward C. Mulinix.	George A. Underwood.
Robert C. Moore.	Hiram F. Watkins.
Adam Mitchell.	Arthur W. Wilson.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TO THE FRONT.



ON SATURDAY, March 19th, 1864, the regiment fell into line and took the cars for Chicago. A large crowd of the citizens of Aurora greeted them with their cheers and adieus as the train moved out, and as soon as it was well under way, a copy of the following address was placed in the hands of every officer and man, and at once carefully read :
To the Officers and Soldiers of the "Thirty-Sixth Illinois." Veteran Volunteers :

It is the custom of many wise and good men to select, at intervals, some brief sentence of Scripture, which being often called to mind, may serve to warn, to strengthen and direct them.

Allow me, at the commencement of your new term of service, to present to you, as a motto, the words of David to his son Solomon :

"SHOW THYSELF A MAN!"

David's eventful life was drawing to a close. But ere he left his throne on earth for a seat in heaven, he longed to give such counsels to his son as should both insure his personal happiness, and the continued prosperity of his people. Calling Solomon into his presence, he said (1 Kings ii, 2): "I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man."

All he could wish his son to be ; all that in the following verses is expressed in detail, was comprehended in these four brief words. And if ere we move again to the front, we could stand before the venerable patriarch—at once the greatest captain, statesman and monarch of the age—to receive from his lips some weighty and pertinent advice, he might with equal propriety say to each and all, “Show thyself a man.”

This we should do in relation to ourselves, our country, and our God.

I. *Ourselves*.—Man’s first and chief responsibility is for himself ; and no amount of anxiety for others, or zeal for our country, will atone for the neglect of ourselves. Our immortal souls, for which Christ died, must be watched over ; the evil corrected, the good cherished. Many a young man has been lured into vice by the insinuating thought, that it is manly to indulge in profanity, intoxication or licentiousness ; but in this he is duped by the same deceiver who taught our first parents that though they disobeyed God, “they should not surely die.” To *resist* vice, not yield to its seductions, is the mark of true manliness. “Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.” Officers and generals we can not all be, nor can we write our names conspicuously on the roll of those who capture cities and lead us on to victory ; but we may all win that greater glory which attaches to resisting sin and conquering self. In this, then, “Show thyself a man.”

II. *Our Country*.—Our imperilled country called for help. You sprang promptly to her relief. You are now engaged in a special service ; one which for the right performance of its duties, requires some of the noblest powers of manhood, whatever position be assigned you. The private, as truly, if not as conspicuously, as the highest officer, may show himself a man ; for fidelity, courage and patient endurance are required of all. In this special service to which, for a while, you are devoted, “quit yourselves like men.” Let that unquestioning obedience to command, so essential to military success, be always given—not grudgingly, nor simply for your oath’s sake, but cheerfully, like men who

have voluntarily sacrificed for a while their personal freedom to the salvation of their country. Let the privations and hardships, inseparable from every campaign, be met with a manly fortitude, knowing that he who calmly endures such trials is as truly a hero as he who boldly stands in the face of the enemy. Nay, the spirit of both is so near akin, that the soldier who proves himself the true man on the march is never found wanting on the battle-field. Carefully, too, abstain from those lawless practices to which a military life presents so many temptations, and by which some soldiers and regiments have brought a stain upon their otherwise fair name, which even gallantry in the field has scarce sufficed to remove. Remember you are *citizen-soldiers*, whose highest hopes will not be realized simply in the subjugation of armed forces in rebellion, but who seek to implant in Southern soil those sacred principles of freedom, regulated by law, which, whilst desolation reigns in the theatre of war, still keep our far-away homes the abodes of peace and prosperity, and which, "when this cruel war is over," shall grow until they lift their branches over the whole land, and a continent shall safely recline beneath their shade. Let there be nothing, then, in your conduct which shall belie this sacred mission, or make those you meet misunderstand your aims.

But this manliness should be chiefly shown—

III. *Towards God*.—With some it is considered manly to scoff at religion, and boast in unbelief, unmindful of the fact, that the glory and service of God was the chief end of man's creation, and never till he gives himself to that service, making that glory his supreme desire, does he attain full manliness. "The Christian is the highest style of man." The love of God restrains and purifies the love of self; it sanctions and strengthens the love of country, and gives to the character a stability and glory all its own. To be true men, let the counsels of the Savior be heeded; let His precepts be your guide, His blood and righteousness your only refuge. Rest not without an interest in His salvation.

Would you look on one in whom these traits of manhood were all seen? Remember him who was “first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,” while even now each return of his birth-day makes a nation glad. Victorious over self, devoted to his country, consecrated to God, he stands forth an embodiment of true manliness. Called to live in times the counterpart of his, to bear in your degree burdens like his, needing the very qualities which in him shone out so brightly, let his honored memory press upon each the exhortation of the dying warrior and saint—“Show thyself a man.”

You are surrounded with the noblest incentives to such a course. The ever-brightening prospects of our country’s cause, and the certainty of its speedy and final triumph, call aloud to each defender—“Show thyself a man!”

Our glorious old flag, soiled and battered, but never dishonored, waves to and fro in the breeze, and seems to say to every one—“Show thyself a man!”

The intense interest felt for you by loving hearts at home, and the earnest prayers ascending ceaselessly in your behalf, come whispering in soft and winning tones—“Show thyself a man!”

The remembrance of the glad welcome which has been extended to you by all the loyal and the good, testifying the honest pride they feel in your achievements and devotion to country, and the desire you cherish that it may never be dashed by hearing on your lips or seeing in your lives, the traces of vice, should, like a talisman, preserve you from contagion, ever reminding you—“Show thyself a man!”

The reflection that this terrible struggle is intimately connected with the highest interests of humanity and religion, and that our national triumph will result in giving a new impulse among men to everything that is elevating, good and holy, urges, lest you come short yourselves of the blessings you are procuring for others and posterity—“Show thyself a man!”

Finally, the sacred graves of our fallen comrades, silently telling of the perilous service in which we are engaged, and that not all who now leave home, amid the adieus of friends, shall live to

receive their congratulations at our return, should lift our thoughts toward heaven and eternity, while the voice of God urges the exhortation in its fullest, christian sense—"SHOW THYSELF A MAN!"

Your devoted friend and Chaplain,

Bristol, Ill., March, 1864.

WM. M. HAIGH.

In Chicago they were marched to the Soldiers' Rest, where they had accommodations and dinner provided. About three o'clock they went on board the cars, but did not start till near dark—traveling very slowly all night, and arriving in Indianapolis Sunday afternoon. After a most hearty and welcome dinner, the journey was resumed and Jeffersonville reached next morning. Thus far, we had been in company with another veteran regiment, which seemed to be without any efficient commander, smashing the windows of the cars and tearing up two of the inside roof coverings. The official in charge of the train, in giving in his report, warmly commended the 36th for their orderly behavior, in contrast with their temporary associates. On the way from Louisville to Nashville, next day, however, as the two heavily loaded trains moved out of the city—the engines tugging like dray horses—the spirit of mischief came upon some of the 36th, and they pulled a coupling pin, causing a halt and a delay. As the train started again, the trick was repeated, to the no small vexation of the train men. At last a guard was set over each coupler, and of course the game was up.

On arriving at Nashville, we were confronted with the unwelcome announcement that we could proceed no further on the railroad, but must march over the country to Chattanooga, as all the transportation was needed for accumulating supplies at the front. The traveler lolling at leisure, perusing his morning paper, while the train glides over the track, is not more conscions of an unpleasant jerk, when his smooth progress and his reading are brought to an untimely end by some displaced rail or broken axle,

than were we in finding the comforts of civilization thus suddenly exchanged for the stern realities of war. But we submitted with as good a grace as the circumstances would allow. Laying aside all the superfluities which belong to life in "America," and coming down to "first principles," we prepared to march.

We set out on Friday, March 26th, and, as usual, the rain began simultaneously to fall. After we had marched about nine miles, we pitched our tents, in the midst of a driving shower. This was a hard beginning for the new recruits, but the elasticity of the old soldiers, howed itself in the jokes which were let off upon the situation of soldiers in general and veterans in particular. "There is one thing that comforts me a good deal," said an old boy; "I've only a little over two years and nine months to serve."

On the road, both before and behind us, were numerous regiments, making their way also to the front, whose camps were in the same vicinity, and in spite of all the care that could be taken, by limiting each days journey to about twelve miles—starting early and going into camp early, the men suffered a good deal, for even the old soldiers were unseasoned, their feet being especially tender and easily injured. The camps along the way were named by the Colonel after the first two, in compliment to absent officers. Camp Haigh was the name of the first, Camp Hatch of the second, Camp Sill of the third, which was about half a mile south of Murfreesboro. This camp we reached at eleven o'clock on Sunday, the day being excessively hot and the men tired. It was with melancholy interest we retraced the old ground, made historic by fierce struggles and deadly conflicts, or examined the riven trees—silent witnesses of the fiery storms which raged terrifically through them. And how did our thoughts turn towards that spot where two hundred of our regiment fell wounded

or dead ere the rushing foe could break through that living barrier of loyal hearts! or that other spot, hard by, where sleeps the precious dust of those who loved their country better than their life. Towards evening we gathered for service, the Chaplain preaching a sermon appropriate to the beginning of a new term of service, from the character of the Roman military officer whom Christ so much commended. It was a solemn season. The memory of fallen comrades, the tears and prayers of Christian friends just left behind, the unknown but perilous future, all seemed pressing on that hushed gathering the claims of Christ and eternity. The spirit of God, we have reason to believe, was there with His effectual calling, and not a few resolves were made that hour which were found afterwards to ripen into hopeful conversion.

Next morning the regiment started early, while the Chaplain and Adjt. Case remained behind to procure transportation for some men unable to march, but as the General was not yet up, they seized the opportunity to ride out to Hospital Harding, look over the battle-ground and ascertain the condition of the grave. They found the fence still remaining, but the ground itself so settled that should the fence be removed, all traces of the grave would soon disappear. On joining the regiment that night, about fifteen miles south of Murfreesboro, and stating the facts, a determination was at once expressed to erect a monument on the spot, that the memory of their comrades' valor might be preserved. Measures were at once taken to procure the necessary plans, and progress was made, but a National Cemetery was ordered at Murfreesboro, under the superintendence of Chaplain Earnshaw, and the remains of the dead all over the battle-field were gathered and re-interred, making the efforts of separate regiments unnecessary. In this connection it is well to know, as

Chaplain Van Horne states, (who has borne the most prominent part in this most necessary and honorable task): "In expression of the value of each citizen who fell in the war, the body of each was placed in a separate gave. And so thorough was the search for the dead upon every battle-field, and over the whole country, that their friends may be assured that, whether identified or not, all rest in grounds consecrated to their abode forever."

That night we experienced a terrible thunder storm, accompanied with much rain and wind; but leaving Camp Greusel, we resumed our march next day; passing through Shelbyville—a fine town, with a loyal population, whose ladies gave us a hearty reception. We continued our course southeast, towards Tullohoma, halting at Camp Joslyn, five miles out. Next day we went into camp at Tullohoma—Camp Jenks. During this day we saw the first school in session that we had seen in all our marching, and it was worthy of notice that the whole region from which it drew its support was loyal. Next day the regiment took the railroad track, while the officers went around by the road. Before starting, it was ascertained that a new recruit, Ira Scofield, had stayed back the day before at a farm-house, complaining of sickness. A man was detailed to take an ambulance and bring him into town, that he might be well cared for. The man found him too sick to be moved, but remained with him until he died.

On arriving at Derchard, the Colonel found a construction train, on which he succeeded in placing the regiment for a ride through to Cowan, where the officers found them on their arrival, camped on the old ground, to which we now gave the name of Camp Olson. We took an interest in looking for any traces of our once beautiful chapel, and succeeded in finding the stumps of old posts still remaining. On Friday we crossed the Cumberland mountains in a heavy rain storm, the road indiscribably

muddy and rocky, so that it seemed impossible for a wagon to pass over it. And sure enough, after selecting camp five miles beyond Tantallon (Camp Barry), we waited until after five o'clock, when we learned that our wagon was stuck on the mountain, and Lieut. Col. Olson went back to bring it on. Headquarters were thus without tents, blankets or food. This state of things lasted two days, until the wagon was brought forward. Those two nights of trying to fight the cold and wet and catch some sleep, will not soon be forgotten. For food, they were made welcome to the rations of the men, who thought that in this matter—as well as the veteran bounties—they had the advantage of the officers. Our next halt was Camp Sherman, at Stevenson, where we remained all day Sunday, expecting every hour to start for Chattanooga. Night came and no train, but a terrible rain storm instead. A number of officers found shelter at the Home. Next morning we took an early start—the men riding on the top of the cars, in a heavy rain—and arrived in Chattanooga about noon. Here we remained several days, waiting for transportation, and had a fine opportunity to visit Mission Ridge—with Col. Miller and others to recognize all the localities.

On Friday, the 8th, three companies found accommodations, and went on to Loudon. Next day three more followed, the rest being left in charge of Capt. Biddulph. At Loudon we found the brigade, and the non-veterans who were with the 88th. They had been enjoying a good rest there for some weeks, and abundance of rations. This was very different from what they had at first. Thumb, of Company D, says: "My mess-mate and myself took an inventory of our stock of provisions and fuel this morning after breakfast, and found them to consist of the following named articles for *one day's* rations for two men: half a pound of beef (half of it bone), one pint of cornmeal, two dozen small

white beans, and a tablespoonful of salt. Our wood consisted of half a rail, and two small sticks of wood; so the first thing to be done was to cut and carry some wood (distance to wood half a mile), which took us till noon; the next, to find how to cook our rations so as to make three meals. After an hour's hard study, we concluded to boil the beans and beef and make some soup. After boiling two and a-half hours, found we had two pints of bean soup of about the strength of water—a hearty meal for two stout, hungry men. We had meal to bake into griddle cakes for supper, and then go hungry until we could get some more. This is a soldier's fare; who would not be a soldier? The cattle-guards went over to Division Headquarters for some beef cattle to-day, and they had to leave three head on the road, for they were so poor they could not walk; several more of them lay down as soon as they were turned into the yard, and could not be made to get up. It is only two miles to Division Headquarters. We drew beef this evening for one day, and fresh pork for another. The beef is so poor they had to give us some pork to cook with it to keep it from sticking to the pan."

After reaching Loudon, however, they had good and abundant rations. Their journals were full of complainings about being lonesome, and one designates them as "we foundlings." They left the 88th, April 10th, the band playing, "Get out of the Wilderness," and returned to the old 36th playing, "Home Again," which tells the whole story.

The nine companies made camp. On the Sabbath religious services were held, and the Chaplain being furnished with a fine large tent, the evening meetings were resumed, and it was found that many officers and men had returned from home with heartfelt determinations to serve God as well as their country. A Christian Association was formed, to which quite a number

attached themselves. Our library, too, was with us, and the magazines came regularly, so that we were well supplied with reading, and passed the week quite pleasantly.

In the meantime, a detachment under Capt. Biddulph had started for Loudon, but were stopped at Cleveland by order of Gen. Howard, who now commanded the corps. The 36th was camped near his headquarters. On the other side of the town was a division of cavalry assigned to provost and guard duty. Careless and inefficient officers had made the command like themselves, so that they were notoriously negligent as guards, and property committed to them was less safe than if exposed without guard. Great dissatisfaction arose at their lack of discipline, and the lawless habits which the men had contracted. One day the Adjutant General inquired of Capt. Biddulph if he supposed the 36th could perform provost duty without being overridden by the cavalry. "Try them," said Biddulph, and the change was at once made. The detachment moved their quarters to and adjoining the court house, and entered upon their duty. Confusion and outrage quickly gave place to quiet and order. The wild and lawless found that their power was gone, and that for drunkenness and disorderly conduct they were unceremoniously dumped into the guard-house. In conversation with the Adjutant General, one evening, Gen. Harker asserted that he could run the guard when he pleased, without the countersign. On being told that a new order of things had been introduced; that the 36th was now on duty, and that running the guard was "played out," the General adhered to his assertion, and offered to wager a basket of champagne that he could succeed. The wager was taken, and the General sallied out to make the attempt, but was abruptly snubbed by the first guard he encountered, and, when he insisted upon passing, was arrested and conducted to the guard-house—out

of which even his stars would not have kept him, had not the Adjutant General made his appearance and effected his release; claiming, no doubt, his basket of champagne. It was some time before the detachment returned to the regiment, but when they did so it was with high compliments upon their efficiency as provost guards.

On Sunday, April 17th, the regiment moved to the south of the river, where we held service, and the next morning started for Cleveland, the headquarters of the corps, arriving there the following Thursday.

It would be difficult to find language too strong in which to describe the attractions of this valley, through which runs the Tennessee & Virginia Railroad. Its beauty of scenery, fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, and its never-to-be-forgotten sparkling, pure water, point it out as a region destined one day to receive and sustain a large population. Its purely strategic value in the war could not be overrated, and its advantages as a source of supplies, justified the tenacity with which the South clung to its possession and the sullenness with which they gave up the contest for its recapture.

During the winter our commanders had quite extensively to supply the inhabitants with rations, but all along the line of our march from Loudon, fences were being built, and with such horses as were left—if by any figure of speech such *frames* could be called horses—farmers were putting in their spring “craps.” Great care was used by our commanders to protect them in their work, and avoid all unnecessary waste of property.

We remained at Cleveland nearly two weeks, occupied with the usual camp duties, chiefly picketing and drilling. We were reviewed once by our new Corps Commander, Gen. Howard, and made special use of our regimental library. We were encouraged,

too, to increase our usual number of meetings because of the growing interest felt in them. Cleveland also was visited by D. L. Moody, and other members of the Christian Commission, and quite a deep religious interest was manifested, which extended to many members of the 36th. But all signs pointed to an early advance. On Monday, May 2nd, we packed up the library and all extra baggage, to see them no more until they should come forward to us in Atlanta, and on Tuesday, May 3rd, we started out on the Atlanta Campaign.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DALTON AND RESACA.



BOTH North and South were looking with intense interest for the opening of the spring campaign. On our side the most stupendous preparations had been made both East and West. Chief in importance was the re-enlistment of so many old regiments, bearing henceforth, as has been truly said, "the grandest name which the war originated." Next, must be placed the unifying of all army movements, by the appointment of Grant as Lieutenant General, thus making possible the most thorough and wide-reaching co-operation of all the forces. "The Military Division of the Mississippi" was continued, and placed under the command of Gen.

Sherman; McPherson taking the "Army of the Tennessee," and Schofield the "Army of the Ohio." Supplies in vast amounts were collected at Chattanooga, and everything done that could be to thoroughly equip the forces for what was hoped would prove the final campaign of the war. The South, too, realized the crisis, and notwithstanding the disasters of the year past, confronted us with a strength and determination worthy of a better cause. Chief among the significant acts of preparation in the South was the appointment of Gen. Joe Johnston to command their Western army, a man equal, if not superior, to any officer in their service.

In our own part of the army important changes were made, some pleasing, others not so. The substitution of Gen. Howard for Gen. Granger, in command of the Fourth Corps, gave universal satisfaction, but the removal of Gen. Sheridan from the command of the Second Division to the head of the Cavalry on the Potomac, while highly honorable to him and serviceable to the country, was looked upon by all who had served under him as inflicting on us a loss which was simply irreparable. Perhaps we were in no humor to give any man who might take his place a perfectly fair judgment, but it is the truth to say that Gen. Newton never commanded the confidence of officers or men, and many a time when the division was placed in critical circumstances, the wish expressed by all was, "O, that Sheridan were here."

Some changes also were made in the First Brigade, which was composed now of nine regiments, the 2nd and 15th Missouri, 24th Wisconsin, 28th Kentucky, 36th, 44th, 73rd, 74th and 88th Illinois, all under the command of Col. F. T. Sherman, of the 88th. In the regiment the only change to be noted was the absence through the campaign of Major Sherman, who was left

behind in Illinois in recruiting service, and on being relieved was appointed by Gen. Thomas Commandant of Military Prison at Nashville, which delicate and responsible post he filled with the commendation of the General.

The general plan adopted for the prosecution of the campaign, was for both armies, East and West, to move forward simultaneously against the enemy in their front, and press so vigorously and persistently as to allow no opportunity to the enemy to re-inforce in either direction. The 2nd of May was first designated by Gen. Grant for the united advance, which, however, was afterwards changed to the 5th. That we might be in time to take our place on that day, the Fourth Corps received orders on the morning of the 3rd to be ready to march at noon, and promptly at that hour we left camp and drew out on the road to Dalton. That our campaign was to be an earnest and vigorous one, was evident from the strict regulations in regard to camp equipage and transportation. To each regiment was allowed but one wagon and one ambulance, and one tent as an office. but as the wagon would only occasionally be with the regiment, each officer and soldier was required to carry on his horse or person, food and clothing enough for five days. A pack-horse was allowed to headquarters for forage, etc., and one for the officers of each company, so that it was common to see quite a number of pack-horses or mules at the rear of each regiment. Gen. Sherman himself set the example of light marching, by having nothing but a tent-fly for his headquarters.

On the 3rd, we marched about fourteen miles, camping near Redclay, just across the Tennessee line, and next day arrived at Catoosa Springs, completing the concentration of the Army of the Cumberland.

Here are twenty-five different kinds of mineral waters, with a large hotel, and all the conveniences of a Southern watering

place. The enemy had been using it, of late, as a hospital. In this vicinity we remained until Saturday, the 7th, when at four o'clock A. M., we commenced the advance on Tunnel Hill, which, after a good deal of skirmishing and firing in front, we reached at about ten o'clock. Next day we moved out at nine o'clock, but halted frequently, while Harker's Brigade, of our division, pushed forward to Rocky Face Ridge, having a number killed and wounded, and at night we bivouaced on the same ground that we occupied in the morning. Here we learned of the successful movement of Grant's army in Virginia. Next day (the 9th) we ascended Rocky Face, in support of the troops already there, and from this point had a magnificent view of the country; of the enemy's position and our own. It is seldom indeed that so fine an opportunity is afforded for watching the operations of contending armies. Rocky Face Ridge is what its name imports; is of great height, and extends for many miles due south. About the centre is a gorge, through which flows Mill Creek, and also passes the railroad to Dalton. This gap has sharp, precipitous sides, which could only be approached from the ridge, and then, so defended was it by rocks and ledges, that men could not be massed in order, but must ascend in broken fragments. These palisades were crowned with batteries. This was Buzzard's Roost. On the east side of the ridge and in front of Dalton were the main fortifications, covering all the roads from the north and east. These were very strong—including all the defences of modern warfare—and in front were strong lines of sharpened stakes, leaning outwards, protected by a perfect labyrinth of fallen trees. By means of dams, also, the country round was flooded, so that every protection possible had been provided. The ascent to the ridge was the steepest we had ever known—in some places almost perpendicular,—and the crest was but a few feet wide. As soon as we could take a view of the sit-

uation, there was much speculation as to what the enemy would do, and we scanned the works in front of Dalton narrowly, to find if possible what men occupied them. But everything there was quiet, and not a man was to be seen. About noon, there broke on us a sight which none present can ever forget. The 23rd Corps, whom we had passed in the morning, had entered the valley round the northern point of the ridge, deployed across it, and were now marching in line of battle directly upon the fortifications. First, we could see the lines of skirmishers, moving steadily forward, reaching from one favorable cover to another, and firing at intervals, as they caught sight of the opposing skirmishers. Then came the line of battle in splendid order, the regimental flags glistening in the sun and appearing in beautiful contrast to the rich green of the trees and grass through which they were borne. On they went, driving in the enemy, until about four o'clock, when they came within range of the forts, and we were in momentary expectation of witnessing a bloody conflict. Gun after gun opened from the fort, and quick as thought, the top of the parapet seemed alive with men's heads, stretched up to see our advancing columns. Their curiosity had got the better of their judgment and orders, and we could see that their works swarmed with men. But the 23rd Corps halted, having evidently carried out their orders.

Late in the afternoon, Harker's Brigade made a direct assault on the south end of our ridge, while Wagner's Brigade did the same from the east side. The firing was tremendous for a little while, and the spent balls fell thickly where our brigade lay in reserve, but the assaults were unsuccessful, and we lost quite a number of men. During the afternoon our mail arrived and was distributed. At night our brigade was withdrawn from the ridge and sent back about three miles to guard the roads and

trains. Next morning we returned to the entrance of the valley, passing round the northern end of the ridge and up the eastern side, which was easier of ascent than the western. Despatches arrived announcing Grant's success on the Potomac. The Brigade was soon set to work building breastworks of the stones and timber which could be gathered, while the 23rd Corps retired to the mouth of the gap.

We now learned that the fighting of the previous day was simply to hold Johnston's army at Dalton, while McPherson siezed Snake Creek Gap and operated against the railroad at Resaca. Rain began to fall, and our preparations for the night were anything but inviting. The narrowness of the ridge prevented our selecting a level spot to lie down on. The sides were at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the rocks so thick that it was extremely difficult to find a spot large enough or of such a shape as to admit a man sleeping with any comfort, but we put up shelters the best we could and lay down. During the night, however, there came up a furious storm of rain and wind, blowing down our coverings and drenching us through, so that with many of us the only way to pass the rest of the night was to sit up by the fire and take it as easy as possible. The next day the rain continued, but all was quiet, and with the exception of a slight change in position, no movement was made. The one bright spot of the day was the coming of the mail. Next day it was evident that our corps and the cavalry alone remained; that Schofield and the rest of the army had moved south to re-inforce McPherson, which they were well able to do without the knowledge of the enemy, for Rocky Face Ridge operated like an impenetrable curtain, behind which all our movements were hid. Near noon, however, our attention was attracted by the marching of a heavy column of infantry on the other side of the valley

towards our left. We could see the glistening of arms and the white covers of the wagons among the trees. It was an exciting time, for it looked like a massing of forces against us ; but soon our signal flags were seen to be busy, and Wood's Division, in reserve on Tunnel Hill, broke up camp, marched rapidly down to the mouth of the gap, and formed in two lines across it. The enemy's cavalry made a dash on ours, but on discovering our infantry they withdrew. About three o'clock, when we were watching with breathless interest for the opening of a brisk fight, they began to fall back by the road on which they came, having accomplished their object of finding out if our forces were moving towards Resaca. At night we could see fires burning within their works, indicating evacuation. Next morning we found the enemy gone, and the 2nd Missouri occupied Buzzard's Roost.

We started down the eastern side of the ridge and marched rapidly towards Dalton. We were now able to judge exactly what a task it would have been to take their works in front ; it would have been a terrible misfortune even to attempt it. We passed through the deserted camps which had been occupied all winter, and soon arrived at Dalton. By some oversight no guards had been appointed, and the troops were not sparing of anything within their reach, particularly tobacco and peanuts, of which an abundance were found. After leaving the town, Stanley's Division in advance overhauled the enemy's rear guard, and our progress was slow ; but with one halt about six o'clock to make coffee, we moved on until about nine o'clock, when we bivouacked by the roadside.

Next morning (Saturday, 14th) we were up at dawn, and marching very slowly for about two miles, made junction with the 23rd Corps, which had come by the other road. Very soon Gen. Howard appeared, and a line of battle was formed facing east.

About half-past ten we heard the troops to our right cheering lustily. Soon the 36th was called to "attention," and a despatch was read from Washington, announcing that Grant had captured a whole division of Lee's army and thirty pieces of artillery. Three hearty cheers were given by each regiment in the brigade, and the band struck up "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," etc.

About half-past eleven o'clock we moved forward by the left of companies to the front, our regiment marching in the rear of 24th Wisconsin. After passing through very heavy brush and timber for about a mile, we come out upon open ground, and again formed line of battle. While this was being done, the 23rd Corps, on our right, moved forward to the attack in splendid style, and in half an hour the artillery and musketry firing became very heavy. The brigade was now ordered to throw up breastworks on the knoll they occupied, which was rapidly done with logs, stones and anything available. Soon they advanced again, while a battery was opened by the enemy directly in front, and the shells came whistling over us lively. As the Chaplain and Dr. Pierce were following in the rear of the brigade, a shell exploded close by them. After remaining in reserve until about half-past three, the brigade moved forward in sight of the enemy, and were soon engaged.

About half-past four the 36th and 15th Missouri charged up from the creek, under whose banks they had been sheltered, against a Rebel battery behind breastworks on a hill, with a heavy infantry support. They moved across the open field under a terrible fire of shot, shell, canister and musketry, and succeeded in reaching nearly to the very walls of the fort, when they were obliged to fall back, some to the middle of the field and others to the cover of the steep banks and fringe of trees lining the

banks of the creek. Here each selected his own position, and continued to fire with such success as to keep the cannoneers from working their guns, thus allowing our artillery to play on them.

In this advance the new regimental flag was nearly demolished by a shell passing through its centre. Quite a number were killed and wounded, who, falling between the lines, could not be removed until dark, when the firing ceased. A few of the men while making the charge, had taken positions behind trees, stumps and rocks, somewhat in advance of the regiment, and so thoroughly was the field swept with Rebel shot that it was dangerous for these to fall back when the rest retreated. Among them was Newman Perkins, of Company G, who had been with the regiment since its organization, but in consequence of some defect in his foot which interfered with marching, had been detailed as teamster, and this was his first participation in a battle or exposure under fire. He and a comrade remained for some time close under the enemy's works, deliberately loading and firing from behind a tree, Rebel bullets in the meantime striking the ground and tree close to them. They finally broke for the creek, running for dear life down the hill, followed by singing bullets which riddled their clothing. A high rail-fence, the angles thickly grown up with bushes and covered with vines, interposed between them and the sheltering bank. This was cleared by Perkins at a bound, while his comrade was detained by the vines and brush, but both reached the creek in safety. About eight o'clock the lines became quiet, and there was opportunity to bring off our wounded. Among them was Milt. Cornell, of Company E, who was wounded in both legs. He was carried in a blanket by Lounsbury and Dyer, two of his comrades, to the rear, and then on a litter to the Ambulance Corps.

The regiments were relieved at ten o'clock, and moving back into a piece of woods, lay down for the night. Among those who fell should be mentioned Howard Whitney, Company F, who was shot through the neck—living but a few moments after he was struck. Howard was a faithful soldier and a true christian, and before going into battle, wrote to his friends "how glad he was that he had a Savior to take care of him in this time of trouble." The general result of the day's fighting was in our favor, and an attempt to turn the left flank of our corps was checked by the timely coming up of Hooker.

Next morning, after replenishing their stomachs with coffee and their cartridge boxes with ammunition, the regiment moved to the front—about one hundred yards to the left of where the charge was made the day before—and passing up a ravine, took the place of the men in the breastworks; holding them and fighting steadily for two hours; the enemy's works being about fifteen rods off. Our men were afterwards moved further to the right, in support of Battery M, 2nd Illinois, where they remained the rest of the day and night. About one o'clock, Hooker made an assault on the left with great vigor and success, driving the enemy a mile back, and in the meantime the firing all along our corps was very heavy. The enemy's guns in front of our division were kept silenced by the fire of our artillery. Fred Bier, Company E, one of the color guard, had thirteen bullet holes through his jacket.

In the meantime, everything possible was being done for our wounded. As the hospitals were now established for corps and divisions, and the ambulances used in the same way, it was more difficult than formerly to keep our men together. Dr. Lytle was put in charge of our Division Hospital, and thither many of our men were carried. But others were missing, and so the Chap-

lain went over to the 23rd Corps hospitals and found a number had been carried there. The Sanitary Commission, represented by Rev. J. H. Hazen, brought forward their supplies and distributed them. The injuries of some of our men (among whom were Lieut. Sands, Company C, and Cornell, Company E) requiring amputations, these operations were performed with marked skill by Surgeon Pierce, whose work has stood the test of time.

The situation of the enemy was now becoming desperate. Hooker's advance had closed in on the right. McPherson had gained a position from which he could reach the railroad bridge over the Oostanaula, and in a few hours retreat would be cut off. Johnston therefore issued orders to withdraw; but to cover his movement, a general attack was made on our line about ten o'clock, when the firing was very heavy. But it soon ceased, and next morning our pickets advanced on their works and found them empty. There were abundant marks of the severity of our fire. Our artillery especially had been very destructive; horses lay dead in masses, and new made graves were thick. A detail was made to bury our dead, and the troops pushed on in the pursuit. The bridge across the river had been fired, but it was reached in time to save it by carrying water in haversacks. As soon as the crossing could be made safe, the 4th Corps passed over and lay in line of battle, a little to the right, until about three o'clock, when they resumed march, and, though retarded by the enemy's rear guard, arrived at Calhoun in the evening. It is worthy of note that the railroad train with supplies came steaming down to the river before we left.

CASUALTIES AT RESACA.

KILLED.

Corp. J. H. Whitney, Co. F; Chas. M. Lytle, Co. A; William Zellar, Co. E; D. P. Baldwin, Co. C; William McCrary, Co. K.

WOUNDED.

COMPANY A.

William Smailles, left leg; William Burke, right leg; Edward Nute, hand.

COMPANY B.

Henry Olcott, head; R. Logan, arm; Geo. Ritze, hand.

COMPANY C.

Lieut. J. Sands, foot; R. J. Caldwell, arm; J. A. Porter, stunned; Geo. W. Nichols, hand.

COMPANY E.

W. P. Boyd, leg; Milton E. Cornell, both legs; Uriah Foster, foot; Fred Bier, foot.

COMPANY F.

Erasmus Anderson, arm; Alfred Tomlin, arm.

COMPANY H.

M. W. Goold, leg.

COMPANY I.

J. S. Thomas, leg; Sergt. H. Hirse, arm.

COMPANY K.

George Laker, leg; J. H. Johnson, leg; 1st Sergt. J. M. Gordon, leg; A. Mitchell, leg; Edward Reeder, leg.

F. J. Nichols, Co. A, Missing.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ADAIRSVILLE.



OUR army resumed its march from Calhoun soon after daylight, May 17th—Newton's Division, First Brigade, being in front; the 36th deployed as skirmishers. Col. Sherman had desired Col. Miller to take command of the demi-brigade, but this he declined to do. He was therefore put in charge of the skirmish line. We had no sooner arrived at the suburbs of the town and the regiment been deployed, than a volley was fired by the enemy's pickets. Our men made a rush for them, and several prisoners were captured.

On making a sharp turn in the road, a battery opened on us with shell—striking the head of the column and making quite a flurry. The rear guard with the gun had thrown up breastworks, which it was necessary to flank, and as soon as they were driven out, they fell back to another line, thus fortifying and holding us in check every half mile. The struggle was hard until near noon, when the 88th relieved us, and the regiment, after cleaning their guns and procuring ammunition, fell to the rear of the brigade, which, however, was not a safe place, as a shell soon dropped among us, but exploded without injury.

Everything passed off smoothly until we were within a few miles of Adairsville, when suddenly a battery opened on us from the front, the shells falling near the regiment. One of them struck a barn in front of us, and exploding, wounded Capt. E. Cass, Company D, and a private in Company I. The brigade was immediately formed in line of battle, and the 36th was sent to re-inforce the skirmish line; the right wing to the right, and the left to the left. Instead of simply a rear-guard, it was found that there was in our front, a whole division of infantry, besides cavalry and artillery. Indeed, from Johnston's own account, we now find that his whole army was close by, and he had Cheat-ham's Division detailed on purpose to check our advance until nightfall. But though our men were suffering fearfully, it seemed impossible for our leaders to believe that there was anything in front of us except a cavalry rear-guard. Lieut. Turnbull, on the Brigade Staff, gives a lively account of that memorable day:

“Gen. O. O. Howard, our Corps Commander, was in constant communication with the front, and told us his orders were to reach Adairsville that day, and he wanted us to do it. Early in the afternoon, our boys came in sight of a rebel wagon train and were in high glee, pressing it closely, when all at once, on passing through a belt of woods, they came upon a heavy line of infantry, protected by good, substantial earthworks, with at least one battery in prominent position. The enemy's line covered more than our front and seemed strong at all points. They opened a furious fire on our thin line, and our men had to lie down and protect themselves as best they could; many being shot while lying down, on parts of the line that were most exposed. This was particularly true of part of the 24th Wisconsin line. After seeing and appreciating the situation, I reported to the Brigade Commander, Col. F. T. Sherman, and asked leave to

withdraw portions of the line that were most exposed to the enemy's merciless fire, to a more sheltered position. Col. Sherman said, "Let us see Gen. Howard." He was near and we went over to him and reported. The General seemed nervous and irritable, and showed plainly that he did not believe the report. He replied by saying, "Your brigade must move forward. We are to go on to Adairsville to-night. If you do not do it, I will move my troops by the flank right through your line." He then asked, "What force do you think you have in your front?" I replied, "At least a division of infantry and several thousand cavalry." The General replied sharply, "*It is not true.* I have information through my scouts every few minutes, and you only have part of a brigade of mounted infantry in your front. Your brigade *must move forward.*" Stung to the quick by this charge of cowardice on my part, I replied by saying that if the General would accompany me or send a staff officer to the *front* with me, I would very soon convince him that the report was correct. He did not see proper to comply with the request, and it was probably just as well, for I was then in the humor to have taken him where it was *hot*. I went forward again and inspected the lines, finding no change, except that the ranks of our boys were being thinned, without their having any opportunity to retaliate. Hurt by the thought that the Commanding General would not give proper support, I again appealed to Col. Sherman to be allowed to retire the line, in the more exposed parts, but he thought that, under the circumstances, it would not do. I then returned to the lines and longed for night to come and stop the carnage. Just before sunset, some troops (I was told they were Stanley's Division) moved up and took position on our left, somewhat retired, and were not brought under fire. On our right another force was brought up, and crossed the Ooth-

caloga, but one well-directed volley from the enemy forced them back to a safe distance. Night soon set in and the firing ceased.

“Soon after nightfall, my Orderly, Isaac Carson, known as “Ike,” came to me and wanted some matches. ‘What do you want to do with them, Ike?’ I said. ‘We want to storm those buildings from which the sharp-shooters have been firing at our boys,’ said he. There had been great annoyance given our men from those buildings. Some of our men under their fire had to lie in one position all the afternoon, without moving scarcely a muscle. I gave him the matches, and in a few minutes I heard a whoop, a few shots, and in a very short time all that was wooden about those old stone buildings was blazing nicely.

“During the afternoon nearly all the generals whose commands were near, assembled at the spot mentioned by Gen. Sherman in his Memoirs, and were treated once in a while to a saucy shot from a battery in front. Col. Frank Sherman was almost frantic, and appealed for help for his brigade, but Gen. Thomas and others told him that he could not have it. Some have found fault with him for not handling his brigade better, but with one exception I think he was not to blame. In my judgment, when he found that it was impossible to move his command forward, he should have handled it in such a way as to better protect the lives of his men. But with Gen. Howard’s determination to *move forward*, I suppose he was not to blame.”

Those wounded in the early part of the day had been cared for, but when Capt. Cass and others were struck, and the number of wounded became numerous, it was necessary to take possession of a neighboring house. Long after night they continued to stream in, until every part of the house and all around in the yard was covered with wounded men—one hundred and nineteen in all, exclusive of those wounded during the day, and

mostly from our brigade. When Capt. Cass was having his wound dressed, it was amusing to witness his anger, not simply at his being struck, but that he should be struck without even the dignity of being hurt in battle. "They will ask me in what battle I was wounded," said he, "and I shall have to say no battle at all, but only a miserable skirmish." He may, however, have the consolation of knowing now that Adairsville, by reason of its sharp struggle has passed into history.

Among the wounded was James P. Barton, of Company C, a new recruit. While lying down under fire, a minnie ball striking a rail fence, split in two, and one-half struck him on the top of his head, settling into the brain. All the night he was insensible, and next morning when the Surgeon and Chaplain went forward with the regiment, the latter taking his list of names with him, Barton was sent back from hospital to hospital until he reached Nashville, no one being able to give his name or regiment. On examining his wound the Surgeon found lying in the brain the half ball, a piece of his hat and some hair. Soon after removing these, his speech returned, and his friends heard of him after a full month of anxious suspense. He is still living.

Next day we moved on, passing through Adairsville, and while halting there Gen. Osterhaus came to see the regiment and made an appropriate speech to them. They greeted him with three cheers. Quite a large number of prisoners and deserters were brought in. Next day we passed through Kingston, and on turning to the left towards Cassville, about three o'clock we came in sight of the enemy in line, and a large wagon train. Our corps was drawn up in line of battle, and the battery was opened on the train. Hooker also came up on our left. Heavy firing of artillery and skirmishing continued until night, when we went into camp about eight o'clock.

It now appears that Johnston was preparing to give battle at Cassville, and had arranged his army accordingly, but the dissatisfaction of some of his generals decided him to withdraw beyond the Etowah. A battle then would have saved us from a long campaign.

CASUALTIES NEAR ADAIRSVILLE.

KILLED.

John Aldrich, Sergt. Co. A; Franklin Webber, Co. A; Jas. Davis, Co. C.

WOUNDED—COMPANY A.

Corp. Romaine Kilburn, face and breast; H. Haynes, Louis Miller, A. Shaw.

COMPANY B.

Joseph McGee, wrist.

COMPANY C.

James P. Barton, head; J. W. McCoy; S. N. Wilson, hand.

COMPANY D.

Capt. E. P. Cass, leg; Sergt. W. T. Maycroft, head; Allen Alvord, hip; Eben Gates, jaw.

COMPANY F.

Lieut. L. P. Southworth, arm; E. H. Strait, side; C. K. Johnson, arm; Canute Phillips, thigh; Geo. A. Cummings, hip; Edwin Dopp, leg; J. H. Roots, shoulder.

COMPANY H.

Sergt. Albert Wolfe, thigh; Chas. Irish, finger.

COMPANY I.

Sergt. Geo. W. Avery, heel; Corp. H. Lowry, side; Saml. Mall, foot.

COMPANY K.

Corp. R. H. Starr, leg.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DALLAS.



AFTER nearly three weeks of hard campaigning, we were glad to remain a few days to rest in Cassville, the enemy having retreated beyond the Etowah. The railroad bridge at Resaca was quickly rebuilt, the trains came up with full rations, and we had the telegraph wires right into camp. The time was spent in bathing, washing, writing letters and sleeping. Gen. Sherman issued an order encouraging the men to write home, and ordering all chaplains and officers to aid them even to the extent of supplying them with paper, if necessary.

On Sunday, May 22nd, we had service twice, and at night the whole army received orders to march. Brig. Gen. Kimball was assigned to the command of the brigade, and Col. Sherman was detailed as Chief of Staff to Gen. Howard, probably as an acknowledgment that he had been unjustly dealt with in the Adairsville fight. We broke up camp about noon on Monday, the 23rd, and went into town; while all the rest of the troops moved forward, we were detailed as rear guard to the corps train, and lay around until eight o'clock before we could start. The route taken by the army was not in direct pursuit of the enemy,

but towards Dallas, for Sherman had decided not even to attempt to take in front the stronghold at Allatoona. We had a tedious march all night, arriving at Etowah bridge about half-past three o'clock, as the other troops were sounding reveille. After crossing the covered bridge we prepared breakfast, which we had scarcely time to swallow before we were ordered to join the brigade. The trains filled the road and we found it very hard to march by. The men were exhausted from loss of sleep, and just as we got into camp at night a thunder-storm broke on us, and we lay out all night in the rain, covered as well as possible with our rubbers.

Next day we halted for coffee, which was just boiling, when orders came to fall in and hasten forward. Hooker, who was in the advance, had come upon the enemy at Pumpkin Vine Creek, and needed support. On reaching the bridge, we saw that attempts had been made to burn it. By this time, Hooker had rallied his Corps and was driving the enemy. As we came up in line of battle, a very severe engagement with both artillery and infantry took place, and the enemy fell back to his chosen position, at the junction of the roads near New Hope Church. It was some time before we could reach our place, and night came on and then a heavy rain storm, which made it impossible to make camp in any order, and only by calling out to each other could we find out where we were. This confusion came near costing us dearly, and it was only by the wounding of one of our best officers that our critical condition was found out. About three o'clock next morning, Lieuts. Turnbull and Jackson, of the Brigade Staff, went out to inspect the lines. They heard men in front throwing up breastworks, who greeted them with a volley, which wounded both, but the attention of Gen. Howard was thereby drawn to the condition of our lines, and intrenching soon commenced.

Here the armies remained in close proximity and in deadly conflict day and night. The regiment was under fire for ten days, for though they were regularly relieved from the front line and reserve, the third line and the rear were not out of range. Corporal James Royds, of Company G, an elderly man, much respected by his comrades, and known among them by the title of "Old Reliable," was sitting on a stone fence, smoking his pipe and unsuspecting of danger, as the regiment was off duty and resting in the rear of the works, when a rebel sharp-shooter, perched in a tree, from which he commanded a view of our men, shot him dead. As his body was laid away in the grave, tears fell like rain from the eyes of his comrades, whose love for Father Royds was that of children for a parent. One day Gen. Kimball desiring information about the enemy's line, Geo. Scales, Company K, volunteered to climb a tall pine tree, which he did in the sight of the enemy and in the teeth of a murderous fire, remaining there some time, and receiving two shots which slightly wounded him.

The rifle pits and skirmish lines of the two armies were very close to each other, so that ordinary conversation could be distinctly heard within the opposite entrenchments, whenever there was a lull in the firing. Many were the tricks they played and messages they sent to each other. Charges, too, were frequently made on both sides, in which the assailants were generally unsuccessful, and had to pay dearly in killed and wounded. These charges were preceded by much shouting and yelling by those who made them, so that the party assailed learned to be on the lookout, and rose from behind their works to deliver their fire. This led to a ruse by the 2nd and 3rd Brigades. The bugler blew the double-quick call, which was followed by a yell. The enemy thinking a charge was to be made, rose up, and a volley

both of musketry and artillery was poured into them, with terrible effect.

Our Division Hospital was located about three-fourths of a mile to the rear, and thither our wounded were conveyed in ambulances. The first two days the casualties were very heavy; after that, the men being more protected by their works, the number decreased rapidly. As occasion offered, religious services were held, sometimes in the hospital street, sometimes in the tents. On Sabbath evening the Chaplain preached a short discourse, within the hearing of as many as possible. After service, we were all impressed with the absolute silence on the lines, and felt that something was about to happen. Precisely at ten o'clock, a furious assault was made on our part of the line, which, however, was speedily repulsed, at which a loud cheer broke from our boys. This had scarcely ceased, before a tremendous attack was made on our extreme right, at Dallas. The firing continued three hours, but the enemy was repulsed at every point. It seemed a terrible thing to our wounded men to lie there and feel that if our lines should give way, they would be at the mercy of their enemies. Not only was our ground held, but Sherman was gradually moving up his left, until he had covered the roads to Ackworth and Allatoona, and was preparing to draw out and fall back on the railroad, when Johnston himself fell back, and on Sunday morning, June 5th, our men occupied his works. They proved to be very strong, and impregnable to direct attack. The dead between the lines had not been buried. The trees opposite our brigade were very thick, and nearly all of them in a dying state from the effects of shot and shell.

Arrangements were immediately made to move our hospitals and trains over to Ackworth, our new base. We had a large number of badly wounded men who were in poor condition for

such a trip, but there was no help for it. The first night we went about four miles. The next morning we were favored with some exquisite music from one of the bands belonging to the Regular Army, the effect of which on the wounded men was most inspiring. We had a weary day's travel to Ackworth, and did not arrive until long after dark. When the tents were set up and the wounded all cared for, it was near midnight, and everybody worn out.

In the meantime the brigade had been detached from the corps, and left to protect the flank and rear while the hospitals were being moved over. They had built breastworks facing west, when on the morning of the 7th the Rebel cavalry came up and fired a few shots, but they fell back, losing some prisoners. The Quartermaster Sergeant, J. Terrell, and Post boy, C. Kingman, were just outside our pickets, bathing, when the cavalry came up, and took them off without giving them time to dress. Our pickets fired on them, when one ran off, leaving his prisoner. The other turned and emptied his carbine at our pickets, when his prisoner (Terrell) seized him by his beard and pulled him off his horse, giving him no time to draw his sabre, and shoved him before him until he could give him up to the picket, then returned and got his clothes.

As soon as the hospitals, etc., had been safely removed, the brigade joined the army at Ackworth, where they rested until Friday, the 10th. We succeeded in obtaining a good many delicacies from the Christian Commission for our wounded, and were able to make them very comfortable. Besides special services for them, on Thursday night the Chaplain preached to the regiment. Here we parted with two men who were always great favorites, Sergt. Ordway and Lieut. Turnbull. Ordway had suffered amputation at the shoulder, and but for his reduced con-

dition would have done well. Two days after we left he died quietly, regretted by all his comrades. Lieut. Turnbull had the pleasure of welcoming his father the very day we left, and soon was able to return home and resume the duties of civil life. He has written out an account of his experience at Dallas, a portion of which we insert, which cannot fail to interest every surviving member of the 36th. We regret that we have not room for it all.

LIEUT. TURNBULL'S NARRATIVE.

On coming down from the mountain spur and nearing Pumpkin Vine Creek, we heard firing ahead, and were soon informed that Hooker had met the enemy and was engaged in a sharp fight. Our division was ordered forward to support him. This was done with all speed, and on nearing the field, our brigade formed in line of battle and moved forward in the direction of the firing. Darkness set in and the firing ceased. As soon as portions of Hooker's line were reached, the troops in our front commenced moving back through our lines, and we were left in the dark, in close proximity to the enemy. A detail for picket was at once made, and I, as Brigade Inspector, charged with the responsibility of placing them. We formed a line on our right, which we took for a starting point, and commenced stationing the men from right to left of our brigade front. The night was intensely dark and the ground covered thickly with pine and cedar. We had no guide, and could only get the location of the enemy's line, by drawing their fire, or hearing them. We however got our lines formed in close proximity to the enemy's lines, about midnight, and I returned through the rain and darkness to Brigade Headquarters (located under a large pine tree) and reported to Gen. Kimball.

Soon after my return, Gen. Wagner, commander of one of the brigades on our left, came over to our headquarters (and being from Indiana, he was well acquainted with Gen. Kimball) and asked the General if he knew how he (Kimball) had his line of battle formed. Kimball said he thought it was all right. Wagner remarked that he had his formed; "but," said he, with

an oath, "I believe I have my men's *backs to the enemy*." This will give you some idea of the confusion and uncertainty about our lines at that time. I laid down in the rain and tried to sleep. Meeting with only partial success, I was aroused about two o'clock A. M., by some horseman inquiring of the sentinel, if that was Gen. Kimball's Headquarters. On arousing the General, who was sleeping under a tree, the officer asked him if he was aware that there was a line of our men in front of his brigade. He said he was not, and called me. I at once responded that I had very good evidence that such was not the fact. The officer (a stranger to me) persisted that I was mistaken, and that there certainly was a line of our men in front. Gen. Kimball at this point, very properly said to me, "Go and see what is in our front." I at once rose to start, and Lieut. Jackson, of the 88th Illinois, Acting Provost Marshal, hearing the order, said he would accompany me. We went to the right of our picket line and asked one of the men standing on picket what there was in our front. He replied, "Rebels." I said, "Are you *sure* they are Rebels? Might they not be our own men?" His answer was, "No; I can hear them throwing up works quietly, and we will find out who is there as soon as it is daylight." Just at this juncture, a soldier came up from the rear, who, after being halted by the picket, was asked what he wanted. "I want to go to my regiment." was the reply. "Where is your regiment?" "In front." He was asked what regiment, brigade and division he belonged to, and gave correctly, as we had been informed, the troops we had relieved. I said to him, "My good fellow, you have lost your bearings. You have lain down and had a sleep, and while sleeping, your regiment has moved to the rear." Somewhat exasperated at being charged with going to the rear to take a sleep, he swore that he "knew what he was doing," and wanted to pass through to his regiment. I then said to the picket, "Let him pass through." As soon as he had passed, Jackson said, "Turnbull, that man knows what he is about. Let us go out with him. You know our orders." I replied, "I know the orders of the General, and I also know that those are Rebels in our front, but as you have

asked to accompany me to the front, I can do no less than comply with the request."

We started, and with my usual caution, I requested Jackson to keep a few paces to my left while we moved forward quietly, keeping our eyes on our comrade in search of his regiment. Presently I saw him stop. I did so, and signalled Jackson. On looking past our stranger I could see another man a few steps to his right and front. I could also see some logs or works thrown up, and imagined that I ought to be able to tell which *side* of those works the man was standing on. The clouds had broken up somewhat, and the moon shone faintly through the tree tops. In my anxiety to trace the outline of the object, I unconsciously stepped out from the shadow of the tree by which I had been standing, and very soon saw the gleam of a musket as the soldier was bringing it to an aim, followed quickly by a flash, and—I was wounded. My friend, who was in search of his regiment, convinced that it was not *there*, made good time to the rear. Jackson, brave and fearless to a fault, had, unnoticed by me, slipped over by my side, and simultaneous with the report of the Rebel musket, exclaimed, "My God, Turnbull, I am wounded," and he, too, wisely started for the rear. Seeing at once the situation in which I was placed, I unhooked my sabre (a cavalry one) from the belt, which served me as a cane and enabled me to stand, took a look at the person that had shot me, grasped my revolver, and then concluded as I was *between* the picket lines and would certainly draw the fire from our own men as well as the foe, that "discretion was the better part of valor," quietly returned it to the holster and hobbled back to our lines. On reaching our picket line, Jackson was very much surprised to find me wounded, as he had not suspected it, when he left me.

We soon reached Brigade Headquarters, and surprised Gen. Kimball somewhat by assuring him that we could state positively what was in our front, as we were both wounded. Receiving the sympathies of the headquarters, from the cook to the General commanding, and a hasty examination by Brigade Surgeon Pierce, we were placed each on one horse, and accompanied by Gen.

Kimball, proceeded to Division Headquarters (Gen. Newton commanding) and reported to him, through Gen. K., that our lines were very much exposed, and as it was now near daylight, would soon suffer severely from the enemy's fire. Gen. Newton replied, that he would like to change our lines, but could not assume the responsibility. Disheartened by the thought that our brave comrades would soon be under a merciless fire, at great disadvantage, and suffering from our wounds, we bade Gen. Kimball good-bye and started to the rear, to find, if possible, a resting place. We had not gone far when we met Gen. O. O. Howard, our Corps Commander, who, recognizing us, asked us about the condition of the lines in front. I told him heartily our experience, the exposed condition of our men, and urged a withdrawal of our lines to a more sheltered position. Putting spurs to his horse, he moved hastily to the front and we resumed our journey to the rear in search of a resting place. Re-crossing the classic "Pumpkin Vine," and seeing a small frame building on our left, minus weather boarding, near the road over which the troops were passing, we turned our horses toward it, and on examination, Jackson and I concluded to start a hospital. Assisted by comrades, we dismounted, and were soon lying side by side on our blankets under the roof of the frame. For the first time an opportunity was given to carefully examine our wounds, disclosing the fact that we had received the contents of an old U. S. Army cartridge, a round ball and *three* buckshots; one buckshot hitting a finger on Jackson's right hand, another penetrating his groin, and the third passing almost through my left knee—the large ball passing between us, clipping my clothing in front and Jackson's in rear.

We now began to realize our situation. Our army was on the march. There was no hospital established near us. We were seriously wounded; lying in the midst of a wilderness, and at least twenty miles from the nearest point on the railroad. Jackson and I were both alarmed about his wound in the groin, and I was satisfied, from the indications, that my limb would have to be amputated. Would we live to rejoin our families and again

form part of the family circle? was the question discussed by us. We were both married men, and each was fully convinced that he had the *best* wife and some of the *prettiest* children that could be found in any place, north or south. But we were not allowed to become despondent. Kind comrades by hundreds, on passing, stepped off the road to take a look at the wounded officers, and although nearly all strangers to us, except that they "wore the blue," they kept us supplied with the best fresh water they could get, to appease our thirst and cool our wounds. They gave us food, and rendered a thousand little kindnesses, that can neither be described nor forgotten. One Commissary Sergeant, on discovering us, and knowing what officers were *supposed* to like, walked back a mile and got us a canteen full of what was there known as "Commissary," brought and left it with us—depriving himself, as I verily believe, of the only canteen he had to carry water to slake his own thirst on that weary march. How can persons forget such kindnesses? Or how could they become despondent when those grim-visaged and sunburned "soldier boys" *all* had a word of encouragement. They could go into battle and face death, but when they met a wounded comrade, they were gentle as a woman, and could handle one with that lightness of touch that at once indicates the skillful nurse. It brings tears to my eyes yet, when I think of that day, and of the thousand unpremeditated kind acts rendered by those comrades. It did much to convince me that we often judge wrongly those hardy, blunt specimens of our race, by looking on the exterior, and give no opportunity to draw out those finer feelings that they all possess.

Passing a tolerably uncomfortable night, an ambulance was sent for us in the morning, and we were taken to the Field Hospital, which had been established nearer the front than we had been lying. We had our wounds carefully examined by skillful surgeons, with the following result: Jackson got what they called a "*twenty days home*," and I—got my leg cut off. The operation was skillfully performed by Dr. W. P. Pierce, assisted by an able and sympathetic corps of surgeons, who by a judi-

cious use of chloroform, rendered it entirely painless, not allowing me to wake up until the last pin was put in the bandage enclosing my mutilated limb. I took a last look at what had been my faithful support through life, and with feelings that cannot be described, was carried to the cot prepared for me.

CASUALTIES NEAR DALLAS.

KILLED.

John Green, Co. F; William Thompson, Co. F; Joseph Hook, James Royde, Co. G; Martin Highbrick, Co. I; Geo. W. Gates, Co. K.

WOUNDED - COMPANY A.

1st Sergt. W. Ordway, arm amputated, died at Ackworth, June 12th; Charles A. Halsey, arm broken.

COMPANY B.

Elihu Mayhew, arm; Fritz Wilkinson, thigh; W. Edwards, head; Sidney Kendall, hand.

COMPANY C.

Lieut. J. M. Turnbull, leg amputated; James W. Black, finger.

COMPANY D.

Seth Darling, head, died June 1st; William Duckworth, finger.

COMPANY E.

James Stokes, arm.

COMPANY F.

Sergt. B. Thompson, leg.

COMPANY G.

Robert Bradshaw, neck; Ellis Hulsizer, breast and hand.

COMPANY I.

1st Sergt. James F. Ferris, leg.

COMPANY K.

Lieut. Chas. Hazelhurst, back; Harrison W. Blank, knee; Jas. Hazelhurst, forehead; Seneca Birdsall, leg.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

KENESAW.



EN. JOHNSTON, after abandoning his strong works at New Hope Church, occupied a new line extending over a series of hills, reaching from Kenesaw on his right to Lost Mountain on his left, with Pine Mountain as his advanced centre. McPherson operated against Kenesaw, Schofield against Lost, and Thomas against Pine Mountain. We started from Ackworth on Friday, June 10th, but the advance coming upon the enemy's skirmishers at once, and we being in the rear, our progress was very slow, only about five miles the first day. A heavy rain storm set in which lasted until the following Tuesday, bringing all active operations to a halt. But while gloom seemed to rest over everything, we had one bright spot in the knowledge that we were not dependent upon wagon trains for supplies, the railroad being repaired, and the whistle of the locomotive heard right up to the skirmish line. Big Shanty, in sight of Kenesaw, was now our base. On Tuesday, 14th, operations were resumed, and that day Gen. Polk was killed by a shot from a battery fired close by us. On Wednesday, knapsacks were thrown off and preparations made for a charge, but it was found unnecessary. The next day was a busy one entrenching in two

positions under fire, and Gen. Sherman came down and lying behind the low breastworks, examined the ground and talked with the men. Luther W. Gates, Company D, was wounded in the shoulder. A work was thrown up for twelve guns which were mounted during the night, but the position being now untenable, Johnston gave up his centre and fell behind Mud Creek. The next day was spent in finding his position, and at night his skirmishers were driven across the creek. Twice during the night he attempted to drive off our skirmishers, but was repulsed. Just as it became light we surprised him by a sudden attack, securing a portion of his main line, and capturing quite a number of prisoners. This was done in a drenching rain-storm, and as we waited in reserve at the top of a hill, the poor fellows captured presented a most woe-begone appearance while filing past us. Immediately the whole division was ordered forward to hold the ground thus gained, and having crossed Mud Creek (it was worthy of its name), went into position on the second line. The enemy opened with both artillery and musketry, but after a while one of our batteries came up and kept theirs tolerably quiet. Five of our men were wounded: L. P. Boyd, Company D, both thighs; M. C. Skinner, Company E, foot struck by a round shot which went through Silas Dyer's haversack—foot afterward amputated; William Pletch, Company F, side; Chris. Thake, Company I, contusion, and John Shields, slight.

This day's operations proved so decisive, that the enemy evacuated during the night, and fell back to his third and strongest position, on Kenesaw, by which he was directly in front of Marietta, and well protected, both on his flanks and his centre, and his line being shorter, his troops were more concentrated. Our division was thrown forward at once; the 36th with orders to

join on the right of Baird's Division. The skirmishers went forward, but in consequence of the roughness of the country, it was near noon before the rest of the regiment could find them. The position to which they were assigned was in front of Kenesaw. The ground over which they had to skirmish was so covered with underbrush, especially where it sloped down to the creek in the hollow, that no line could be kept, and our men could not be distinguished from the enemy at even a short distance. The day therefore became fruitful of surprises and strange adventures on both sides. We captured twenty-five prisoners, including four officers; some under very peculiar circumstances. One captain and a squad were in the act of relieving their guards, when, mistaking our men for theirs, they were brought in.

Sergeant Kelley, commanding Company A, saw, as he made his way through the thick brush, three men in an open space, whom he supposed to be ours, and advanced towards them, but becoming suspicious, he inquired their regiment. "30th Georgia," was the reply. As retreat was impossible, he boldly demanded their surrender, seizing the largest one by the collar. Two of them were disposed to yield, but the third shot at Kelley, who knocked the gun to one side, so that the charge passed through his clothes, without injuring him. It was now his turn to surrender, which he did, and requested to be taken to the rear. But the Rebel who had just fired, proceeded to load again, with the avowed intention of shooting him. Seeing it was death anyway, Kelley broke for our lines—the shot fired after him grazing his head and stunning him for an instant; but he quickly rejoined his company, who, seeing him fall, had supposed him dead.

Company C was commanded that day by Sergt. Wilson, with orders to line on Company I. In charging through the brush,

however, they got considerably in the advance, and Wilson becoming anxious about his connections, gave the order, "Lie down." In passing down the line, Jacob Moss was shot directly from the right, and Wilson supposing it to come from some careless fellow in Company I, ran in that direction, when he caught sight of five Rebels, standing at a tree a few feet off, loading and firing. They called, "surrender," but having always felt a greater fear of being taken prisoner than of being killed, after pausing an instant and seeing them raise their muskets, he made a turn and escaped as if shot from a twelve-pounder, the bullets clipping the brush about him. As he came near his men, he ordered, "Company C retreat," and going back about thirty rods, found Company I still in its place. This, he thinks, was the worst scare he ever had, and the boys said that his eyes were as big as saucers for an hour afterward.

As Company D advanced through the thick brush, an order was heard, "Right and left forward," which proved to be from the Rebel side; but the lines being so near together, both obeyed, and were brought face to face—only their numbers were three to one of ours. Picking their men, they fired and then fell back a little way. Thor Thorson confronted an officer and four men. They called on him to surrender. "Not with a loaded gun," said he, and fired at the officer. Noticing as he ran that the men aimed low, he leaped up as they fired, escaping all the bullets but one, which wounded him in the thigh, but not so as to hinder his getting away. The officer was afterward found dead. John C. Taylor was wounded in the shoulder, while attempting to carry Gaylord behind a tree. When we fell back, the Rebs did not come out of the brush, and soon our men rallied and drove them across the creek—part over a bridge and the rest through the mud and water. On the other side, Joe Whitman was in hot pursuit

of a Reb, who drew him on to re-inforcements. Now it was Joe's turn to run back, and as he jumped into the muddy stream, his U. S. plate was struck by a bullet, which doubled him up, taking away his breath. After lying in the mud awhile, his breath came again, and he scrambled out on the other side. He afterwards took pride in showing the black and blue spot and the battered plate, which became his life preserver.

One Rebel captain surrendered to Capt. Biddulph, of Company K, but very reluctantly gave up his sword, and tried to enter into a stipulation that it should be restored to him on his being exchanged; giving as the reason, that he would not like to lose it, as it was a present from his Southern sweetheart. It is very much to be feared that neither he or she ever saw that sword again. Sergt. Hogue, of the same Company, brought two stalwart Georgians in prisoners, who had called on him to surrender. Other companies also had strange occurrences; making both our losses and our gains that day something to be long remembered.

Jacob Moss only lived till night. He was a good soldier of Jesus Christ, as well as of his country, and in his last hours spoke triumphantly of his hopes of heaven and exhorted his comrades to meet him there—making a profound impression.

The casualties of the day were :

KILLED.

H. Ribby, Co. B; Sam. Saltmarsh, Co. G.

WOUNDED.

Co. A, Azotus White, thigh; Romaine Kilburn, thigh. Co. B, H. B. Latham, hand. Co. C, W. H. Smith, shoulder; Jacob Moss, body. Co. D, Sergt. J. C. Taylor, shoulder; Alfred Gaylord, thigh, died; Thor. Thorson, thigh; Chas. H. Bissell, back. Co. E, Geo. McHugh, leg. Co. F, M. V. Tremain, chin and body. Co. H, John Nemire, leg. Co. I, Mich. Kirtiser. Co. K, S. Parsons, wrist; C. A. Tucker, arm.

MISSING.

Charles Travis, Co. B; J. M. Leach, Co. D; James Hatch, Co. E; B. Streeter, Warren Folk, Co. G; Wilson Lawson, Co. H; Mich. Cliggitt, Co. I.

The next day the regiment was in reserve and put up tents. But picket firing was very heavy, and in the afternoon forty pieces of artillery opened, with marked effect. All through the day, and for several days that week, discharges of artillery were almost invariably followed by heavy showers. Just before night, the Rebel artillery answered, and some shells came over the regiment, but at dusk we were relieved by the 14th Corps, and went back two miles on to a rocky ledge to sleep. Next morning, and all through the week, our troops were moving to the right, to outflank Kenesaw. On Tuesday afternoon our division took possession of an advanced knoll, adjoining Hooker, which received special commendation from Gen. Thomas. On Wednesday we made demonstrations to help Gen. Hooker, who was heavily attacked by massed forces, but drove them back, with slaughter. These operations on the right continued with slight variations all the week. On the 22nd, W. L. Campbell, Company B, was wounded and on the 23rd, Adelbert Shaw, Company A, and J. C. Ford, Company H.

It was now decided to break through the enemy's line at a favorable point in McPherson's and Thomas' fronts. Davis' and Newton's Divisions were selected for the assaulting column. Every preparation was quietly made to render the assault itself successful, and to insure its vigorous support and following up; as, successful with such a river as the Chattahoochee in Johnston's rear, it would insure the destruction of his army. A hill in the rear of Thomas' centre was cleared, and to it all the telegraph lines were laid. Troops were brought up, and corps to the right and left were held ready for instant support. All day Sunday, the 26th, things were very quiet; a few dropping shots being all that broke the stillness of the day. But it was whispered about that there would be hot work to-morrow. The hospitals were cleared out and accommodations extended.

Next morning the troops were massed for a charge, the 36th being in the skirmish line. For about fifteen minutes all the guns within reach concentrated their fire on the point of attack, and precisely at nine o'clock the column moved forward. The skirmish line rushed on and succeeded in effecting a lodgment within a few rods of the Rebel works, where they sheltered themselves and looked for the main column to follow. But they were not able to break through the terrible fire, and after our men had remained about half an hour in this position, they were ordered to retire. By about eleven o'clock, the attack here, as also with McPherson and Schofield, was over, and except some small gains in position, was substantially a failure. The loss was terrible—over fifteen hundred killed, wounded and missing in our corps, including some of our best officers and men. It was a sad day for the 36th. Very soon after the assault commenced, the ambulances began to pour their streams into the hospitals. Among the first to arrive, was our honored Colonel, wounded through the right shoulder and shoulder-blade.

One after another was brought in, until every company was represented, and the 36th, which had already suffered so much, seemed now fast melting away. One case deserves special attention. Hatch, of Company E, the youngest and the tallest of the one hundred who first joined the company, had a brother Henry, only fifteen years old, who was extremely anxious to go with the 36th. At Camp Hammond, the flag in some way became entangled, and he climbed the pole in sight of all, freeing the flag, and the boys made up a collection for him. After the 36th left, he ran away and enlisted in the 57th Illinois; was at Shiloh and most of the battles up to Resaca, when he became footsore, and dropping back, fell in with the 127th, in which he was acquainted; fought with them, and when near Dallas, passing

near the 36th, he joined his old friends once more, remained with them until the charge at Kenesaw, in which he was mortally wounded, dying the same day. Both the Colonel and his captain promised to have him transferred to the 36th, but his death, and also the Colonel's, so soon after his coming, prevented it. He is reported on his own company roll as a deserter. Although his being with the 36th was an irregularity, yet his devotion to his country, as shown in his fidelity in many battles, is worthy of all honor, and it is but just that he should find honorable mention in our history.

Later in the day, a truce was agreed upon in our part of the lines; giving opportunity for both sides to recover their dead and wounded, and also to extinguish a fire which had broken out—the boys mingling freely. But next day, to prepare for further movements, the wounded were ordered to be removed at once, and soon a long ambulance train started for Big Shanty. At the general desire of the regiment, the Chaplain went to take charge of Col. Miller, attending to him while waiting at the depot; transferring him the day after to the hospital train, and caring for him day and night until they reached Chattanooga. There were strong hopes that with proper attention, his vigorous and youthful constitution might enable him to recover and live a long life. At Chattanooga he was taken in charge by the Sanitary Committee, as the Chaplain could not secure permission to go further. His wound seemed to be doing well, and he felt quite comfortable and hopeful. But the subsequent delay in the train arriving at Nashville, and the heat of the weather, brought him into the city much reduced; with his symptoms much less hopeful, and as we heard from time to time, we began to fear that we should never see his face again.

CASUALTIES JUNE 27TH.

KILLED.

J. W. Hinsdale, Company D; Seneca Burdsall, Company K.

WOUNDED.

Col. Silas Miller, right arm and shoulder; Sergt. Maj. L. P. Ticknor, slight.

COMPANY A.

Henry Howe, hand; L. W. Mann, leg; M. Seisloff, arm; M. S. Townsend, side.

COMPANY B.

Geo. Berger, thigh; K. Logan, mouth; Geo. H. Burns, leg; Elihu Mayhew, slight.

COMPANY C.

Geo. Mercer, jaw; J. Snodgrass, leg; Harlan E. King, thigh; James Wilson, arm.

COMPANY D.

Wm. Duckworth, thigh; Jos. Whitham, abdomen; L. K. Bannister, body, died same day; Lieut. I. N. Beebe, slight.

COMPANY E.

Daniel Darnell, hand; Lieut. Hemingway, slight; E. S. Case, slight.

COMPANY F.

Geo. Neff, thigh; J. M. Johnson, foot; Oscar P. Hobbs, finger; Edwin Dopp, thigh; Capt. Geo. Mossman, arm.

COMPANY G.

Chas. Landon, hip; Wm. Carnes, shoulder; D. Kennedy, M. G. Yarnell, slight.

COMPANY H.

Thos. Finlayson, slight.

COMPANY I.

Dwight Cowan, bruise.

COMPANY K.

J. C. Hogue, thigh; H. J. Sipe, body—died same day; J. H. Hogue, hand; Wm. C. Hall, wrist; H. Bogardis, Patrick O'Connor, slight.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ATLANTA.



AFTER the failure in the assault of the 27th of June, there was nothing left but to resume the flanking process, which was done by a further extension of our right, threatening Johnston's rear, and on Sunday morning, July 3rd, his works were evacuated and our men occupied them. Our corps marched directly through Marietta, which was said to be a beautiful and attractive place, with many public buildings and improvements. Heavy cannonading and skirmishing continued for several days, as Johnston was retreating across the river, and many prisoners were taken. Our division, being in the rear, was not called upon to participate. They went into camp on the Chattahoochee, not far from Virginia Station, on the 5th, and from a hill near by could see Atlanta—the goal of all our fighting and marching.

Next day they made a camp one and a-half miles up the river, near a saw mill, the dam of which proved a fine place for bathing and washing. On the 9th, the division marched, leaving the camp standing, for Roswell, twenty miles up the river, where our cavalry had already secured a crossing. The heat was so overpowering that a number were sun-struck and many fell out.

After dark they crossed the river, relieving the cavalry, and next day built works to hold the position. On the 11th they were relieved by the 16th Corps, for whom the crossing had been secured, and coming down the river two miles, guarded a bridge, returning to camp at Power's Ferry on the 12th. Next day we crossed the river on canvas pontoons, went about two miles on the other side and built breastworks. With the exception of one day's fatigue duty, building a trestle bridge, there was nothing of note, except the picking and eating of blackberries, until Sunday, when our regiment and the 74th went out on a reconnaissance until they connected with the 23rd Corps. This day we had two religious services in the regiment and one at the hospital.

On Monday, the 18th, the whole army commenced the advance on Atlanta. We now learned that the day before, Johnston had been relieved of his command, and Hood had been appointed, with the express understanding that he should strike a "manly blow for Atlanta." We began to look for stirring times, and Sherman gave special orders to his army commanders to be ready always for battle. We had some brisk skirmishing as we advanced, but our artillery did good service—sending a cannon ball clear through a tree under which the enemy's battery had been standing. We camped at Buckhead, remaining there until next night about six o'clock, when Wood's Division having built a bridge and effected a crossing of Peach Tree Creek, we went forward, and about ten o'clock laid down on the south side of the creek.

Johnston, in relinquishing his command, had given to Hood two plans which he had for attacking us, and which Hood at once adopted. One was to assault us after crossing Peach Tree Creek, by which we might be thrown into confusion, with the Chattahoochee in our rear. The other was to occupy the works

of Atlanta by State troops, and sally out with the army against the most exposed of our wings as we closed in about the city.

Hood's tactics for the Peach Tree Creek attack were very shrewd. Our division, after waiting for Hooker to connect on the right, advanced against stout opposition until they reached an open field, over which they charged, driving the enemy out of the rifle pits, and immediately proceeded, though without special orders, to throw up barricades, the left resting on the Buckhead road. On sending forward skirmishers, they found nothing in front, and deserters declared that there was no enemy for two miles. One division of Hooker's had not come forward, so that there was an opening in the line on our right—presenting a strong temptation to the enemy to flank us, but opposite to it, only retired and out of sight, lay Ward's Division, ready to advance. At three o'clock, when the barricades were scarcely completed, the enemy, without skirmishers and without warning, broke upon us in masses. A division first attacked the left flank; another came up in front, and a third advanced to the open space on our right, with the evident determination to break through and cut us off from retreat. While the two brigades in the front line, sheltered by their works, were taking care of the front, Bradley's Brigade was thrown to the left—protecting that flank, and some troops were sent to help the right, until Ward's Division at last coming in made that flank perfectly safe. The attack was successfully repelled. But by and by it was renewed with the utmost impetuosity; again commencing on the left of our division and working to the right; but Gen. Thomas, being there in person, sent for Ward's Artillery, directed its posting and firing himself, until about six o'clock, when Hood drew off his forces, thoroughly worsted. He had certainly struck a “manly blow” for Atlanta, but it was a blow which did him many times

more harm than us. This was the first time that the 36th had been permitted to do justice to the masses of the enemy in front, while at the same time, both their flanks were protected, and the opportunity was improved to the utmost. Three hundred rebels were buried from the front of our division, alone. We had but one man wounded, and that not severely, Sergt. Wormley, Company I. When all was over, it seemed more like a dream than a reality, and made not a few declare that our success was due to the good providence of God watching over and protecting us.

During the fight, Scales, Company K, had a Spencer rifle, and finding a sheltered nook in advance of our line, took possession and went to work with a will. Soon a squad of Rebels came up and desired to surrender to him. "Go to the rear," replied Scales, "and get out of my way. I have no time to take prisoners." So excited did the men become, that they continued to fire long after the last gray coat had disappeared.

On the 21st, we remained in position behind the works, many of the men taking the opportunity to look over the field and see the piles of dead bodies left by the enemy. On the 22nd, they having disappeared, we resumed our march—slowly approaching Atlanta. After going a little over a mile, as we came in line with one of the principal works, the guns opened on us with shell, which fell lively all through the middle of the day; our skirmishers in the meantime advancing as close as possible. While this was going on, Hood had massed his troops on his extreme right, to carry out the second part of Johnston's plan, by attacking McPherson. This was done with great vigor, and at first with bad effect upon us, especially in the loss of McPherson himself; but as the day wore on and our forces could be rallied, the defeat of the enemy was complete, with a fearful loss to him of not far from ten thousand; over three thousand of his dead were buried.

In securing our line near Atlanta, that day, we had one man, Thomas Pollock, wounded in the wrist. The next day, before the regiment was relieved from picket, we had one man, Charles Hinzee, Company B, killed; Benj. Allen, Company H, wounded and missing, and James M. Smith missing.

After a few days, the Army of the Tennessee marched past, on their way to the extreme right; Gen. Howard, our Corps Commander, being assigned to McPherson's place. This gave us Stanley for the 4th Corps, and some other changes were made. The lines were advanced a little almost every day, sometimes with most bloody battles. Hood made an attack on Howard as he went into his new position, but was repulsed with terrible slaughter. Indeed, a few more "manly blows" would have left Hood but a fragment of Johnston's force. By and by Schofield was brought over to the right flank, and we were ordered to take his position on the extreme left—on the very ground fought over on the 22nd. Here we were within sight of the city, and skirmishers reached almost to the suburbs.

On the day that we made this change, we received definite information that Col. Miller was dead. We had heard such discouraging reports for some time, that we were somewhat prepared for the final result; but the whole regiment was filled with unaffected sorrow. The warm weather had been exceedingly unfavorable for wounded men, and gangrene in its most persistent form set in, and though he had the most assiduous attention from his friends and physicians, he expired July 27th, just one month from the day on which he was wounded. Although but twenty-two years of age at the outbreak of the war, he sprang to arms at the first call for troops; entered the service as a private in Company C, 7th Illinois, and was among the first to arrive at Cairo. He was chosen 2nd lieutenant, but became 1st

lieutenant before the three months expired. He aided much in raising the Fox River Regiment, and became Captain of Company B; was commissioned Major in November, 1862, and Colonel in March, 1863. He was with the regiment in all its expeditions; was present at the battles of Pea Ridge, Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Resaca, Adairsville, Dallas and Kenesaw, and except at Pea Ridge, and a portion of the time at Stone River and Mission Ridge—when he led a part of the brigade—was in command of the regiment, which always gladly followed his lead. From the first, he gave himself to a careful study of military tactics, and was specially skillful in the command of skirmishers. His ability in this direction, and his gallantry in battle, frequently called out the special commendation of his superior officers. At Stone River he was wounded and captured, remaining nearly five months in prison. A day or two spent at home, on his way to rejoin his regiment, constituted the only respite he had while in the service. His patriotism was singularly pure and unselfish. Personal ambition and love of fame were lost in the higher principles of duty. On the 19th of June, being on the skirmish line and unsupported, he ordered the men who were taking the prisoners to the rear, to deliver them to the first staff officer they could find, and immediately return. They were delivered to Baird's Division, 14th Corps, whose right he joined. A general to whom the circumstance was mentioned, remonstrated with him, saying, "Baird's Division will get all the glory." "Glory, General," said our gallant Colonel, "is a mighty cheap thing with me, when I need men." His heart was with his regiment to the last. He was often moved to tears while speaking of the bravery of his men, and the sufferings they endured so nobly, especially at Stone River and Chickamauga. When brought in wounded and laid upon the operating table for surgi-

cal examination, his first inquiry was after his men. Upon the Chaplain mentioning the number brought in, together with a few of their names, he gave way to his feelings, and as the tears rolled down his cheeks, he said: "I have seen hundreds of those poor boys struck down, and I think it is my turn now." During his sickness, referring to this occasion, he said to his brother, "I suppose those surgeons thought me such a baby, that I cried from the pain of the operation. But," said he, "I didn't care for that. I was thinking of the old 36th. I thought of her as she was when we left home—over a thousand strong. I thought of her now, with scarcely enough men for a full company. I thought of the trials and privations which those dear boys had endured and must still endure, and it seemed to me they were doomed to annihilation. It was for them I cried." Their interests were constantly in his mind, and when delirious, he imagined himself at their head and leading them in battle. Few men of his years have had entrusted them to such weighty responsibilities; few men of twice his years have borne such responsibilities so nobly and so well. Among the many heroic spirits sacrificed for the salvation of our country, a front place in the ranks must be given to Col. Silas Miller.

As soon as the regiment was settled in its new position, a meeting of the officers was held, at which it was decided to send a letter of condolence to the bereaved family, and ask permission to erect a regimental monument over his grave, for which a subscription was at once commenced. In a few days a meeting of the regiment was held, at which the letter, prepared by the Chaplain, was read, and the plan proposed was explained. A most liberal response was at once given. Over \$800 were subscribed in two days, and the amount was subsequently swelled to about \$1,100. Mr. W. H. Miller, in behalf of the family, soon

replied, in a most touching and appropriate letter, accepting the offer of the regiment, and proposing to add the contributions of the different members of the family. Lieut. Col. Olson, Maj. Sherman and Chaplain Haigh were appointed the Regimental Committee, and the beautiful monument in Spring Lake Cemetery, Aurora, attests the affection which was borne for the gallant young man by his family and regiment.

During the three weeks we remained on the left, Sherman was engaged in extending his right further and further to the south, and sending out cavalry expeditions to cut the roads. In the meantime, the troops in front made various demonstrations. Sometimes the lines were tolerably quiet; sometimes the roar of artillery continued day and night, with the most terrible effect on the buildings of the city. On the 12th of August, a reconnoissance was made in our front, in which one man, Peter Little, Company A, was wounded. On the 13th, just at night, a heavy shelling of our position commenced, the shells going through some of our quarters and exploding all around; but as the rifle pits were deep and well made, no one was hurt. On Wednesday, the 17th, a demonstration was made by marching around for about five miles, to draw off attention from something else. But Sherman at last decided to raise the siege and move upon the communications. An order to this effect fixed the 18th as the day. This was afterward changed to the 25th.

Before this move was made, Gen. Kimball was placed in command of the 1st Division, and Col. Opdyke, a brave and gallant officer, was assigned to our brigade. His regiment, the 125th Ohio, came with him. On the 24th, Lieut. Col. Olson, who had been absent through sickness since June, returned and resumed command. Since the charge on the Kenesaw, the regiment had

been well led by Captain J. B. McNeal, Company C, who now became acting Major.

Everything being carefully prepared before hand, as soon as it was dusk on Thursday, August 25th, we broke up camp and marched in silence to the rear of the 20th Corps, covering their retreat to the river, and then about ten o'clock A. M. we marched beyond the railroad and lay down until daylight. The cavalry dismounted had taken our place in the works, so that the enemy did not suspect our absence. One man, Michael Manning, of Company I, fell out that night and was captured. In the morning we had to build breastworks hastily, and a few shells were thrown at us from the works. The march was soon resumed, and proved to be very exhausting as the heat was most intense. One man in the 88th sank down by the road side and died in a few minutes. A heavy rain came up, flooding the roads, and we went into camp near Utoy Creek, having marched eighteen miles since the previous night. Next day we were rear guard to the train, and did not march until two o'clock. It was long after dark when we made camp in thick woods, and immediately threw up breastworks. On Sunday we lay still until two o'clock, the 14th Corps marching past us, the Army of the Tennessee swinging further to our right, and Schofield alone remaining in his original position. While waiting, we had service by the roadside, and did not reach camp until long after dark, and then could only make line in the thick woods by lighting candles. We were now near Red Oak, where we remained until Tuesday, other troops in the meantime spending the day in destroying the Montgomery railroad. On the 30th, we moved forward, skirmishing heavily, the 36th in reserve, and next day connected with the 23rd Corps below Rough and Ready. On Thursday, September 1st, we started down the railroad, burning the ties

and twisting the rails as we proceeded. It was a memorable sight to see the men lift a long section of the road, turning over the ties, wrenching them from the rails, piling them in blocks, on which the rails were laid, and then as they burned, the ends of the rails fell down, rendering them useless.

In the meantime the enemy was concentrating on Hardee's Corps at Jonesboro, and orders came for us to hurry up. Howard had made a successful attack on the west, Davis on the north, and it needed but our corps and the 23rd to come in on the east to cut off retreat. We hastened forward, marching parallel with the 23rd Corps, deployed on the east of the enemy's works, and moved to the attack; but night set in, and in the dark woods we could not tell friend from foe. Another half hour of daylight and Hardee could not have escaped; as it was, we captured in all about two thousand men. Hardee drew out and joined the rest of Hood's army at Lovejoy.

During the night we were roused by the sound of heavy explosions in the direction of Atlanta, indicating evacuation, and soon the news arrived that Slocum had marched into the city. Next day we moved forward on Lovejoy, where severe fighting took place toward evening, resulting in mortally wounding Capt. McNeal, of Company C, acting Major; Abm. Long, of Company K, killed; Fred. Smith, of Company H, and Jos. Hebert, of Company G, wounded. Capt. McNeal was a tried and true soldier, one whom the men could "tie to" at all times, and his death was deeply and sincerely mourned.

Sherman had determined to go no further south at present; he therefore issued orders for the army to return to Atlanta for rest. On Monday night at eight o'clock we drew out and marched back to Jonesboro, which we found as light as day with burning cotton. Next day we resumed our march, entering

Atlanta on Thursday, 8th, our band playing national airs and the sidewalks lined with spectators. The evidences of destruction within the city were almost indescribable, particularly where they had exploded their ammunition supplies. We went into camp near the Augusta road. This was a great day for our army and for all loyal people. Sometimes it had seemed as though our task would never be done, but we found compensation in the fact that the copperhead platform in the North had been built on the assurance that Atlanta could not be taken; and now that it was taken the platform must fall with all who stood upon it—an expectation which was fully realized.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ATLANTA TO COLUMBIA.



OUR RELIEF was great when we could go into camp again, and have a general clean up. The wagons came in, bringing the regimental baggage and our library, and we settled down for a luxurious rest. Unoccupied houses were unceremoniously dismantled, and excellent quarters were built of the materials. After surveying the city which had cost us so much, the boys concluded it was not much of a town after all. Most of the houses had holes dug in the ground, into which the people had retired during our firing, and some of the loyal inhabitants could show us their furniture smashed by our cannon balls. Ordinary camp duty was resumed. The officers were busy with their company books, which had been so long neglected, and the non-veterans whose time would expire in a few days, began to report from all directions, swelling our numbers a good deal. Regular religious services were held on the Sabbath and also during the week, and some of the brigades began to build beautiful chapels.

On the 23rd of September, the anniversary of the muster in of the regiment, one hundred and twenty-seven men and one

officer whose three years had expired, were mustered out and took leave of their comrades. Being drawn up in line, they were addressed in a speech by Lieut. Col. Olson, reviewing their connection with the regiment, honoring their fidelity, and exhorting them to be true to the country as citizens at home, while their comrades continued to bear the hardships of camp and field. This was followed by an address from the Chaplain, and then the non-veterans responded with hearty cheers for their officers and veteran comrades whom they were to leave behind. A general handshaking followed, which brought tears to many eyes not used to weeping. One writes in his journal: "It was like leaving home to part with them, and I could not keep back the tears which persisted in flowing."

At this completion of the three years service, the losses in the regiment had been as follows: Killed in battle, 97; died of disease, 52; died of wounds, 74; discharged on account of wounds, 56; discharged on account of disease, 110; deserted, 28; transferred, 44; wounded in battle, 486; officers resigned, 31; mustered out in disgrace, 2; enlisted men promoted to commissions, 47.

So many of the old regiments were undergoing a similar depletion that arrangements began to be made for consolidation, and a good deal of interest was felt at this time in a proposed union of the 36th, 42nd and 51st Illinois. But this arrangement shared the same fate as a plan to erect a Brigade Chapel. The chaplains had secured all things necessary, and volunteers were ready from the different regiments to aid in the work, when on Sunday, September 25th, just after morning service, orders came to be ready to take the cars, and in two hours we had eaten dinner, packed up, marched over two miles to town and were seated in the cars ready to start for Chattanooga.

It was Gen. Hood who had broken up our much coveted rest and disturbed our plans. Moving away from Lovejoy, he prepared to strike our communications; Forrest appearing at the same time, with over six thousand cavalry, in Tennessee. Newton's Division was sent back to Chattanooga and Gen. Corse to Rome, to protect our main points of supply. Still we expected that our absence would be only temporary, and we should soon return to the corps. After a cheerless all-night's ride, we arrived at Chattanooga, where we were placed in charge of Fort Phelps and afterwards of the Stone Fort. Hood's movements became so threatening that Gen. Thomas arrived, September 29th, to direct the defence of the Tennessee line. On the 2nd of October, the 36th and 44th Illinois and 24th Wisconsin were sent on the cars to Dalton, expecting to have to fight their way to the Fort; but they found nothing of importance and returned on the 6th. It was at this time that Hood was operating against Allatoona, which he failed to reduce; losing one thousand men. As the indications were that he now was working west, it seemed unnecessary to continue any additional force at Dalton. The following week he came up to Resaca, which held out against him, but he sent a force to Dalton, which captured the garrison there and also at Tilton. It now became a serious question whether he intended to come up the railroad or to strike Chattanooga and Bridgeport by the valleys leading to them, and so from Saturday, the 15th, to Tuesday, the 18th, we were on the cars, constituting a flying force, ready to defend any one of those points, while troops from all outlying posts were concentrated at Chattanooga. First we went out to the Junction, and then to Ringgold; on Sunday, the 16th, we returned, and immediately went forward to Shell-mound, to look out for any force that might appear there. After dark we returned to Whiteside; staying

there—still on the cars—all night, and before daylight moved on to Bridgeport, where we remained all day and next night.

By this time it was evident that Hood was not making in this direction, so we returned, arriving at Chattanooga at noon, and immediately were joined with other troops under command of Gen. Schofield, to take two droves of cattle through to Sherman's army at Gaylesville. We marched out to Gordon's mills that night, and the next day went by Craw-fish Springs and our old hospital, arriving near Lafayette, through which we passed next day, the 20th. We found this intensely Rebel town much dilapidated, the court house being riddled. Our boys took great delight in singing with all their might, "John Brown's Body." Although Hood's army had been through here, we found abundance of forage.

The next day we marched first on the Summerville and then on the Alpine road about fourteen miles, and the day after reached beyond Alpine to dinner, when Morgan's Division went on to Gaylesville and we went back and camped at Alpine on the very ground we occupied the year before. Although we were on short army rations, the supplies in the country were so abundant that we lived well, and this trip was of as much service to the men as if they had been sent to the hospital and fed on sanitary goods. Here we remained one week secluded from the world, and wondering what it all meant, one man declaring that Sherman had taken a contract to eat out these valleys. But the fact was, Sherman was now maturing his plans for his "march to the sea," and was only waiting to watch Hood's movements before starting. Hood by this time had moved west, and showed an intention of crossing the Tennessee at Decatur. On Friday, the 28th, the repairs on the railroad were completed, and we commenced our march back to Chattanooga, the 4th Corps having

been assigned to Thomas as a part of his army of defense, while Sherman moved south prepared to strike out for Savannah. We marched over the Chickamauga battle-field, which bore in the trees the traces of those two terrible days, and arrived in Chattanooga on Saturday night, October 29th.

That very day Hood had commenced crossing the Tennessee below Florence, and it was necessary to hurry the 4th Corps on to the line of the Nashville and Decatur railroad. Wood's Division was the first to arrive. On Tuesday, November 1st, we took the cars at Chattanooga, all horses, etc., except one for the commanding officer, being left behind to come over the country. Traveling all night by way of Huntsville and Decatur, we found ourselves next morning at Athens, and received orders to march forthwith to Pulaski, where the corps was to concentrate. Sixty rounds of ammunition per man were distributed, and we moved out in rain and mud about three miles. Next day it rained hard. We started about noon, marching ten miles. This was severe on the officers who had never marched before. On Friday, the 4th, we went forward, and after dinner waded Elk River, marching fifteen miles. In the afternoon, James Hazlehurst, of Company K, was accidentally shot, and four men were detailed to bury him. On Saturday, November 5th, we entered Pulaski, and made camp on a ridge two miles north of town. The body of Hazlehurst was brought forward and buried there. Rifle pits were thrown up. On Tuesday, the 8th, the regiment was paid off for the first time in many months.

On the 12th, telegraphic communication with Sherman ceased, and henceforth the brunt of Hood's blows were to fall on us. On Monday, the 14th, one hundred and eighty recruits arrived as the result of the draft, and next day were assigned to different companies. Their ignorance of army ways and discipline was

for a while a source of great amusement to the veterans, but they soon began to show good soldiership. One man on being detailed for duty, replied, "Nay, I can't go to-day, I have some letters that I must write." He soon learned better.

All this time we were waiting to ascertain Hood's intentions, but he was detained for his supplies and by the high stage of water until the 19th, when his plans for advance were fully developed. Gen. Thomas had hoped that the delay might continue long enough to gather his reinforcements and defend the line of Duck River, but the troops he had expected failed to arrive in time. There was nothing left then but to fall back. On Tuesday, November 22nd, while our cavalry checked Hood's advance, we began our march on Columbia. The weather was bitterly cold, and the recruits suffered a good deal. Our camp at Lynnville, twelve miles out, was so bleak as to remind us of Blaine's Cross Roads. Next day we changed camp about one and a-half miles, but in the night Gen. Stanley was informed that Hood's advance was so rapid that the cavalry which was at Mount Pleasant, nearer to Columbia than we were, was already driven in by infantry. We were aroused, and at three o'clock were making a forced march, reaching Columbia about half-past ten.

Just before arriving, we heard heavy firing on the Mount Pleasant Road, where Gen. Cox was driving back the enemy's cavalry, barely in time to save the town. The troops were immediately disposed in line, and breastworks were thrown up, with sharpened stakes in front. During that day and the next, the works were constantly strengthened, while heavy skirmishing continued on both pikes. On Friday night, after dark, we were moved over to the extreme right of the line and again threw up works, which were strengthened constantly next day. By this time

the enemy's infantry appeared and pressed our lines at every point, and we were required to be ready for an attack at any moment. It rained all day, making things particularly gloomy and unpleasant, and at night we prepared to cross the river, as Hood was trying to flank us. But the night proved horribly dark, and the storm had made the bridge unsafe, so the movement was postponed twenty-four hours—a delay, which, by giving Hood the start, cost us dearly at Franklin, three days afterwards.

On Sunday we lay behind our works. Notification was here received that the Chaplain's resignation, which had been sent in some time before, was accepted, and in the afternoon, though ready every moment for an attack, a farewell service was held behind the breastworks, after which, the men who had recently been paid off, made up their packages of money for home. At nine o'clock P. M., the movement across the river commenced, and we made camp about midnight in the woods on the other side. Next morning, with the warm-hearted greetings of the officers, with whom he had been associated in army life so long and so pleasantly, and with a hearty hand-shaking all through the regiment, the Chaplain started for Nashville. At his departure, besides the soldiers' money, sixty dollars were placed in his hands to renew their supply of reading matter—he promising to attend to their interests in this respect as long as they were without a chaplain. He was also requested to publish in one of the papers circulated in the regiment, a summary of what provision had been made for reading matter during his chaplaincy. This was done, but before it could reach them, a good many of those who requested it had laid down their lives. With a short extract from that report, his connection with the regiment and with this history of its achievements may appropriately close.

REPORT.

There has been contributed by the regiment during the period covered by this report, the sum of \$582, which, together with \$41 given me to commence with, makes a total of \$623. During the same period there have been distributed 5,450 copies *Tract Journal*, *Christian Banner* and *American Messenger*; 720 copies *Christian Times*, 520 *N. W. Christian Advocate*, 1,586 *Chicago Journal*, *N. W. Evening Post*, and *Army & Navy Journal*; 536 copies *Harper*, *Atlantic*, *Continental* and *Eclectic* Magazines, 200 copies *Christian Press*, 2,000 Tracts, 300 Soldiers' Books, 7 Soldiers' Libraries, 800 Hymn Books, Testaments (English and German), and a large quantity of miscellaneous books and papers, English, German and Norwegian. At the same time there have been held 76 public services with the regiment, 119 prayer meetings, 55 Bible classes.

Not a few of the most pious men have laid down their lives. It is sad to know that only two days after I bade them farewell on the banks of Duck River, they were again found in the thickest of the fight and slaughter at Franklin. Among the killed was Lieut. Col. Olson, the brave and beloved Commander, and among the wounded, Lieut. C. F. Case, the no less brave and beloved Adjutant. To these were added a long list of gallant names, which has not yet been fully received.

Should the eyes of those brave few who still survive of the "old 36th" behold these lines, let them be assured of the deep and brotherly sympathy of one who has been with them in the perils and toils of more than two years, and whose remembrance of their patience, their fortitude, and their devotion to their country, can never be obliterated.

May our Father who is in heaven, have them in his gracious keeping, and, if it can be, shield the little remnant from future slaughter. But if it must be that others also shall lay down their lives in battle, that any of their eyes must close upon this loved land ere the object for which they have fought shall be fully attained, O that it may be with them all that by a timely seeking of the precious Savior, those eyes, when they grow dim and dark to earth, may open upon "the better land."

CHAPTER XL.

SPRING HILL.



DEFINITE information that Hood's army was crossing Duck river in force, moving rapidly northward, on roads parallel with the Columbia and Franklin Pike, and from two to four miles distant, was received from Col. Post, who, with his brigade, had been sent up the river to reconnoitre and watch the enemy's movements. Thereupon the 1st and 2nd Divisions of the 4th Corps, commanded respectively by Gens. Kimball and Wagner, were directed to proceed to Franklin with the baggage and ordnance trains, as well as the reserve artillery. At eight o'clock A. M. of the 29th, the trains were drawn out upon the pike and the march commenced, interrupted only by the little halts inseparably connected with the movement of a long wagon train. The 2nd Division was in the advance preceding the train. The roads were in fine condition, the troops marched well, and rapid progress was made. Four miles north of Columbia the road crosses Rutherford's Creek, an affluent of Duck river. Here Kimball's Division (the 1st) was halted, and took up a defensive position on the south side of the creek, fronting east to cover the crossing, it being apprehended the enemy might make a flank

attack somewhere in that locality for the purpose of cutting off the retreat.

The 2nd Division, to which the 36th Illinois was attached, continued its march up the pike in advance of the train. On approaching Spring Hill, a small village and courier post twelve miles north of Columbia, where a detachment of cavalry was stationed, the head of the column was met by a badly scared trooper, who, hatless and in an otherwise demoralized condition, represented that he was making his escape from a force of Rebel cavalry, which in great numbers were menacing the town, the garrison of which was quite too small to contend successfully with the overwhelming numbers preparing to sweep down upon them.

At that moment a rattling fire of carbines heard in front confirmed the trooper's story, indicating clearly that the enemy by a forced march had outstripped Gen. Stanley's command, and by moving rapidly north on a converging road had struck the line of retreat at Spring Hill and had nearly gained possession of the town.

Orders were given to advance rapidly to the assistance of the detachment then hotly engaged in the eastern suburbs of the place. The 36th took the lead, and being incited thereto by the noise of small arms in front, and by the personal presence of Gens. Stanley and Wagner they double-quickened two miles, arriving in time to meet the enemy and rescue the town and its small squad of defenders from capture.

Opdyke's Brigade passed through the village a quarter of a mile in the direction of Franklin, deploying as they advanced and formed to the right of the road and parallel with it, on elevated ground. Clouds of Forest's cavalry were hovering near, and forming in line of battle not more than a quarter of a

mile away, preparatory to a charge upon the position held by the 36th. Not long had they to wait, for like waves angrily rolling upon a storm-washed beach they dashed across the fields, raising great clouds of dust, and charged impetuously upon Opdyke's lines with a yell. But his men were all inured to the turmoil of war, and to them this sudden dash of Rebel fury had no terrors. A few rounds of musketry, poured with damaging effect into the Rebel squadrons, checked the charge. But the marshaling of battalions, the yell of combatants, the clangor of small arms and the rumbling thunder of charging squadrons, never divested the Federal troops of their presence of mind. Courageously they maintained their position, reserving their fire until the enemy was near enough to render it effective, then delivering their volleys with fatal precision, laying many of Forest's hard-riding cavaliers in the dust. Checked in the assault, they finally gave way, and broken and dismayed, retreated in confusion.

Soon after, Opdyke's Brigade was again threatened by cavalry, which was seen forming in the edge of the timber, less than half a mile distant. A Confederate general officer and his staff, whom we subsequently learned was Gen. Cheatham, at the head of his corps, was observed reconnoitering our position. His command was just coming up, and formed in reserve, with the apparent intention of supporting the cavalry. A cannon was wheeled into position and tossed a few shells in that direction by way of a complimentary salute, but he showed a want of appreciation of the intended honor by hastily taking shelter behind a belt of timber.

Observing bodies of cavalry massing in the open field east of the town, Gen. Stanley directed Gen. Wagner to deploy his division at once, in such a manner as to hold the place and protect the trains then being parked. Accordingly Gen. Bradley's Brigade was sent to a wooded knoll, about three-quarters of a mile

east of the pike, which commanded the approaches in that direction. Lane's Brigade was deployed nearer the town, partially in rear of Bradley and at the right of Opdyke, covering the trains then being parked in his rear. Opdyke occupied his first position on the left of the line. At the time these dispositions were made, it was not apprehended that heavy forces of infantry were near, and it was supposed that sudden dashes of cavalry were all that had to be guarded against. In front of Bradley, heavy lines of what at the time was supposed to be Rebel cavalry were advanced. Their numbers were certainly being augmented by troops hurrying up from before Columbia, and ere long, from the steadily accumulating mass of men seen both in the fields and bordering timber, it became evident that much of Hood's army was confronting the detachment holding Spring Hill. This opinion was confirmed by a dispatch from Gen. Schofield, stating that the enemy had been crossing Duck River, with their trains passing around his flank, and marching northward on roads converging at Spring Hill. This left no longer any room for doubt that Gen. Wagner's Division was then confronting a largely superior force of infantry as well as cavalry.

Very soon our whole line was assailed, and skirmishes of greater or less severity continued at intervals during the afternoon. While Bradley's veterans on the right were manfully combating and successfully resisting the solid masses hurled against them, Opdyke's Brigade on the left was not entirely idle. Forest's Cavalry was on the alert for opportunities to deal effective blows, and on detecting an apparently weak point in the line, a column of his hard riders was sure to be hurled against it.

The position of the 36th, crowning an elevation overlooking much of the field, disclosed the enemy's movements and enabled it to be prepared for any emergency. Cavalry dashes upon our

left, for the purpose of diverting attention and preventing reinforcements from going to Bradley's assistance, were of frequent occurrence. They came and went like summer clouds; now sweeping down upon Opdyke, and then passing as suddenly away, before there was time to concentrate in any strength against them. Still our lines remained intact, and our troops and trains were safe.

Gen. Bradley's Brigade, being the nearest to the enemy and the most open to attack, received their fiercest assaults, and it soon became apparent that his assailants fought too well for dismounted cavalry. About four o'clock P. M., Cleburn's Division of infantry, supported by cavalry, took up a position in front and flank of Bradley, and commenced a vigorous attack, driving the skirmishers upon the reserves, and, pressing forward to within a few yards of our lines, poured a terrible cross-fire upon the front and right. At the first onset, it seemed as if the Federals must be overwhelmed and swept from their position and leave the trains exposed to capture and destruction. But the 3rd Brigade was largely composed of veteran soldiers, whose courage in times of danger had often been tested, and whose coolness never forsook them. The charging squadrons were befittingly received, with sweeping volleys of musketry at short range, which shook the Confederate line. They could not face such a withering storm of lead, and soon fell back sullenly, fighting as they retired.

Being reinforced, they came on a second time, and while closely pressing the front, assaulted the flank of the brigade with a force sufficient to overlap its right, and double it back upon the road and into the southern outskirts of the village. While encouraging his men and attempting to stay the retreat of his right wing, Gen. Bradley was severely wounded and compelled to retire, relinquishing the command to Col. Conrad, of the 15th Missouri.

At this critical stage of the engagement, affairs on the right wore a gloomy aspect. A cavalry force, passing around the left, had gained our rear and was threatening the railroad station. Gen. Stanley could spare but few troops to re-inforce Bradley, lest he should thereby expose his train to capture or destruction. A single regiment was all that could be spared, and Col. Olson was despatched with the 36th to re-inforce the 3rd Brigade. Their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and not finding their own ordnance train, Capt. Beeman, the 3rd Division ordnance officer, kindly furnished all that was required. On reaching the position assigned them, they found the right wing being gradually forced back upon the pike. Their timely arrival checked the retreat and saved the right. Forming in a hollow a short distance south of town, the shattered brigade rallied and re-formed in rear of the 36th. The efforts of the infantry were gallantly seconded by a battery of eight guns upon the pike, and making a determined stand, the over-confident enemy was again driven back with loss. A supporting column, while crossing a cornfield, fell under the enfilading fire of our artillery, stationed a short distance south of town, which, striking them unexpectedly in flank, cooled their ardor and hastened their retreat. In this second assault and repulse, the loss was severe on both sides. The enemy paid dearly for their temerity, and left many dead and wounded upon the field. A part of the attacking force fled to the rear, out of range of artillery; another portion sought cover in a ravine, crossing the field at our right, and about equi-distant between the opposing lines, where they remained, concealed and sheltered from our searching missiles, until night, when under cover of darkness they succeeded in reaching their own lines.

This repulse seemed to have produced a marked effect upon the enemy, yet another charge was organized and strong lines

formed further to the right for an assault. Acting under orders from Gen. Wagner, Col. Olson retired his line one hundred and fifty yards into the southern outskirts of the town, and there awaited the Rebel onset. Their attack was not vigorously pressed, and aside from a scattering fire at long range, but few shots were exchanged, with trifling loss to either side. The enemy appeared to be maneuvering for an advantageous and less exposed position, from whence to demonstrate upon the road, and to assail in flank and rear the single obstinate division, that up to this time had successfully defied the efforts of a whole army corps and remained masters of the field.

While the 3rd Brigade, assisted by the 36th, was thus hotly engaged, and the 1st and 2nd were holding the town and protecting the trains parked within it, a number of wagons passing on in the direction of Franklin, without escort, were attacked at Thompson's Station, three miles north of Spring Hill, the teamsters and train men dispersed, and the wagons with their contents burned. The appearance of Confederate cavalry west of the town, threatening an attack in the rear, and the fierce assaults upon the right, convinced Gen. Stanley that he was surrounded, and that it would be no easy matter to escape the perils which environed him.

Such was the condition of affairs when night put an end to the desultory fighting. Our lines were a little withdrawn to positions nearer town, with the flanks resting upon the pike, the centre to the east thrown out in the form of an arc, its convexity towards the enemy, to afford protection to the troops and trains moving up from Columbia. Stanley's single division was closely hemmed in by Forest's cavalry and two corps (Cheatham's and Stewart's) of Rebel infantry. As darkness was shrouding the landscape, a strong column of the enemy was

observed crossing the road a half mile south of town, with the apparent intention of blocking the road and disputing the passage of the 23rd and the balance of the 4th Corps, then hurrying up from Columbia and momentarily expected at Spring Hill.

While the combat was raging south of town, in the last Rebel charge upon our right, Michael Divine, of Company E, was struck by a rifle shot, receiving a painful and what proved to be a mortal wound. His comrades carried him back a few yards and laid him at the foot of a tree, the thick spreading branches of which formed a temporary shelter from the winds and open air. On retiring from this position, Divine was left where his comrades had laid him. The sombre shades of night had curtailed field and woodland, and quiet reigned in camp, when a wailing cry of distress came up from the little valley, and through the gloom of night was heard in the camp of the 36th. Great sympathizing hearts swelled with emotion on hearing the plaintive cry of a wounded comrade, and Silas Dyer, Henry Henness and Patrick Connor volunteered to go to his relief, and, if possible bring him within our lines. They passed silently down the road to where poor Divine was lying, guided by his agonizing moans. On their way they saw no Rebels, but in returning they passed within arms length of a Rebel picket stationed by the road side. Dyer even touched him, but he made no movement or uttered a word until the party had passed, when he fired. Other scattering shots were sent after the rapidly vanishing party; the bullets whistled about their heads like swarming bees, but they reached the lines with their mangled burden unharmed, and carried him to an ambulance. Poor Mike got his furlough shortly after, and left the service forever! But what shall we say of the brave boys who entered the Rebel lines for the mangled remains of a comrade? Worthy each one of them of a

medal of honor. Worthy a place in the hearts of their comrades, and a bright page in the history of their regiment.

To ascertain the position and strength of the Rebel column, supposed to be upon the road, Gen. Stanley ordered Lieut. Col. Olson to proceed cautiously down the road, keep it clear, and at the same time hold the enemy in check, until the arrival of the troops from Columbia. The night was intensely dark. Company B was deployed as skirmishers, followed closely by the remainder of the regiment moving with the utmost stillness and prepared for sudden emergencies. They were nearly an hour proceeding a half mile, at length reaching a small stream south of town, spanned by a bridge. The low murmur of voices—the soft tread of men, sounding like summer zephyrs whispering among the leaves, was heard in the advance, but whether proceeding from friend or foe was a matter of uncertainty. When last seen the latter was in strong force somewhere in this locality, and if suddenly encountered, the flash of musketry would probably be the first salutation to greet them.

On approaching the bridge, Lieut. Hall, of Company E, observed the shadowy outline of an object, which on a nearer inspection he was enabled to make out as that of a man on horseback. Conjecturing that this was a big negro cook or supernumerary for some officer, he rushed up, seized the horse by his bits, pushed him partially from the bridge, and struck the rider a smart blow with the flat of his sword, at the same time calling out, "Why in h—l are you blocking the way, sir?" The person thus rudely accosted shouted to his escort, "Catch the d—d scallawag, catch him!" The Lieutenant recognized the voice of Gen. Whittaker, who was at the head of the column just then arriving from Columbia. Before the General's order could be executed, the Lieutenant recollected that he had urgent busi-

ness at another part of the line, and suddenly disappeared in the darkness.

Late in the afternoon the troops at Columbia commenced their withdrawal from the north bank of Duck river, at which time the most of the confederate forces had crossed higher up and marched rapidly northward. Gen. Cox's Division of the 23rd Corps took the lead and reached Spring Hill at seven P. M. This was the column the 36th met at the bridge a half mile south of town.

Before reaching Spring Hill, Gen. Cox had encountered a column of the enemy drawn up across the pike, and considerable random firing in the darkness ensued before they were driven away. The Third Division of the 4th Corps followed closely after the 23rd Corps, and Gen. Kimball with the First Division brought up the rear, and covered the retreat from Columbia. This movement was protracted and the column long drawn out. Hence Gen. Kimball's Division, comprising the rear guard, failed to reach Spring Hill until two o'clock in the morning. As fast as the troops came up, they took up positions on the east side of the pike and parallel with it to cover the movement to Franklin.

The trains were then drawn out upon the pike and pushed forward as rapidly as possible. The pickets reported the movements of Rebel detachments during the night. Many, crossing the pike and marching west of the road, gained favorable positions among the hills near Thompson's Station, to cut off and attempt the capture of the trains. The question of burning them was seriously entertained, but finally it was determined to push on—fight any opposing force that should be encountered, and save the trains, at all hazards.

At one o'clock A. M., the trains began to move. The wagons, including ambulances, numbered eight hundred. At the outset, they had to pass singly over a narrow bridge, and so tedious was

the operation, that it was a matter of doubt if they could be put upon the road until daylight. Unless this could be done and the troops got well under way, they were sure of being attacked by the whole Rebel army, which had come up and bivouaced but a few hundred yards from the road, and within hail of our picket lines. Their camp-fires burned brightly, and around them could plainly be seen squads of Confederates, warming themselves, or cooking a frugal meal, in preparation for the excitement of the coming day. Should the conflict be renewed at Spring Hill, and the columns be attacked while on the march, we would be forced to fight under every disadvantage and against heavy odds.

Staff-officers hurried and assisted the teamsters, and everything promised well, when the train was brought to a sudden stand-still. Word came that the head of the train was attacked at Thompson's station, and there was danger of its entire destruction. Again was Gen. Stanley advised to burn it, but the value of the property and the interests at stake, warranted the effort to save the train. Gen. Kimball was ordered to push on with the 1st Division and clear the road; while Gen. Wood, with the 3rd Division, was directed to move with the train, on the right, to guard against assaults from that quarter. Before Gen. Kimball reached Thompson's Station, Maj. Steele, of Gen. Stanley's staff, had gathered a squad of stragglers and driven off the attacking party, who succeeded in burning only ten wagons.

Again was the train put in motion, and by the most herculean efforts, the last wagon quitted Spring Hill and was upon the pike at five o'clock A. M. Much was due to the firmness and coolness of Capt. John A. Beeman, who had charge of the ordnance train, for the accomplishment of this result. Standing at the bridge, over which but one wagon could pass at a time, he kept the road clear of obstruction and repressed every indication of panic,

which the nearness of the enemy and the hot-headed impulsiveness of artillery and cavalry officers were at various times upon the point of inaugurating.

Col. Opdyke's Brigade brought up the rear, and throughout the long, anxious night his men lay by the side of the pike, awaiting the passage of the troops and trains. Wearied with the previous day's marching and fighting, those not on picket or detailed for special duties, lay by the roadside, behind logs or in the brush, and slept soundly. Such was the critical state of affairs, that few of the officers slept at all. Before daylight, the entire army was on the road, marching briskly towards Franklin—Col. Opdyke's Brigade being the last to leave Spring Hill.

In the engagement at Spring Hill, our loss was about two hundred men. Gen. Bradley's Brigade suffered the worst, having lost one hundred and fifty, in killed, wounded and missing. The losses sustained by the other brigades and the detachment guarding the town, were slight, they having been principally engaged with cavalry. This was the first time in its history that the 36th had met a cavalry charge in force, and the ease with which it was repelled did not heighten their opinion of this arm of the service, and particularly of Forest's famed troopers. The wounding of Gen. Bradley in the midst of the engagement, and his retirement from the field, was a serious loss to the Federal cause. By his conspicuous gallantry and the determined valor of his brigade, incited by the example of their leader, a whole Rebel division, commanded by Cleburn in person, who was justly regarded as one of the most intrepid officers in the Confederate service, was repeatedly repulsed and driven with loss from the field. The position was held; the trains saved, and the retreat to Franklin effected in comparative safety and with trifling loss.

The following casualties were sustained by the 36th in this affair: Michael Divine, wounded—since dead; George W. Lannigan, wounded, both of Company E; Edward Hurr, Company A, missing; William H. Moss, Company H, missing. The enemy's losses in the engagement, according to the statement of their surgeons, were over five hundred.

Wood's and Kimball's Divisions, of the 4th Corps, followed the 23rd, but were detailed as escort, and marched on the right of the pike and parallel with it. The wounded were placed in ambulances, which formed a part of the long cavalcade. At five o'clock A. M., the whole train was in motion, and Opdyke's Brigade, which had been held in reserve, was aroused, and quitted Spring Hill without noise and without attracting the immediate attention of the enemy, whose drowsy pickets and smouldering camp-fires were but a few hundred yards away. Knowing that the whole Rebel army was massed in the immediate neighborhood, it was expected that the march would be opposed, and the struggle with a largely superior force would be a desperate one.

An attack might be made at any time, and when at last the order came to advance, the men groped their way in the darkness, fearful of arousing the foe or of finding the enemy drawn up across the road to intercept the retreat. But stillness brooded over their encampment; the expected night attack was not made. The troops marched swiftly, and shortly after daylight passed the smouldering remains of the wagons burned at Thompson's Station.

Daylight revealed every wooded height and commanding elevation in possession of Forest's cavalry, that frequently swept down upon the flanks of the marching column, but Wood's and Kimball's skirmishers brushed them away and easily repelled every charge. Still they hovered near, like gulls in the wake of a ship at sea,

or a fish-hawk seeking its prey, just beyond musket range, apparently watching for weak points to strike the train. About seven A. M. a spirited dash was made upon the column, which was immediately repulsed by two regiments of Kimball's Division, aided by a section of artillery which was brought into position, and a few shells sufficed to drive the enemy behind the hills, after which they molested the train and its escort no more.

Numbers of weary, foot sore stragglers, unable to keep up with the main column, fell out and lingered by the wayside. Their dejected and "gone up" expression of countenance, caused by long marches, sleepless nights and the fatigues of battle, indicated that the physical machine was pretty well run down. Col. Opdyke with his brigade closed the column, and did not allow a single straggler to linger behind.

Soon was heard the confused murmur of excited pursuit, resembling the wild sweep of a tornado heralded by clouds of darkness and muttering thunders. The early gray of morning revealed dense masses of confederates advancing up the pike in hot pursuit, while other columns, equally as numerous, stretched out like vast wings and marched through fields or on parallel roads as if to encompass and close in upon the slender column pushing its way to Franklin. The occasional hum of a bullet announced their nearness, and on the crest of an elevation the 36th was formed behind trees, rocks and logs to retard the pursuit which was becoming uncomfortably close. Their advance had come up within easy range, and then was halted by a well directed volley. Another brought them to an about-face and sent them back upon their supports. Being re-inforced, they came on with a yell, and then it was our turn to fall back, which movement was executed in quick time, but in good order and without loss.

In the meantime the 88th Illinois was formed on the next ridge in a favorable position, through which the 36th retired, with orders to halt at the first defensible point, and act as Col. Olson should direct or as circumstances should require. Thus was portions of the brigade alternately halted and formed in secure positions from whence the head of the Rebel column was assailed. The latter halting, would bring up artillery, deploy in force, and when on the point of storming the hill, the detachment holding it would hurriedly retire—often hotly pursued by squadrons of cavalry. In this manner was mile after mile of the road stubbornly fought over, and more than one gray-backed trooper was made to bite the dust.


The sturdy resistance offered by Opdyke greatly retarded the advance of the Rebel center. His force was too small, however, to check the flanking columns, which were usually in advance of their center, and once or twice, by doubling upon the road, they came near cutting off the rear detachment. Alternate fighting and retreating consumed the earlier hours of the day, and gave time for the construction of defensive works at Franklin and enabled the trains to cross the Harpeth without being molested.

For the judicious manner in which the retreat was conducted, Col. Opdyke and his troops, comprising the rear guard, were highly complimented by Gen. Scofield. Their intrepidity; the energetic measures adopted for getting forward the worn-out men, and their stern resistance to the advance of the Rebel army, closely dogging their footsteps, richly entitled them to the encomiums so lavishly bestowed. The confidence reposed in the 36th was evidenced by their being put in places of greatest danger. It was the 36th that led the headlong dash into Spring Hill—repulsing the Rebel charge and scattering Forest's Cavalry to the winds. When Bradley's Brigade was being roughly handled

and on the point of giving way, the 36th hurried to its relief, and restored the battle which was nearly lost. In the delicate, as well as dangerous, duty of clearing the pike and holding it open to enable the troops from Columbia to pass without interruption, the 36th was selected; and to the cool courage of Col. Olson and the gallant 36th, in checking and delaying the march of Hood's army until the works at Franklin were strengthened, was Gen. Scofield indebted in a large measure for his successful resistance and victory at the battle of Franklin.

CHAPTER XLI.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.



IT IS with many misgivings that we attempt a detailed account of the battle of Franklin—as fierce and bloody in proportion to the numbers engaged as any of the many fights that occurred during the war of the Rebellion. The details when truthfully written and fully understood, give birth to both pride and sorrow to those of the 36th who survived the terrible ordeal of fire and blood. Pride at the gallantry and heroic devotion displayed by every man of whatever rank or station, who fought in its ranks, and sorrow for the num-

bers who sealed their devotion to their country by their blood ! Sorrow and weeping for the brave Olson, who was among the first that fell with his face to the foe. Words are feeble in commendation of him, one of the noblest of the country's heroes, and feeble in expressions of a country's gratitude to those who sacrificed so much for its salvation.

As has been stated, Gen. Scofield, with the 23rd Corps, then temporarily under the command of Gen. Cox, proceeded direct to Franklin. The trains followed under the immediate escort of the divisions of Wood and Kimball, of the 4th Corps. The troops marched by the side of the wagons, and repulsed every attempt of Forest's cavalry to break the line or destroy the train.

So through the long dark hours the column made its way, and just as morning was stepping out of the shades of night, gilding the trees and hill-tops with golden light, the head of the column entered Franklin. But few doubted that the rising sun was ushering in a day of blood. From the celerity of the enemy's movements, the characteristic persistence and energy of Hood, at times approaching to rashness, it was generally believed that his purpose was to strike in detail and destroy the separate Federal detachments, then concentrating at Nashville; and no one doubted his purpose of attacking as soon as his army, then closely pressing our rear guard, could be brought up and formed for the onset.

Recent rains had raised the Harpeth River, and the fords were in such bad condition as to be nearly impassable. No wagon bridge spanned the stream, and a detail was at once made, and the town ransacked for planks to put the railroad bridge in condition for crossing. At the same time a foot-bridge was built, which fortunately proved available for wagons. The time occupied in the construction of the bridges, and the delay attending

the passage of the trains and public property, rendered it impossible to move the army to the north side of the river before the enemy could come up with a force sufficiently powerful to make an attack. Accordingly the troops were placed in position as they arrived, on the south side and in the suburbs of the town. The 23rd Corps on the left and center, covering the Columbia pike; its left resting upon the Harpeth, above Franklin. Gen. Kimball, with the 1st Division of the 4th Corps, arrived soon after nine o'clock, and took up a position on the right of the 23rd Corps, its right flank extending to the river, below the town.

At various times Franklin had been occupied and slight entrenchments thrown up in its southern outskirts. But these, by neglect, had become partially obliterated, and at this time were of little account as defences. Long before the men comprising this army had learned the use of pick-axe and shovel, and regarded them as among the most effective weapons of warfare. They no more thought of prosecuting a campaign successfully without them, than of winning a battle without powder and bayonets. Of the 4th Corps, it had passed into an axiom, that they were "always prepared." On this occasion, the men worked like badgers. The thud of the pick and the clinking of shovels succeeded the tramp of marching squadrons, and in an incredibly short time, a winrow of earth and logs, a mile and a-half in length, encircled the town, of sufficiently formidable proportions to withstand a stout assault.

Wood's Division (the 3rd), as it filed into town, was directed to proceed to the river and assist in crossing the wagons to the north bank and take favorable positions for watching the fords, resisting the passage of cavalry, which it was apprehended might attempt to interrupt the line of march to Nashville.

The town of Franklin is situated in the midst of a valley surrounded by an amphitheatre of wooded hills. Opdyke with the rear guard reached these heights about noon, finding the balance of the Second Division, under Gen. Wagner, halted a mile or more south of town, and forming in support of these, prepared to resist the advance of Hood. Soon after, compact masses of confederates were observed streaming over the hills like dark thunder clouds gathering for the tempest, and made immediate preparations for attacking in force. The position occupied by the Second Division was too extensive to be successfully held, and the country being open and favorable for the movements of the enemy, Gen. Wagner was obliged to abandon his position.

Coming down into the valley two of his brigades were deployed a few hundred yards in advance of the main works—Lane's to the right and Conrad's to the left of the pike, with instructions to hold it and keep the enemy in check as long as possible, and not to retire until forced to do so at the point of the bayonet or pressed to the rear by the weight of numbers. Here the men in accordance with their usual custom, excavated shallow rifle pits, or constructed slight barricades of rails, to aid in what proved to be a fruitless attempt to stem the Rebel tide, which it was now quite evident would descend from the hills upon them.

When the Second Division abandoned the heights, the First Brigade passed to the rear of the entrenchments, and at about four o'clock P. M. halted within the town in reserve, Col. Opdyke receiving instructions to use his own discretion as to position, but to remain within supporting distance, keeping his men well in hand, and to act as circumstances should require. The march from Spring Hill had been hurried, and the tired and hungry men very naturally appropriated the contents of sundry cracker

boxes near at hand, and soon the inevitable coffee pot was swinging and simmering over impromptu fires blazing up along the line.

During much of the afternoon, Hood's entire army was in sight, blackening the summits of the hills, and apparently forming for an attack. At four o'clock, a living wall of men and glistening steel was seen marching rapidly down the hillsides—filling the valley and sweeping across the fields. Close behind the first were other lines of troops; the whole pouring tumultuously onward, like the swift current of a river—bearing its burthen of seething waters resistless to the sea. At first the confused murmur of voices and martial music, like sighing breezes, filled the air, and as the tide flowed onward the swelling cadences gathered strength and volume. At the near approach of the crowding host, the earth grew tremulous beneath the tread of many feet, and sounded like the low, hollow rumble of distant thunder. Fascinated by the sight, the men gazed in silence upon the advancing columns, now rapidly approaching the entrenchments behind which stood a thin, firm line of Federal soldiers, seemingly unconscious of danger.

The brigades of Lane and Conrad, occupying the shallow rifle pits in the advance, for a moment stood their ground, and at short range poured destructive volleys into the crowded ranks of the enemy. Before their fire the first line faltered, but only for a moment, when closing up, they rallied, and with a shout, cleared every obstacle, charging over the temporary barricades. Then for another moment there was a line of flashing fire, the sound of interlacing bayonets, and the gallant Second and Third Brigades went down before the swelling tide and were swept away. Conrad's Brigade was the first to break. The older and more experienced soldiers fled to the main line, but a regiment or two of raw troops, composed largely of conscripts, seeing the

entrenchments in their rear wreathed with smoke and flame, imagined themselves caught between two fires, and becoming bewildered, threw down their arms and surrendered.

Lane's men soon followed, and breathless with excitement went flying to the rear in tumultuous confusion, incited thereto by sharp thrusts from Rebel bayonets in the rear, skillfully wielded by a legion of Hood's most experienced veterans, forcing them back, to and over the entrenchments, where numbers halted, and turning upon their pursuers, poured a volley into their ranks which no more served to break the momentum of the charge than so many pattering rain drops. Onward they surged, and swarming over the works scores were spitted on Federal bayonets as they leaped the entrenchments. Federals and Confederates were commingled in a close hand-to-hand encounter.

Numbers finally triumphed over valor, and all who were left of that portion of the 23rd Corps stationed in the works for a distance of three hundred yards to the right of the pike, embracing two or three batteries, broke and fled with the fugitives from the two brigades. Artillerists galloped away with the caissons, leaving their guns, and dashed recklessly through the panic-stricken throng that went flying towards the bridges, leaving the green sward behind them fitfully strewn with dead and wounded. The ground was literally swept with sheets of fire and lead, and the air was full of shrieking missiles.

The charge and rout was but the work of a few minutes. The grand panorama of battle with all its sickening details could be traced with terrible distinctness by the men of the First Brigade, who were in position to see it all. Another such a charge and the whole line of works would be swept of defenders, and with the bridges in the hands of the enemy, not a man could escape. Events of such thrilling interest for an instant struck

the beholders dumb. Only for an instant, however, for noble Opdyke sprang to the front, and waving his sword, shouted, "Up and at them, men!" Just at that moment Gen. Stanley dashed up to the left of the line, and with soul-stirring enthusiasm urging the men forward to the rescue. The efforts of these officers were bravely seconded by the regimental commanders, and Col. Olson's orders rang out clear as the blast of a bugle, "Fall in, 36th! Forward to the trenches!" The men throwing away their bread and coffee, sprang to their arms, and grasping their muskets, charged down upon the foe on the run.

We can imagine no more thrilling episode, than when these devoted veterans, with heads bent to the storm and with bayonets lowered dashed through the spray of balls, and with cold steel charged home upon the multitudinous hosts swarming over and within the ramparts. They had scarcely eaten anything for twelve hours; they had marched and fought all the previous day, and far into the night; on the retreat, as rear guard, they had ran and fought incessantly, until from hunger and fatigue they were haggard and weak. Yet, when the hurried order came and the color-bearer stepped to the front and held aloft the old, tattered banner, the noble fellows shouted their stirring war notes, and on the double-quick cheered and charged upon that line of fire—right into the very jaws of death; and as the enemy, stung to madness at the terrible onset, hurled line upon line of fresh troops upon them, they still fought, yielding not an inch until they had repelled the foe.

The officers of the 23rd Corps and the broken fragments of the brigades of Lane and Conrad, seeing that the 1st Brigade was holding the enemy at bay, flung themselves across the track of the retreating fugitives, and alternately threatened and entreated their men to rally and turn back to the support of Opdyke.

Some were heard to say, "For shame, men! Can't you follow where the 36th can lead?" Hastily reforming, they rushed down to where the 1st Brigade was engaged, firing as they ran, and co-operated with Opdyke in beating the exultant enemy back and recovering the lost position and guns. Thank God the enemy was repulsed! was badly beaten and forced back over the entrenchments with fearful slaughter, and with the loss of four hundred taken prisoners.

The battle did not cease with the re-occupation of the works. Wave after wave of their reserves coming up, poured terrific volleys into our lines, and a continuous shower of lead and iron whistled fiercely over the parapet. If but a head, an arm or a finger protruded above the works, that head, arm or finger was pretty sure to be perforated with shot. Regular volleys could not be discerned. It was an incessant crash of guns that was never silent for a moment. Mingling with the sharper tones of musketry was the louder explosions of artillery in a continuous roar. The Federals were sheltered behind solid embankments, while the enemy stood exposed in the open fields, and if their fire was terrific, ours was equally so. The effect of shot and shell was absolutely awful. Every discharge of grape and canister marked its course through their ranks by a lane of fallen men. The distance was not more than from ten to one hundred yards, and at every discharge men went down.

Col. Olson was everywhere among his men with words of cheer and encouragement, and utterly regardless of his own life and safety. Shortly after reaching the works he was struck by a musket ball, which entered his breast and passed through his body in the region of the heart. He fell instantly, but in falling requested Lieut Hall, of Company E, to take him to the rear. Assisted by Sergt. Yarnell, of Company G, they carried

him to the shelter of a brick house standing near the works, when, perceiving that he was failing fast, the Lieutenant called to Capt. Biddulph to attend to the regiment as the Colonel's wound was mortal. Yarnell wrenched a window shutter from the house, on which the bleeding body of their commander was placed and hurriedly borne to the rear, while musket balls and cannon shot were striking around them in fearful quantities.

Reaching the river, they were none too soon to secure about the last vacant place in an ambulance, in which he was tenderly placed by the side of a wounded color-bearer. Then, taking a last look of their dying chief, they hurried back to the trenches, resumed their position in the line, and fought bravely to the end. The Colonel's life rapidly ebbed away, and in a half unconscious state he feebly whispered, "Oh help me, Lord!" These were his last words, and then his heart was still. His noble spirit had taken its flight to that country where wars and battles are unknown. When brave Olson fell, a cold tremor thrilled along the line. At any other time than in the face of the enemy, and under a murderous fire, the men would have sat down and cried like children over his untimely fate. Brave, generous, earnest and faithful, none had stood by the men or been more true to the country than he. Always present in the perils and hardships of the 36th, he had shared them all and won his way into the hearts and affections of the men, making a record of glory that will never be closed up or forgotten, though his mangled remains may moulder and lay hidden from sight in an unknown and unmarked grave. The name of PORTER C. OLSON will live forever, and be handed down along the imperishable ages, indissolubly linked with the fame of the immortal THIRTY-SIXTH.

After Col. Olson was carried back in a dying condition, word was passed along the line to cease firing. None appeared to



LIEUT. COL. PORTER C. OLSON.

26th Maine

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understand from whence the order came. Some paid no attention to it, but continued to load and fire as rapidly as possible, while others hesitated, wondering the while at the purpose of such orders, while the enemy's shot poured in unceasingly. Capt. Biddulph could scarcely realize that his superior officers were either slain or disabled, neither could he understand the object of the suicidal order to cease firing at so critical a period of the engagement. Before assuming any responsibility, he directed Adj. Case to go to Col. Opdyke for further orders, and proceeded to consult his brother officers. While talking with Capt. Hemmingway, near the corner of the brick house which afforded a slight obstruction to the Rebel volleys, he was struck in the face with a musket ball, which buried itself in his head, destroyed the sight of his left eye, and prostrated him to the earth. He was immediately carried back, and being unable to gain admittance to an ambulance, was left alone to care for himself. Faint and bleeding, with the assistance of a wounded comrade, he drifted with the crowd of disabled soldiers towards Nashville and proceeded two miles on foot before reaching a field hospital.

The charge of the 1st Brigade was not entirely successful in regaining the whole line at the first onset. Their numbers were too small to occupy and successfully defend a position which a large portion of the 23rd Corps had been obliged to abandon. A small salient to the right of the Columbia pike for a short time was held by the enemy, who determined to use it as an entering wedge through which to break the Federal line and recover the works. To that point their commanders directed their most powerful efforts, and the head of a Rebel column was actually again breaking over the parapets and widening the breach, when enfilading volleys from either side was directed against them, and

it became manifest that the crowding of men into the position under a cross fire so deadly, was but rushing them to certain death. But they fought gallantly, and for twenty minutes maintained the unequal contest before being expelled and the continuity of the line established.

A prominent feature of the charge and final expulsion of the enemy from the works, was the conspicuous position occupied by the regimental flag and the heroic devotion of the color-bearers. In the wild dash from the position in reserve upon the forces thronging into the entrenchments, the flag of the 36th, ever in the front, was first borne by Sergt. William R. Toll, of Company C, who fell severely wounded before attaining half the distance. Sergt. Christ. Zimmer, of Company B, snatching the flag from the grasp of his wounded comrade, rushed forward with it to the trenches; but while passing over the bullet-scathed interval, the staff was splintered three several times, while its precious folds were rent in tatters by scores of hissing missiles. Zimmer was among the first to reach the works with the flag, and in the brief hand-to-hand encounter and carnage that succeeded, held it proudly aloft, waving defiance to the foe.

Observing the imminent danger which threatened the left of the line from the Rebel force still holding a portion of the works, Zimmer sprang forward, shouting, "Hurrah, boys; follow the flag to the left!" The inspiring words were scarcely uttered, when three bold Rebel soldiers were observed upon the ramparts, aiming at the color-bearer—the muzzles of their pieces nearly touching him as he hurried by. There was a crash—a blinding sheet of fire, and Zimmer fell, his bones shattered and blood pouring from gaping wounds. He was immediately taken to the rear and placed in an ambulance, and it was by his side that Col. Olson breathed his last.

Charles Sears, of Company B, was the next custodian of the battle-scarred relic, and right gallantly defended his sacred trust, never allowing it to go down before the storm fiercely beating against it. Where the lines were pressed the hardest; where bullets flew the thickest, there the regimental flag flaunted defiance to the foe. At last the staff was shot away, but seizing the shattered stump, in a moment more the red, white and blue was waving over the ramparts. A burly Rebel, reaching over the works, seized the splintered staff, and endeavored to wrench it from the hands of its bearer. "No you don't!" said Sears "unless you take me with it," and a brief contest for its possession ensued. A shot from other parties came to Charlie's aid, and he retained possession of the flag. Then cutting the remaining fragments from the staff, he placed them in his bosom, and running the gauntlet of fire, for some distance on his hands and knees, brought what remained of the sacred emblem safely from the field.

Disappointed and enraged at the dislodgement of his forces from the works, Gen. Hood organized a second assault, and with unparalleled recklessness and disregard of life, again and again hurled his solid columns upon the entrenchments and against the fire of equally brave men, whose pride, patriotism, and physical and mental powers, now fully aroused, were determined to hold their position. Before their fire, rank upon rank melted away, only to be succeeded by others, more frenzied and determined than the first, and they, too, went down

"In one red burial blent,"

or shattered by shot were sent whirling to the rear, leaving the ground for many yards in front of the works literally heaped with dead and wounded.

Gen. Pat. Cleburne, one of the most dashing and fearless subordinate commanders in the Confederate army, twice lead his

division to the foot of the entrenchments and to the very muzzles of our guns. Mounted on a white horse he was observed everywhere galloping over the field, directing the charge, cheering and animating his men, a conspicuous object, challenging our fire and exciting admiration. Heading the second charge, he spurred his horse upon the works just to the left of the 36th. The fore feet of his steed were on the parapet, in the act of leaping over, when both horse and rider, pierced by a score of musket balls, fell

“ Mustered from service forever !”

The daring intrepidity of the Confederate General, if not prudent, was at least gallant, and elicited expressions of commendation from the most inveterate of his enemies.

A third and fourth time did the Confederate officers bravely lead their men to the charge, displaying a recklessness and gallantry in keeping with the boldness and determination of Opdyke and his heroic First Brigade. Their generals straightened themselves in their saddles, while in each face was depicted a determination never to quit the field alive. Field and staff officers cheered, encouraged and fairly forced their men up to the works. How any of them survived was absolutely wonderful. Yet in their desperation and madness, numbers reached the parapet, but all attempts at storming it were vain. This disastrous game could not long be persisted in, and soon they began to waver, and then retreated, but not in tumultuous confusion and disorderly rout.

One hundred wagon loads of ammunition belonging to the 4th Corps alone were expended. The air was still, and the smoke, caused by the burning of such a vast amount of powder, drifting lazily in the air, hung like a funeral pall over the fearful drama of death, which under its sulphury folds was being enacted. The sun (which at this season sets early) went down, and the gathering darkness lent new horrors to the scene. A spectator

looking upon it from the opposite side of the river, says, "It seemed like a sea of fire, with its leaping billows of flame, reaching out their fiery tongues and fitfully flashing upon the sky." The guns, foul and nearly choked, launched a spitting fire into the darkness, for an instant lighting up the gloom, revealed the smoked and powder-begrimmed faces of the men, who, haggard and wan, looked like hideous spectres evoked from the regions of despair. At unfrequent lulls in the firing, the groans of the wounded and shrieks of the dying came wailing out upon the damp, night air, appalling the stoutest hearts. Death in all its hideous forms everywhere strewed the ground. No words can fitly express, nor painter's art overdraw the awful terrors of that bloody field.

The earth-works were from three to five feet high, and on them was laid a head log, between which and the underlying earth was a narrow opening through which the infantry fired. The log completely hid as well as protected the heads of the Federal troops, and while the Confederate masses were in full view and entirely unprotected, our men were out of sight and danger, except from such of the enemy as clung to the outside of the ramparts, and used the opening under the head log in common with our men to fire upon those within. Throughout the action large numbers of the enemy lay close under the entrenchments, so that the works which sheltered us also sheltered them. To retreat under a fire which was searching out every square foot of the field in front, was certain death, and they chose to remain until after dark, when many voluntarily surrendered and were suffered to come over into our lines. Others refusing to yield, continued to fire through the opening, and many were the hand-to-hand encounters over and about the works. The crack of revolvers and other small arms, kept up after the main contest had virtually

ceased, showed the temper of those so closely confronting each other.

As the main object of making a stand at Franklin had been accomplished with the repulse of the enemy, holding them in check until the trains and military stores were removed and placed upon the road to Nashville; now that the unmolested retirement of the army to that point was secured, and no possible benefits to be gained by holding the place longer, the movement upon Nashville was resumed.

The next problem to solve was the safe withdrawal of the troops from the entrenchments to the north bank of the Harpeth, which commenced as soon as the slackened fire of the enemy indicated that they had retired from our immediate front. Gen. Hood mistrusted that such a movement would be made, and remained on the alert, with his columns in readiness to spring upon our rear and embarrass, if not prevent, its accomplishment. A straggling fire at long range was kept up, more for the purpose of diverting, and to discover, if possible, what was going on within our lines, than with the hope of working disaster.

The artillery was first taken back, the wheels being wrapped with blankets, and then dragged noiselessly across the bridges and planted upon the heights commanding the river and town, without attracting attention. Then the flanks were withdrawn, and when well under way, whispered orders passed from man to man along the line, to "leave the works at midnight." Opdyke's Brigade, in the center, was held the longest, and the 36th was the last to quit the entrenchments and cross the bridges.

While this movement was in progress, some thoughtless vagabond applied a match to a vacant house, and the flames spreading, lighted up the surrounding landscape and threatened a general conflagration, rendering it difficult for bodies of troops to

move without being seen. An old fire engine was found, and under the personal supervision of Gen. Wood, a stream of water was poured upon the burning building and the flames extinguished. The fire had, however, lighted up objects sufficiently to discover the movement to Gen. Hood, who promptly set a column in motion and pressed the retiring pickets vigorously. Gen. Wood, from chosen positions on the north side, covered the crossing and held the Rebels in check until the bridges were destroyed by the rear guard. Hood brought up his artillery and furiously shelled the position held by Wood, who, however, stood firm until three o'clock in the morning, and then moved leisurely northward, as rear guard to the Federal army. Hood was unable to cross a sufficient force to obstruct the march, and beyond a slight skirmish with a detachment of Forest's cavalry at Brentwood, no force of the enemy was encountered, and the army marched quietly to Nashville.

We have abstained from mentioning in detail the part taken in this engagement by the larger portion of the 23rd Corps, and by Kimball's Division of the 4th Corps, occupying respectively the extreme right and left of our line. The 1st Division, upon the right was securely posted behind breastworks of considerable strength, and the enemy's fiercest assaults being directed against the centre, rendered it a comparatively easy matter to maintain the position. No direct attack was made upon this portion of the line, and Kimball's efforts were mainly directed to keeping up an enfilading fire upon the flank of the attacking columns. At one time a Confederate brigade attempted to move obliquely across the field in front of Col. Kirby's Brigade. One volley was sufficient to dissipate this force, and that was the only firing on the part of this brigade. In the charges upon our centre, Rebel detachments were frequently thrown in front of the left of

the division, but a few rounds of grape and musketry were quite effectual in clearing the fields and driving the enemy back upon their reserves.

The left flank, held by the 23rd Corps, under the immediate command of Gen. Cox, though fiercely assailed, was somewhat out of the line of the main Rebel assault, but by maintaining an oblique fire upon the flank of the attacking columns, greatly aided the centre in holding its position, and inflicted frightful losses upon the enemy. Both Gens. Kimball and Cox mingled freely in the thickest of the conflict, sharing in the dangers and uniting their efforts with others in bringing about a successful result.

Of the intrepidity of Opdyke and the gallant 1st Brigade, more than a passing notice should be given. The historian of the "Army of the Cumberland" has well said, "With regard to the second prominent feature of this battle, that seldom in the history of the war has a single brigade made itself so conspicuous in saving an army." And again, "When he dashed on the breach he gave expression to the courage and purpose of every man in that self-appointed forlorn hope, while those near Gen. Stanley shouted, 'We can go where the General can.'" Opdyke rode forward until he reached the enemy, followed closely by his brigade. He first emptied his revolver, then clubbed it in the hand-to-hand conflict, and as the deadly struggle raged more fiercely, he dismounted and clubbed a musket. His men fought as did their leader, and with bayonets baptized in blood they hurled the enemy from the entrenchments and saved the army." Four regimental commanders fell in this charge, but other officers of similar temper maintained the leadership. Col. Opdyke escaped injury. Gen. Stanley also escaped for a time, but in leaving this brigade to look after others, was pierced in the neck by a bullet and was compelled to leave the field.

A few yards in front of our position at the commencement of the action, was standing a small clump of locust trees, ranging from four to eight inches in diameter. These were literally mowed down by musket shot, and looked as though riven by lightning. The enemy for a long time crowded in front of our position, and there being scarcely a lull in the firing, the havoc wrought in their ranks must have been great.

In the charge of the 1st Brigade and at different periods in the action, we captured thirty-three stands of colors. Their guards were cut down by scores, and falling upon their flags drenched them with their life's blood, and when gathered up and taken to Nashville, their dripping folds attested the desperate nature of the conflict, of the cruelty of war and its dreaded horrors. We also captured seven hundred and two prisoners, while one thousand seven hundred and fifty of their dead were on the field. Nearly every building in the place was filled with their wounded, and on the re-occupation of the town after three weeks had elapsed, three thousand eight hundred of their severely disabled still remained in hospital. Their known losses in killed, wounded and prisoners, aggregated six thousand two hundred and fifty, including thirteen generals.

The Federal losses were one hundred and eighty-nine killed, one thousand and thirty-three wounded, and one thousand one hundred and four missing, a total of two thousand three hundred and twenty-six. The loss of the 4th Corps was one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight, nearly all from Wagner's Division, which sustained more than half the Federal loss. The loss sustained by the 36th, as near as could be ascertained, was as follows:

KILLED.

Lieut. Col Porter C. Olson; Sergt. James H. Alston, Co. E; Corp. Alfred Tomblin, Co. F; Privates, Robert C. Crawford, Co. D; H. D. Hogue, Co. G, and Nicholas Swickhart, Co. I.

WOUNDED.

Adjutant Charles F. Case, (since dead).

COMPANY A.

Sergt. Geo. L. Peeler; Corp. Charles Olsyeskie, (since dead); Corp. O. D. Shaw, (since dead).

COMPANY B.

Sergt. Chris. Zimmer; Sergt. Henry B. Latham, (since dead); John Keenan.

COMPANY C.

Sergt. Wm. R. Toll; Sam. A. Markwell; Ezekiel Wimmer, (since dead); James Renford; Julius C. Wright; Jasper Connors; Harvey P. Donnell, James M. Black.

COMPANY D.

William Kimler, (since dead); Ichabod Leigh, (since dead); Edward Lars, (since dead); David M. Patten; David A. Parkes.

COMPANY E.

Sergt. Thomas P. Titlow; Christ. Batterman; James C. Stokes; Geo. W. Lannigan; Andrew J. Brannon.

COMPANY F.

James Perkins, (since dead); Joseph Markham; George W. Morgan.

COMPANY G.

John Smith; Charles Hapenstall, (since dead).

COMPANY H.

Sergt. Day Elmore, (since dead); Andrew J. Conroe; Lillburn B. Agnew; Frederick Shultz, (since dead); David Hartman (since dead).

COMPANY I.

Abram V. Wormley; Geo. Smallberger; Phillip L. Franz.

COMPANY K.

Capt. Geo. G. Biddulph; Corp. Daniel P. Hammond; Daniel Howard; John P. Lenhart; Geo. M. Scales; Wm. P. McBride, (since dead).

MISSING.

R. J. Caldwell, Henry G. Hodge, Wm. H. Moss, William A. Rogers, Abram N. Ammerman, Thomas Ragan, Robert Russell, John J. Jordan, Thomas Ridgeway, Elias Bartlett, John Nemyer, Sergt. J. M. Gordon, Hiram Bogardus, Edward Smith, John Simons, Phillip Brocher.

It was supposed that a part of the reported missing were either killed or left in the trenches, fatally wounded, and were subsequently buried by the enemy, and thus no definite knowledge of their fate has ever been obtained.

The circumstances attending the death of Lieut. Col. Olson have already been related. Porter C. Olson was born in the town of Manchester, near Niagara Falls, A. D., 1831. His father was by birth a Norwegian and his mother an American lady. The family removed to Newark, in Kendall County, Illinois, when Porter was a lad. The usual advantages derived from country schools were improved by him, until he was fitted for college, and he subsequently graduated with honor from Beloit College, Wisconsin. At the breaking out of the Rebellion, he was teaching the public school at Lisbon; but patriotism, duty and ambition called him from the school-room to the camp. Through his efforts, a company was recruited at Newark, made up of young men from that locality and the neighboring town of Mission. He was elected its Captain, and his company, with full ranks, was among the first at Camp Hammond. He followed the fortunes of the regiment in its tedious marches; participated in all its fierce encounters, down to the fatal field at Franklin. Modest and unassuming, it required a personal acquaintance to fully understand and appreciate the many excellencies of his character. Next to the lamented Miller, none stood higher or had a warmer place in the affections of the men than Lieut. Col. PORTER C. OLSON.

Another serious loss to the regiment, and one keenly felt and deplored by all, was the wounding and subsequent death of Adj. Charles F. Case. He had been connected with the regiment from the first, had served in the ranks as a private, and by meritorious conduct and superior business qualifications, had by successive promotions attained the rank of Adjutant. While moving over the field in the discharge of his duty, he was struck in the knee by a minnie ball. The dangerous character of the wound rendered amputation necessary. He was removed to Nashville, and

placed in the old College Hospital: He never rallied from the shock, but lingered from day to day until the night of the 17th of December, after the battle of Nashville, when he was taken with congestive chills and all hopes of his recovery were blasted. Still his heroic spirit struggled for the mastery over pain and death until the night of the 18th, when murmuring the words he had sung for dying comrades on battle-fields before,

“ Oh ! swing low, sweet chariot,
Oh ! leave me not behind,”

he breathed his last. No words can befittingly express the sorrow of Company I when informed of his death. They had known him as a private soldier and as an officer, had found him possessed of a great heart, of manliness and high soldierly qualities.

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UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA



Geo. H. Thomas

CHAPTER XLII.

BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.



HOOD'S object in the invasion of Tennessee was outlined in the general orders of Beauregard, to "deal rapid and vigorous blows—to strike the enemy while dispersed, and by that distract Sherman's advance into Georgia." Hood had pledged his troops that they should eat their Christmas dinners in Nashville; and to redeem that pledge and accomplish the declared object of the campaign required rapid movements. Well he knew that to allow his opponent time to concentrate his scattered forces, would render the fulfillment of his pledges difficult, and jeopardize the entire campaign. Hence the rapidity of his movements, before which three defensive positions, namely, Pulaski, Columbia and Franklin, had been abandoned.

It was Gen. Thomas' design on assuming command, to make the Tennessee river his base of operations, but the tardy movements of the widely scattered detachments comprising his command, prevented his assuming the offensive and offering battle in the heart of the so-called Confederacy. The three veteran divisions of A. J. Smith and Winslow's cavalry, while on the way to

join him, were temporarily diverted to Missouri to assist in the expulsion of Price. Steedman was holding the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, which it was not prudent to abandon until the enemy's plans were developed and his objective point known. The 4th and 23rd Corps, under Scofield, were to the front, in the vain endeavor to check, or at least delay the advance of Hood.

It was not until the first of December that these detachments were concentrated at Nashville, and that Gen. Thomas found himself at the head of an army sufficiently numerous to assure him of victory. His cavalry was without horses, and without a mounted force equal in numbers and efficiency to that of Forest, with which to follow up an advantage, a victory under such circumstances would have been barren of permanent results. Hence the necessity for the retreat upon Nashville and the unavoidable delay of two weeks before the attack was made, during which time Hood, confronting him only from the south, was deluded into the belief that the city of Nashville was enduring all the rigors of a siege.

Gen. Scofield's column, after the battle of Franklin, proceeded to Nashville unmolested, the rear guard reaching the city at one o'clock on the afternoon of the 1st of December. On their arrival, the different corps were assigned to positions on the defensive line, selected by Gen. Thomas. The 4th Corps, under Gen. Wood, (who upon the wounding and retirement of Gen. Stanley had succeeded to the command), took up its position on the Hillsboro and Granny White pikes—the key-point and center of the defensive line. Gen. A. G. Smith was posted on the right, and Gen. Scofield, now commanding only the 23rd Corps, occupied the left. Gen. Steedman, with a considerable force, distributed along the line of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, to keep open the communications and guard against flank movements,

was ordered to the general rendezvous, as soon as it was rendered certain that Nashville was the object of Hood's attack. His arrival with five thousand men, on the evening of the 1st, completed the concentration of forces for the defense of the city and for offensive movements.

Numerically, Gen. Thomas' army was now superior to Hood's—numbering quite fifty-five thousand, of all arms; composed of detachments from almost every district, department and military sub-division known in the west, with an infusion of raw, hundred-day infantry regiments and colored troops. Deducting the losses sustained in the engagement at Franklin, Hood's army at this time numbered not far from forty thousand.

The terrible castigation inflicted upon the enemy on the 30th, induced Gen. Hood to proceed with more caution than usual, and it was not until the 3rd of December that his infantry appeared in force and commenced the construction of a line of works along the heights, two and a-half miles south of the city. The outer pickets were driven in, after skirmishing with the Rebel advance, and the next morning the southern cross was discovered waving from the summit of Montgomery Hill, within six hundred yards of the Federal position. At once, from Forts Negley, Morton, Confiscation and from salient points in Gen. Wood's front, nearest the enemy's position, an artillery fire was opened upon their works. But, intent on making his line secure, and doubtless husbanding his ammunition, the enemy continued to throw up intrenchments, and responded but feebly to the Federal cannonade.

After the completion of his works, Hood remained inactive in his position, his army one of observation, rather than invasion. But his cavalry was vigilant and untiring in its demonstrations upon the posts still held by the Federals, above and below the

city, and upon the block-houses along the line of the Chattanooga Railroad.

The country, unaware of the insuperable obstacles to an immediate attack, grew restive at the apparent delay of Gen. Thomas, and clamored for his removal. Gen. Grant expressed much uneasiness in regard to the situation, fearing that Hood would by a flank movement cross the Cumberland, march into Kentucky and re-enact the Bragg and Bell campaign of 1862. Such was his anxiety and dissatisfaction with Thomas' inaction, that he assented to his removal and the placing of Gen. Scofield in command. Conscious of doing all that was in the power of any man in a like situation to do, and of the rectitude and wisdom of his purposes, he was not to be driven into a movement against his better judgment, or forced to commence offensive operations until such time as his preparations were in a state to assure him of success. He preferred to be relieved, rather than be responsible for the results of a battle fought under unfavorable conditions. Though the order relieving him from command was suspended, there was no cessation in the importunities, urging an immediate attack, and of positive orders to move without delay.

By the 9th of December, Gen. Wilson had mounted and armed a force of cavalry sufficient for present needs, and all things essential to a vigorous campaign were in readiness and an attack was determined upon. But with the completion of his preparations, came a terrible storm of rain and sleet, which, freezing as it fell, covered the whole country with a sheet of ice, upon which horses and men could with difficulty stand, much less advance up steep slopes and fight to any advantage. In endeavoring to get the cavalry in position, many horses fell upon the hard and slippery ice, some being killed and others permanently disabled. The same cause that delayed the attack, held Hood as in a vice—

ice-bound on the storm-beaten hills, and he could not, if he would, escape the fate that awaited him.

Death and casualties resulting from the battle of Franklin wrought many changes in the field and line officers of the 4th Corps. Gen. Thomas J. Wood, brave, intrepid and prompt, commanded the Corps after the wounding of Gen. Stanley. Gen. Wagner, also wounded in that engagement, for some time persisted in remaining at the head of his division, but was at last obliged to succumb, and proceeded to Louisville for medical treatment. Brig. Gen. Elliott succeeded to the command of the 2nd Division, and led it in the ensuing campaign. Not a field officer was left with the 36th, and Capt. William Mitchell, of Company A, the ranking officer present for duty, acted temporarily as regimental commander. A difference arose among officers, largely shared in by the men, in regard to who was justly entitled to the command. A decided preference was expressed in favor of those who had remained with the boys, who had shared their hardships, and in times of danger had remained at their posts. Officers with commissions antedating the latter, whose qualifications for detached service and courts-martial were pre-eminent, the duties of which took them away from their regiment and out of gun shot of the enemy, were not slow in pressing their claims. Others, whose dissolute habits disgraced the badges they wore, also coveted the honor of commanding the 36th. To such, a decided hostility was at once manifested. To avoid complications and difficulty, the regimental officers generally united in a written request to Col. Opdyke to detail a field officer from another regiment to take the command until these differences were adjusted. Accordingly Major L. P. Holden, of the 88th Illinois Infantry, was assigned to the command until the promotion of Capt. George W. Mossman, of Company F, to the

vacant Majority, a position by gallant services fairly earned, and one eminently satisfactory to the regiment. Sergeant Major Warren C. Massey, after the death of Adj. Case, was promoted to the Adjutancy, and held the position until the final muster out of the regiment.

Picket duty at Nashville was not very onerous, and the men of the 36th remained much of the time in their quarters, sheltered from the rude winter storms that howled around. Throwing up entrenchments, picket duty, cutting wood, standing around the fire smoking and discussing the probability of a "brail with the Johnnies," were matters of such every day occurrence, and so barren of adventures, that the journals before me epitomize the events of a day in a single sentence. An extract from the journal of Silas Dyer is an index of the whole. It is as follows: "Was on picket to-day in close proximity to the enemy's skirmishers, and although there was some firing between us, no one was hurt except a number of sheep that unwittingly wandered in range of our guns." It is fair to presume from the well known gastronomic habits of the boys, they did not allow so much valuable mutton to spoil.

On the 14th the weather began to moderate, and by noon the ice had so far melted as to be no longer a hinderance to army movements, and Gen. Thomas resolved upon attacking the next day, for which immediate preparations were made. Gen. Wilson with the greater portion of the cavalry was sent to the right of Gen. A. J. Smith, to guard that flank and assist in turning the enemy's position, and to follow up any advantage that might be gained. The Corps commanders were called together for consultation, and to receive final instructions regarding the specific movements of their respective commands. The general outline of the plan of action resolved upon, was to throw a sufficient

force upon the enemy's left and front to carry his position. At the same time Gen. Steedman was to demonstrate upon their right, to attract attention, hold their forces and prevent, as far as possible, reinforcements from being sent to the left, where the principal attack was to be made.

At daylight on the 15th the several commands began to move to the positions assigned them by the orders of the day before. A dense fog curtained the landscape, hiding the two armies from each other, which, with the undulations of the ground, concealed the movements of the national troops as they manœuvred for position. The troops in the entrenchments took up positions in advance, being relieved by hundred-day men, quarter-master's employes and irregular detachments, organized for that purpose, marched from the city under Gens. Cruft, Miller and Donaldson, and occupied the works. Gen. A. J. Smith advanced his divisions to the Harding and Charlotte pikes, skirmishing heavily with the enemy's outposts, silencing a battery and menacing his left. The 23rd Corps, when relieved by Gen. Cruft, moved rapidly from the left to the right, taking position in the interval between the 4th Corps and Gen. Smith's command, partially in rear and in support of each. After the deployment of the infantry, the cavalry under Gen. Wilson at once assumed position on the extreme right, reaching out and lapping around the Rebel left. The 4th Corps, under Gen. Wood, was formed in the following order: The 1st Division in the centre, the 3rd Division on the left, and the 2nd Division on the right, in double battle line, the first deployed, while the second held in reserve was formed in column by divisions opposite the intervals in the first. In front was a cloud of skirmishers, that under cover of the fog advanced near to and in point blank range of the enemy's first line, keeping up a close fire and picking off those that showed themselves above the works.

Great was the astonishment of the Confederates upon the clearing up of the fog, at seeing long blue lines of Federal troops drawn up in battle array and menacing them in front and flank. At frequent intervals along the line batteries were in position, occasionally trying the effect of shot at long range, or covering the advance of skirmishers. Ammunition and ambulance trains were snugly sheltered in ravines. The work of storming the hills was mainly left to the infantry, who near at hand was massed behind hills or in open fields, impatiently waiting the opening of a conflict that in its effects was to be decisive of rebellion in the west. The enemy's batteries, which during the twelve days of nominal investment had been quietly perched upon the hill tops, pointing toward the city and grimly overlooking the intervening slopes, until now voiceless and still, suddenly aroused from their lethargy, and the roar of cannon, like the sullen bark of watchdogs awoke answering echoes from hill and valley. The skirmishers, concealed from sight within the enveloping folds of misty fog curtains, advanced well to the front, and established themselves in close proximity to the Confederate line. From logs, stumps and hillocks they poured a galling fire into the ranks of their opponents, and in turn received the concentrated evidences of Rebel wrath, in the form of grape-shot, canister and musket balls.

When preparations for the attack were completed, and troops in position to assail the front and flank of the enemy's line, Gen. Steedman was ordered to advance against Hood's right, in semblance of an assault, with as much display of force and vigor of movement as possible, in order to deceive the confederate commander as to the real point of attack. Gen. Steedman had already organized a strong column for this purpose, composed of detachments from three brigades, including a large number of colored

troops, who for the first time in the west were to compete with white soldiers and veterans of years of experience and discipline. Prompt to the order, the column marched out and swept gallantly up the slope of a hill in front, on the summit of which the enemy's pickets were strongly posted. These were hurled from their position, and rushing pell-mell down the opposite declivity, were chased to cover behind a line of works, erected on the south side of the Chattanooga Railroad. With one bold dash this was carried, and almost before the enemy was aware of the movement, the works were in our hands. This advance was made in the face of a heavy fire, with scarcely a halt. So little reliance had been placed in the colored soldiers' ability to stand fire, that a line was formed in reserve with bayonets fixed, for the purpose of holding them to their work. But the result proved there was no necessity for this, as the negroes were not outdone in gallantry and steadiness, and no body of regulars could have been under better discipline, or easier handled.

After capturing the works, Gen. Steedman thought to change his feint to a real attack, and proposed to hold what he had gained. It was only on this flank that the advance of the enemy had been seriously opposed, and resistance offered to the construction of offensive works. The spirited advance and tenacity of purpose displayed by Steedman, completely deceived the Rebel commander as to the ultimate purpose of his adversary, and he drew largely from his center and left, thereby greatly weakening the force that was to meet the real attack, and hurried re-inforcements to his right—the point threatened by Steedman—but which in reality was only a diversion to attract attention from combinations forming at other portions of the line. Against the preponderating numbers now hurled against him, the exposure to enfilading batteries, stationed on the surround-

ing hills and concentrated upon this single point, rendering it untenable, Gen. Steedman saw that the position could not be held, and withdrew to the shelter of the hill in front, holding himself in readiness to execute other movements in carrying out the general plan of operations. The object of this first demonstration was fully accomplished, for the continued roar of guns away to the right, indicated that Scofield, Smith and Wood were launching their thunderbolts and directing assaults against a weakened adversary, and executing to the letter their part of the grand plan so minutely set forth in Gen. Thomas' orders.

When we heard the heavy booming of Steedman's artillery to the left, and the almost instantaneous response of Rebel batteries, we knew that the time for action had arrived. From the position of the 36th, on a high swell of land, contiguous to the Hillsboro pike, the Federal formation could be traced throughout much of its extent. The position of the skirmish line, well up towards the Rebel works, was indicated by little smoke-puffs and the rattle of musketry. Thousands of anxious eyes watched them as they crouched behind trees, or lay behind logs or in hollows, their muskets ever ready for use, if but the smallest patch of Confederate gray was exposed to view.

Directly in front of the 4th Corps was Montgomery hill, towering a hundred feet above the surrounding hills, a position strong by nature, fortified and strengthened by Hood and regarded as the principal salient in the enemy's line. The ascent, except on the left and rear, was rocky and precipitous, and covered with thick underbrush and forest trees. The approaches were intersected by abatis and sharpened stakes firmly planted in the ground. The summit bristled with cannon, situated so as to enfilade the approaches and cut down an approaching column. Up this ascent, fronted and flanked by batteries, and these supported by

heavy lines of infantry must move the storming column. It was rightfully conjectured that the enemy would put forth his heaviest efforts to retain this position. During the formation of the assaulting column, the summit was wreathed in smoke, and the deep booming of heavy guns waved defiance and poured down a continuous tempest of shot and shell. This was not endured on our part in silence, for the eager gunners having sighted their pieces, the very earth trembled with the thunder of artillery as the guns hurled back a responsive tempest upon their position, to divert, if possible, their fire from the approaches over which our charging columns must advance.

The brigade of Col. Post, composed of heroes worthy of the occasion, was selected for the work, and swinging around to the left to take advantage of the ascent, they dashed up the hill in the face of iron thunder-bolts launched with merciless skill on their devoted heads. Forward was the word, and closing the gaps in the line they pushed on and on, up and over the entrenchments, gaining the summit of Montgomery Hill, the key-point of the enemy's position. It was a perilous achievement, but grandly executed.

Having secured the hill and Hood's advance line, Gen. Wood brought forward his batteries, advanced his skirmishers, and made preparations for carrying the second line of works. In the long, thin skirmish line in advance of the 4th Corps, were twenty-two members of the 36th with Lieut. Hall at their head. They had gained a comparatively sheltered position in a clump of timber not far from a three gun redoubt, situated in a projecting angle formed by a heavy stone wall, which answered the double purpose of a protection to the battery and as rifle-pits. When from appearances it was judged that a general movement of the whole line had commenced, Hall left the timber and

advanced his little detachment along the Hillsboro Pike to a position at the right of the projecting salient, where the enemy had constructed an abatis of rails, extending across the road, which had been used as a picket station. He was in plain sight and subjected to a heavy fire at short range. Abandoning the road, his party took refuge behind the wall to the right of the pike, and under its cover advanced along the edge of a field some distance beyond the Confederate battery. Smith's charge on the right was throwing the enemy into confusion. A general advance of the Federal line in front increased their excitement, and little squads of panic-stricken Rebels were filtering to the rear, and fleeing to the valley to the left of the projecting salient. All this Lieut. Hall took in at a glance, and he thus briefly addressed his men: "Now, boys, is our time! I believe we can take that battery. The Johnnies are already more than half whipped. How many of you are ready to go in?" Not a man hesitated! In one solid body they rushed across the pike, scaled the wall in rear of the guns, and in not the mildest terms or the politest language, the surrender of the battery was demanded. Without the firing of a gun or the slightest manifestation of resistance, the Rebels threw down their arms and surrendered. The battery was supported by the 20th Alabama Regiment, and its commander delivered his sword to Lieut. Hall, who retained possession of it and has it now, a highly prized trophy of his intrepidity and daring. Private Case, of Company E, secured the regimental flag, one of the finest in Hood's army. Intrusting it to a discharged soldier and former comrade for safe keeping, it was lost and no trace of it has since been obtained.

This brilliant dash resulted in the capture of one hundred and twenty prisoners, with their arms, besides the battery of three brass field pieces, with their caissons and ammunition. A man

was placed over each gun, with instructions to hold them until they could be turned over and receipted for by the division commander or his representative. Meanwhile, the 4th Corps had reached the enemy's lines and stormed various portions of their works. A staff officer, of the rank of 2nd Lieutenant, attached to the 3rd Division, entered the redoubt and bruskiy demanded the guns. "Not by a d—d sight," promptly responded Hall. "I am a staff officer, sir," was the lofty reply, "and you men had better be careful what you do." To this menace, Hall replied, "I am a Lieutenant, sir, and bossing this job, and if you lay your hands upon these guns to take possession, I'll cleave you to the earth. To the 2nd Division belongs the honor of their capture, and to Gen. Elliott alone will I deliver them." Hall had been upon the picket line during the day and all the preceding night. In reaching the Confederate position he had forced his way through tangled thickets and briar patches ; had crawled through the mud ; a bullet had carried away a portion of his hat, through which his disheveled hair protruded ; his clothes were badly torn ; his face begrimed with powder and dirt, and altogether he was a sight to behold. With little about him but his indomitable pluck to prepossess one in his favor, no wonder the staff officer was deceived as to the rank of the person he so unceremoniously accosted, whose prompt reply and readiness to support his claim to the guns by arguments more potent than words did not admit of further controversy. S. G. Dyer, E. S. Case and one other, whose name has been forgotten, remained with the guns until Gen. Elliott came up, and to him they were delivered and his receipt taken for them. In the general advance, A. J. Smith's left flank became involved with Gen. Wood's right, and some of Smith's troops entering the redoubt soon after its capture, conflicting claims as to the honor and fruits of victory arose,

But abundant evidence as to whom the honor of this brilliant achievement rightfully belongs, is not wanting, and the truth of the statement here made must forever remain unchallenged.

In a line of battle miles in extent, composed of separate divisions and army corps, the movement and details cannot be taken in from a single stand point, and the Battle of Nashville was not an exception.

The booming of Steedman's guns on the extreme left was the signal for A. J. Smith to commence the initiative of battle on the right. His division moved rapidly behind its skirmishers, upon the Harding and Hillsboro pikes, gradually wheeling to the left, until his line was parallel to, and in advance of, the Hardin road.

The converging lines of advance brought the wings of A. J. Smith and the 4th Corps together, and the interval being closed, Gen. Scofield rapidly passed in rear of A. J. Smith with the 23rd Corps, and forming on his right, moved in conjunction with it against the enemy's left. A number of minor positions, situated on a group of hills near the Hillsboro pike, were carried after slight opposition, and the enemy driven, with loss of prisoners, across the road and the valley beyond, to a second range of hills overlooking the Granny White pike. The Confederate commander having partially recovered from his surprise, collected a heavy force with which to deal a counter blow, or at least check the sweeping charges which Smith, Scofield and Wilson was hurling upon his left.

One of Scofield's brigades, under Gen. Cooper, crossed the valley and commenced the ascent of the hills, when a heavy force coming up from the left appeared in his rear, and there was danger of the brigade being crushed between two opposing forces, but Gens. Cox and Couch promptly advanced against the latter,

giving them sufficient occupation in warding off their blows, as to divert attention from Cooper and his brigade, which was in no wise endangered, but gallantly executed the movement it had commenced, and carried the left of a series of hills overlooking and commanding the Granny White pike. In the valley the resistance was obstinate, and a furious engagement continued until dark, attended with considerable loss on both sides. The enemy eventually was forced to retire, and occupied the hills extending south from the position occupied by Cooper. Darkness put an end to further movements in this quarter, and after entrenching the positions gained, the troops bivouaced for the night.

The 4th Corps moved simultaneously with Gen. Smith against the second line of works, in rear of Montgomery Hill. The reserves were brought up and formed in line of battle, with the intention of engaging the enemy with the entire corps. In front of Gen. Kimball's Division was an elevation strongly fortified. The fire of Wood's batteries was concentrated upon this hill for an hour, during which time Smith and Wilson were assailing the enemy's left, crushing their lines and capturing one after another of their salients and batteries. All being in readiness, the order to charge was given, and swiftly the column moved to its appointed task. Scarcely had it started, when word was given to double-quick. Cheer upon cheer swelled up from the ranks; the fatigues of last night's anxious watching; the strain upon the mind and muscle, incident to the excitement of the occasion were forgotten, and Kimball's whole division, with an impetuosity which nothing could check, ascended the hill, stormed the ramparts, and captured colors, cannon and prisoners. There was no pause from the commencement of the charge until its brilliant and successful termination.

At the same time Gen. Elliott carried the entrenchments in his front; captured hundreds of prisoners, and swept the terror-stricken Confederates in disorderly rout before him. In this general advance, the right of the 2nd Division of the 4th Corps became commingled with the left of A. J. Smith, and shortly after its surrender to Lieut. Hall, numbers of Gen. Smith's troops entered the redoubt at the point of contact between the two corps, and hence the conflicting claims to the honor and results of that achievement.

After gaining complete possession of the enemy's line, Gen. Wood was ordered to the Franklin pike, two miles distant, and both skirmishers and reserves pushed on, the remnants of Confederate organizations retreating in disorder before them, making scarcely a show of resistance to the Federal advance. The ground was cumbered with arms and military equipments, thrown away in their hurried flight. Night came on before the corps had reached its destination. The fighting for the day was over, and the tired soldiers, having fought bravely, halted on ground wrested from the enemy, and warmed themselves by their abandoned campfires. Hungry and fatigued, without tents, overcoats or blankets, they lay upon their arms on the damp, cold ground, and shivered the long night through. A scanty meal was brought up from the rear, but not half enough in quantity to satisfy the knowings of hunger, resulting from an eighteen-hour fast.

On the extreme left, permanent advantages were gained, subsequent to the feint in the earlier part of the day. The works contiguous to the Murfreesboro and Nolansville pikes were carried and firmly held, and the Rebel right kept in constant fear of an attack in force. In these achievements, the colored troops took a prominent part, endured the fatigues and shared the successes equally with the whites.

During the day, the first and second lines of defense were captured; the enemy forced back more than two miles to the base of the Overton and Harpeth Hills, his left turned and one of his two lines of retreat threatened. Seventeen pieces of artillery were captured; more than two thousand prisoners sent to the rear, and thousands of small arms given up or thrown away. The whole Federal army, elated with the success of the day, and confident of a complete victory on the morrow, bivouacked on the field they had so gallantly won.

News of these splendid successes sped over the country on the swift wings of lightning, and the joy of the people was unbounded. President Lincoln telegraphed his satisfaction at the result to Gen. Thomas and his brave army as follows:

Please accept for yourself, officers and men, the Nation's thanks for your work of yesterday. You made a magnificent beginning. A grand consummation is within your reach. Do not let it slip.

A. LINCOLN.

Gen. Grant, Secretary Stanton, and men high in civil and military authority, showered their congratulations, while the firing of cannon in every city and village, testified the general joy over the result. The army had never wavered in its devotion to Gen. Thomas. It had not felt nor expressed any uneasiness, and now looked forward with calm assurance of a decisive result on the morrow—a consummation which it had never for a moment doubted during all the days of delay, and in subsequent movements they felt as if the eyes of the nation and the world were upon them.

One result, so disastrous in other respects to the enemy, was his ejection from all his carefully selected and strongly fortified positions. His lines of retreat were also seriously threatened, and in order to keep open the latter and maintain a semblance of resistance, new positions were selected, and during the night his

centre and right fell back to the new line. His right rested on the Overton Hills, covering the Franklin pike, his left remained on the Brentwood range, near the Granny White road, in the position held at the close of the day. His line was contracted, his troops massed in close-order along the base and on the slopes of the hills, and his artillery planted at points most available for effective use. During the night Hood's army was busy fortifying and strengthening this new position. In front of his picket line large trees were felled, brush piled and obstructions of every kind interposed against the Federal advance. A quarter of a mile in rear of these temporary barricades their main line was posted, earth-works thrown up and a stone fence improvised as a means of defense. They were still busy with pick-axe and spade when daylight revealed their new position. Orders were given to advance rapidly at six o'clock A. M., not to desist in the assault should the enemy stand and accept battle, and not to linger in the pursuit should they retreat.

At the very outset our skirmishers found themselves confronted by a strong picket line securely posted behind the barricade, and they knew it to be a hazardous undertaking to carry a position both naturally and artificially strong, but by a common impulse without orders they moved upon that treacherous line of fallen trees, behind which lay hundreds of Confederate marksmen. Fired by a common enthusiasm, lifted on a wave of common excitement, they rushed forward in the desperate charge. Anxious thousands in reserve were watching them, when suddenly a line of fire fringed the barricade, and volley after volley was poured upon the advancing line. Some were wounded, and limping painfully back were carried on stretchers to the hospital tents already pitched behind sheltering elevations out of range of Rebel cannon. Some were killed outright and left upon the field,

their cold, blank eyes gazing fixedly up into the azure heavens. Others filled their places, and with cheering, rushed up the ascent, and charging with cold steel upon the barricades, finally drove every Rebel out of his hiding place. Then one long cheer relieved the pent up excitement of the reserves, and was wafted to the front as a testimonial of gratitude for the work they had performed.

Among those of the 36th who had pushed their way to the front were Joseph Scofield and M. G. Yarnell, of Co. G, who took position behind a fallen tree. Though receiving marked attention from Rebel batteries and marksmen in front, yet by closely hugging the opposite side of the friendly log, they felt themselves tolerably secure. But a grape shot passing under it and through the accumulated rubbish, struck Scofield in the hip, inflicting a dangerous, and what at the time was supposed to be a mortal wound. Handing his trinkets and money to Yarnell, and giving directions in regard to their disposition in case he should not survive, he begged to be taken to the rear. Bullets were hissing like serpents in the air and smiting the earth as thickly as falling hailstones in a storm. The surroundings were neither safe nor pleasant, but knowing that his comrade must have immediate attention or bleed to death, Yarnell ran to the rear in the midst of flying shot that perforated his blanket and clothes, and somehow reached the reserve unharmed. On learning the critical condition of Scofield, Capt. Mossman, of Co. F, with as unselfish devotion as ever animated human being, without waiting for a lull in the firing, unmindful of everything but the sufferings of a wounded comrade, rushed across the bullet swept interval, and taking Scofield in his arms, brought him safely from the front. No one expected to see him face that storm and return alive. A sigh of relief and murmur of applause

involuntarily ran along the lines as he returned unharmed. Such acts of individual heroism ultimately have their reward, and when at a later period a Major's leaves decked his manly shoulders, the soldiers he commanded felt they had been honorably won.

The account of the second day's operations before Nashville has been more graphically written, its prominent features more faithfully brought out by the historian of the "Army of the Cumberland," than anything we may write in regard to it, and assuming all the responsibility resulting from the crime of literary piracy, we shall copy such portions of the narrative relating to the closing scenes of the Battle of Nashville as suits our purpose, making such additions and inserting such items of personal history as have come to hand.

"The 4th Corps advanced promptly as ordered toward the Franklin road. Here the Corps was deployed, Elliott's Division across the road facing southward, Beatty's on the left, Kimball's in reserve behind Elliott, and then it advanced rapidly. Simultaneously with the movement of the 4th Corps, Gen. Steedman advanced on the left and Gen. Smith on the right. The former soon found that the enemy had left his front, and pressing forward, took position between the Nolansville turnpike and Gen. Wood's left, his own right resting on the railroad and his left on the Nolansville road. To cover his rear against dashes of cavalry, he ordered Mitchell's brigade of Cruft's Division from the defenses, to occupy Riddle's hill. Gen. Smith advanced with two divisions, Girard's and McArthur's, going into position under the fire of the enemy's artillery, about eight hundred yards from his main line. The 23rd Corps was at right angles with this his new offensive line facing eastward. Gen. Smith's right was opposite very strong intrenchments of the enemy, in fact, was at the

base of the hill upon which they rested. He simply held position until one P. M., waiting for Gen. Scofield, who was to take the initiative against Hood's left. There being an interval between his left and Gen. Wood's right, the latter threw into it Kimball's Division, and completed the continuous alignment of the infantry from left to right. In the meantime, the artillery from all parts of the line kept up a measured fire, and even muskets were used freely to induce the enemy to expend his limited ammunition."

"The Brentwood Hills, rising about three hundred and fifty feet above the general level of the country, consist of two ranges, terminating on opposite sides of Brentwood pass, through which the road to Franklin courses, and situated about nine miles from Nashville. These hills were the background of Gen. Hood's army. His line of battle coursed over the detached hills in front, covered in great part by native forests. Overton Hill commanded the Franklin turnpike, running along its base, and was intrenched around its northern slope, half-way from base to summit, with a flank running around its eastern descent, while the approaches were obstructed by abatis. This position was exceedingly strong, and the troops holding it were heavily re-inforced during the forenoon."

Little progress could be made while this point was held, and an effort was made for its possession. The position was reconnoitered, and the northern slope decided to be the most feasible for an assault. Col. Post's Brigade, supported by Col. Streight, was selected to lead off, and Gen. Steedman dispatched two brigades of colored troops to co-operate in the assault. At three P. M., the columns moved up the steep ascent, under cover of the batteries, which formed a convergent fire upon the enemy's position, that was continued as long as it could be done with safety to the advancing troops. The second division was held in reserve,

and the eyes of every man in it were riveted upon the long, black lines—moving in solid columns, and then deploying in line—advancing steadily towards the enemy's works, frowning above them, preceded by a strong line of skirmishers, to draw their fire and annoy their gunners. The troops had nearly reached the position; the movement promised success, and the reserves were beginning to breathe more freely. The leading men in each column reached the parapet and a few had gained the works, when suddenly a tempest of artillery and musketry broke upon them. So close and deadly was the fire, as to cause our brave boys to waver, and as the storm continued, they broke and fled to the rear, with heavy loss. The survivors, bleeding but not disheartened, reformed at the base of the hill, in readiness for another assault, but under another leader, as Col. Post was severely wounded and unable to lead his brigade.

Again we copy from Van Horne's History—an unfailing resource when the material furnished by the survivors of the 36th fails us or is inadequate to fill out the details :

“The advance on the right soon followed the attack upon Overton Hill. It had been anticipated that the 23rd Corps, facing east, would first advance; but there was so much delay that Gen. McArthur requested permission to carry the strong position before him. Col. McMillen was ordered to charge with his brigade and take by storm the hill upon which rested the left flank of the main line of the enemy. McMillen was directed to ascend from the west, while the remainder of the division attacked in front. Col. McMillen ordered his men to refrain from firing and cheering, until they had gained the works. A heavy line of skirmishers moved rapidly forward, and as it advanced, the artillery in sympathy gave roar after roar in quick repetition, while between these sheets of flame and smoke, in the stern silence of desperate

valor, the brigade moved up the hill. The enemy opened with musketry and the death-dealing, short-range missiles of his artillery. But on, without halt or waver, moved the columns, and soon the position was carried, with three general officers, a large number of lower grades, and a corresponding number of men, as prisoners, together with twenty-seven pieces of artillery and twelve stands of colors."

"The shout of these divisions in victory, called forth responsive cheers from those charging on the right and left. Wilson with his dismounted troopers swept eastward and gained the hill against which the 23rd Corps was advancing. A brigade of Cox's Division crowned a fortified position on the right of the salient of the enemy's left flank, capturing eight guns and from two hundred and fifty to three hundred prisoners."

"The noise of Smith's victory induced Wood and Steedman to renew their assault on Overton Hill—their entire commands rushing forward and sweeping all before them, on the summit and beyond, as they moved in rapid pursuit. Beatty's Division crowned the hill and captured four pieces of artillery, a large number of prisoners and two stands of colors. Kimball's Division cleared the intrenchments in its front, and captured a large number of prisoners and small arms, while Elliott's carried the line throughout its front, and captured five guns, many prisoners and arms. This general charge was resistless and the enemy was hurled from every position, in utter rout and demoralization. The success of the first day was the inspiration of the second, and officers and men vied with each other in personal daring and persistent steady courage."

The part taken by the 36th in the second day's engagement is so interwoven with other regiments, that it is difficult to particularize any single incident peculiarly its own and separate it from

the achievements of the whole division. The 2nd Division moved as a unit; triumphed as a unit—and where all did well, it is impossible to discriminate and say that any one regiment or detachment is entitled to brighter laurels than another. We think, however, that the detachment of skirmishers detailed from the 36th are justly entitled to worthy notice, from the fact that they took the initiative and were the first to reach the barricade of fallen timber, behind which the enemy's pickets were securely laying, and when the wild tempest of shot beat against them, none clung to the position with greater tenacity than the boys of the 36th. It was they that inaugurated measures for the expulsion of the enemy from their intrenched position and opened the way for the final charge. On gaining the picket line, their reserves were observed at work strengthening the line and rendering a stone wall impervious to shot by covering it with earth. After some solicitation on the part of Lieut. Hall, a single gun was dragged by hand up to the skirmish line, planted behind an enormous stump, which served as a parapet, and solid shot and shell were hurled in rapid succession against the wall, mingling earth and rock in one common ruin. A passage many yards in extent was opened and cleared of defenders, through which the 2nd Division, when the final charge was made, was enabled to pass with trifling loss.

When the works were finally carried, and a glorious victory achieved, there was no halting for congratulation or for the collection of trophies. On charged the exultant Federals in swift pursuit, up the Franklin pike. A disorderly, panic-stricken rabble crowded the road in front, without the semblance of military order and discipline. Each was intent on his own individual safety. Artillery was brought up and planted on commanding elevations, and frequent discharges of shell served to heighten

the confusion of the retreat. Numbers who had sought shelter in ravines or houses by the way-side were gathered up as the victorious columns marched along, and sent as prisoners to the rear.

The colored soldiers joined in the pursuit with as keen a zest as the most enthusiastic of the veterans. In passing a house near the road, a tall, lank and not altogether subdued Rebel was observed still in possession of his Enfield rifle and military accoutrements. A member of the 36th ordered him to throw it down and surrender, which he reluctantly proceeded to do. Just then a colored soldier came up on a full run, and with a broad grin on his face, indicating his satisfaction at the aspect of affairs. Approaching the 36th boy, he thus accosted him, "Dis am high ole fun. Aint we jess morn makin' dem Rebbils git? Say, sah, has yer enny caterges? I'me plum out, spended dem in de complemens ob de season wid dem Rebbils." He was directed to appropriate the contents of the cartridge box of the surrendered Confederate. Johnnie was slow in complying with the demand to deliver, and looked daggers at the sable son of the South, muttering something that sounded like "d—d niggers." Ethiopia soon replenished his ammunition, and dashed on, enthusiastic and happy.

The defeat of Hood was most signal and complete. Along his line of retreat evidences of disaster marked the way. Small arms were thickly strewn along the road, his dead were left where they had fallen, and his wounded were uncared for. In the pursuit, squads of careworn and dejected prisoners were gathered up and marched to the rear. A dozen Federals would not hesitate to charge a body of ten times their number, and generally brought them unresisting into our lines. Darkness interrupted the pursuit, and the 4th Corps bivouacked upon the Franklin turnpike a mile from the village of Brentwood.

No defeat was more crushing to the Confederate cause in the west, or victory to the Federal arms more complete, than this last struggle of rebellion about Nashville. Its army had fought with distinction, and covered itself with glory on many a historic field. In all the battles of the west, from Belmont, Shiloh, Stone River, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Franklin to Nashville, where it found an honored grave, it had fought with distinction. Its patient endurance of hardships, its persistence, bravery, fortitude in defeat, and the tenacity with which it had clung to their cause, from friend and foe alike challenged admiration and respect. Lee's army in the east and Hood's in the west were the only remaining supports of the rebellion. One of these was now broken, its remnants fleeing southward a disorganized rabble, and from the crushing effects of this defeat it never again recovered. The immediate fruits of this victory were four thousand four hundred and sixty two prisoners, including one Major General, three Brigadiers, two hundred and eighty officers of lower grade, all the wounded upon the field, fifty-three pieces of artillery, thousands of small arms, and twenty-five battle flags.

We have failed, after a careful inspection of reports and other memoranda, to obtain a complete list of casualties of the 36th in this engagement. The losses, however, were small, and if we are unable to present the names of all, it is not from a lack of effort on our part.

COMPANY C.

Orderly Sergt. David S. Irvine, killed; Corp. David H. Henderson, wounded in the head; Sergt. John A. Porter, thigh.

COMPANY G.

Joseph Scofield, thigh.

COMPANY K.

G. A. Underwood, killed.

CHAPTER XLIII.

PURSUIT OF HOOD.



GREAT battle had been fought—a victory, decisive in its results, had been won. The vanquished enemy was in full retreat, and the next duty—a sad one—was to care for the wounded. The night was dark; the scene of conflict spread over a wide area of field, woodland and mountain. Details ranged the blood-besprinkled field—groping their way by the light of torches and lanterns—in the search for wounded comrades. They were found lying singly or in pairs; under trees or in secluded nooks, uttering but few words of complaint or moans of distress; patiently awaiting the arrival of the stretcher-bearers, to carry them to the field hospitals, there to receive such care and attention as the nature of their wounds demanded. Wounded Confederates received the same humane treatment, and all the long night, surgeons were engaged in their melancholy labors, and such as could be found in that gloomy midnight search were cared for.

Orders were issued for the collection of captured and abandoned property, for its preservation and care, while such a disposition was made of the forces as to insure a vigorous and effective pursuit. For more than three years, this very army, under

various leaders, had confronted us at every turn ; had annoyed us on every march, and fought us on many a well-contested battle-field. It had done all that heroic fortitude and valor could do to vindicate their cause. The whole north was filled with fearful evidences of its persistent courage and daring. Every neighborhood, and nearly every fireside, was darkened with the shadow of death. The wailing cry of widows ; the tears of orphaned children ; the anguish of broken hearts, were terrible witnesses of their indomitable bravery, the perseverance and energy of the now discomfitted and flying foe. All were keenly alive to the necessity of a vigorous pursuit—which would terminate forever the career of an army that had inflicted upon the country such unnumbered woes.

The people, not being aware of the want of preparation, and of the lack of many essentials for following up and obtaining decisive results from a battle and victory, were clamorous for an immediate advance. During the fifteen days of nominal investment, the popular cry assumed something of the proportions of the "On to Richmond" clangor of 1861. To this Gen. Thomas gave no heed, but when the echoes of popular feeling were responded to by Gen. Grant and the military authorities at Washington, the case assumed a different aspect, and when offensive operations were finally inaugurated on the 15th, many essentials to a complete and decisive triumph were still lacking. The rainy season had set in, the roads were miry, the creeks and rivers were full to overflowing. It was in the power of a retreating enemy, though badly defeated, to destroy all the bridges in their rear, and without adequate preparation for bridging the streams, delays must ensue. A single pontoon train was all that Gen. Thomas had at his command. This, when thrown across an otherwise impassable stream, must necessarily remain until

the whole army had crossed, compelling delay at the crossing of the next until the pontoon, no longer needed at the former, could be taken up, transported to and laid over the latter. This was precisely what did occur, and was the only favorable circumstance that enabled a single fragment of Hood's army to escape. In addition to these favoring conditions in Hood's behalf, at the very outset, the pontoon train set out on the wrong road, and had proceeded a considerable distance when it stuck in the mud and was otherwise delayed before it could be placed on the right road.

The pursuit commenced early in the morning of the 17th. The 4th Corps, which had bivouacked on the turnpike, pressed forward directly toward Franklin, through the little town of Brentwood and over the Brentwood hills. The cavalry followed the Granny White pike to its junction with the main Franklin road, and filing past the infantry, took the advance. Among the men the feeling was quite general that the victory of yesterday, if properly followed up, would result not only in the capture of Hood's entire army, but in the speedy termination of the war. A return to their homes, now more than ever, was regarded as an event of the near future. The object to be gained was worth any effort, any privation, any sacrifice. On every side were heard expressions of hope, mingled with shouts of exultation.

A division of cavalry, under Gen. Johnson, was sent to intersect the Harpeth river at the crossing of the Hillsboro road, with orders to pass over, and moving rapidly up its south bank, endeavor to reach Franklin and cut off the enemy's retreat. The main column continuing on the turnpike, came upon the Rebel rear guard strongly posted in front of a narrow opening or gap in the hills, four miles north of Franklin, for the purpose of checking our cavalry advance while the remainder of their army was crossing the Harpeth river. Detachments were sent

to the flanks of this plucky rear guard, and when all was in readiness, a simultaneous charge was made in front and flank, and the position carried at the first dash. Four hundred prisoners and three flags were taken; the remainder fled precipitately to Franklin, where another stand was made to dispute the passage of the Harpeth river. The bridges were destroyed, and our only hope of effecting a crossing for the infantry and artillery centered in the pontoon train, which was many miles in the rear, floundering slowly along through the mud. The infantry and artillery began to come up, and preparations were made for the shelling of the enemy from the town, when they suddenly decamped and retreated southward towards Columbia. Soon thereafter Johnson's Division was seen approaching from below, which was the cause of Hood's hurried exit. The town was occupied by Johnson, and later in the day Hatch crossed his division at one of the least dangerous fords. The infantry came up about noon, but the river had risen so rapidly after the crossing of the cavalry as to be impassable until the pontoons should be laid or a bridge constructed. The 4th Corps encamped on the north side, and with such material as was at hand, set about the building of a trestle bridge; but this was not accomplished before night, and the whole infantry commands remained in their camps, Steedman on the banks of the river near Wood, and Smith and Scofield at the intersection of the Franklin and Granny White pikes.

Thousands of wounded—the maimed victims of the late battle at Franklin—crowded the hospitals and residences, and were left to the mercy and care of their victorious enemies—a change most gratifying to the majority, for the poverty of the South in medicines and the wretched management of their Sanitary Department was not conducive to the alleviation of suffering and

the healing of wounds. For the first time we began to realize the extent of the damage inflicted upon the enemy in that engagement. Long winnows of fresh turned earth indicated the numbers and final resting place of slain thousands. We were told that some of the trenches contained the remains of nearly whole regiments—mown down almost to a man by the sheets of fire and lead that leaped from our intrenchments, and that days of laborious sepulture were necessary before the defaced and swollen bodies of the dead were hid away in the bosom of our common mother, Earth.

Gen. Wilson remained at Franklin with the cavalry a short time, to arrange the details of pursuit. Flanking columns marched on parallel roads to the right and left of the Columbia pike, endeavoring to pass around the enemy's flanks, and, sweeping down upon the line of fugitives, cut off the rear guard, which was the only organized detachment connected with Hood's flying army. With a bravery and skill worthy its traditions of valor and glorious antecedents on other fields, it presented an insuperable barrier against direct assault, and moving rapidly, prevented successful flanking. A spirited skirmish line, and a skillful arrangement of artillery warded off attacks and covered the broken column in its retreat.

Still the cavalry pressed it closely, and late in the evening compelled it to stand at bay. A strong position was taken in an open field not far from the crossing of the West Harpeth, while the main body went into camp on the other side of the stream, little imagining that pursuit would be continued in the night and break the repose they so much needed. The thick fog and falling darkness delayed movements somewhat, and enabled the enemy to strengthen its line and place batteries in favorable positions. A reconnoissance was ordered, and as soon as it was

satisfactorily ascertained that the force confronting him was only the Rebel rear guard, Gen. Wilson ordered a charge upon both flanks. While the columns were being organized for the assault, the artillery on either side were eloquent in expressions of mutual hostility. When all were in readiness, a regiment of regular cavalry formed in column by fours and dashed upon the center of the Rebel line in a wild sabre charge. The clang of steel in a close hand-to-hand encounter and the pattering fire of small arms succeeded the deep-voiced thunder of cannon, and rolled out in swelling cadences upon the mist-laden air. At the same time the flanking detachments charged down upon the Rebel lines, carried the position, and threw the rear guard into inextricable confusion. The routed fugitives streamed unresisting to the rear. Federals and Confederates were promiscuously commingled, and many were the feats of daring and narrow escapes attendant upon this midnight *melee*. Across the West Harpeth the fugitives poured, their assailants close upon them, and attacking the main Rebel encampment, threw the whole mass into an uproar. Darkness shrouded the movements of the Federals; doubt, fear and uncertainty magnified their numbers, and being pressed from all sides, the enemy fled away in terror, abandoning their camp, trains, and much of their artillery and equipments, to their ubiquitous and invincible foes. The routed force proved to be the two Divisions of Stevenson and Forest, that had suffered the least of any in Hood's command, and were still possessed of much of the spirit and dash of other days. Gen. Wilson's command proceeded no further that night, but bivouaced by the Rebel camp-fires. The constant strain and excitement of the last three days disposed the men for rest, and despite the rain, the cold, and other discomforts of the situation, they slept soundly.

Early in the morning of the 18th, Wilson's troopers were in their saddles, and the column headed in the direction taken by the retreating foe, the pursuit being urged with all the rapidity the execrable condition of the roads would permit. Fear had lent wings to the enemy's flight, and all night long the terrified fugitives fled along the pike like sheep, thinking the remorseless "Yankee cavalry" were at their heels. They never halted until the deep, foaming waters of Rutherford's Creek was passed and placed between them and their dreaded pursuers, and the bridge spanning the stream effectually destroyed. On through Spring Hill the cavalry division held its way, but saw no enemy except sick and foot-sore stragglers, who, unable to keep up or proceed further, were left behind. The head of the column reached Rutherford's Creek shortly after Hood's rear guard had passed, and just as the broken fragments of the bridge were disappearing from sight, floating down stream.

Rutherford's Creek, for the present impassable, stopped the pursuit, and interposed a more effectual barrier to our advance than any rear guard that could be extemporized from Hood's dispirited followers. The 4th Corps was enabled to cross the Harpeth at Franklin, and early in the morning set out on the march over the road it had recently passed in retreat. The "natives," then so jubilant over the idea of the "Yanks" being driven from the country and hurled back upon Nashville and to the Ohio river, now experienced an entire revulsion of feeling. The tables were turned, and a more forlorn and disconsolate set of bipeds were seldom seen. As the boys floundered along through the mud and rain, every spot was familiar, for they had recently fought over every inch of the ground and taken the lead in Hood's advance. All day they plodded on, over roads not a whit improved by the passage of Rebels before

them, and towards night came up with the cavalry and camped near them on the north bank of the creek.

The next day was passed in vain efforts to effect a crossing. The pontoon train was far in the rear, and a very uncertain dependence at best. Logs, timbers from the ruins of the railroad bridge and other material were collected for the construction of some sort of temporary means of crossing; the Confederates in the meantime having disappeared in the direction of Columbia. Casualties of battle, desertion and other causes had diminished their number more than half, and the commands of Wilson and Wood were deemed sufficient to keep up the pursuit. Accordingly A. J. Smith proceeded no farther than Spring Hill and Scofield halted at Franklin. Subsequently their commands were distributed at various points for the occupation of the country.

On the 20th a clumsily built floating bridge was completed. A division of cavalry and Wood's command were enabled to cross, and proceeding opposite to Columbia found the place deserted, the enemy gone, and the bridge over Duck river destroyed. Another uncertain delay was inevitable, and the enemy found time to recuperate and organize a rear guard, composed of the best of his remaining troops, under the lead of his most skillful subordinates, and to this alone was he indebted for the escape of the remainder of his army.

On the 21st the pontoon train reached Rutherford's Creek, and the remaining troops and trains were enabled to pass over and proceeded to Duck river. The weather now turned extremely cold, the mud was frozen, and the roads became exceedingly rough. The pontoons were brought forward, and against a swift current and floating ice were thrown across the river, over which the infantry passed on the 23rd and the cavalry on the 24th, and

the pursuit again resumed. While encamped near Columbia, a teamster of the 36th, while watering his mules, discovered a section of artillery in the river, which the subsidence of the water left partially exposed. It was found that the enemy in his hasty retreat had thrown into the stream several fine pieces of ordnance, which were fished out and subsequently removed.

The enemy wisely improved every hour of our enforced delay, and were a long distance in advance. It was an impossibility to deploy, march in parallel lines or proceed, except on a single narrow pike; hence the column was long drawn out, the cavalry in advance, the infantry in rear, with its mighty coil of men and horses pushing on in pursuit. Not a hostile force was encountered until reaching Linnville, when the cavalry struck a part of the Rebel rear guard, and a hot skirmish ensued. Another detachment was encountered at Buford's Station. At both places the enemy made a short stand, but was speedily driven, a number of prisoners taken and other losses sustained. The cavalry followed in close pursuit, and the head of the column was so near at hand as to prevent the destruction of bridges over Richland Creek. Pulaski was abandoned, and the enemy pursued toward Lamb's ferry over an almost impracticable road and through a country devoid of sustenance for man and beast. In the afternoon he was found entrenched at the head of a long, narrow ravine, through which the road passed. The advance, a single light brigade, charged recklessly up the road and was met with a withering fire from infantry and artillery, and driven hurriedly back, with the loss of one gun and several men. Reinforcements coming up, it was then the enemy's turn to retreat. In the charge which followed, many prisoners were captured, but the gun taken from us in the first charge they managed to get away with and retain in their possession.

The 4th Corps kept well closed up with the cavalry, and had a stand been made and determined resistance offered, were close at hand to share in the conflict. The pursuing column moved so rapidly as to leave the supply trains far in the rear, and both men and animals suffered for a want of something to eat. The road from Pulaski southward was strewn with abandoned wagons, limbers, small arms, blankets and other paraphernalia of a hopelessly demoralized army. The command reached Lexington, thirty miles south-west of Pulaski, on the 28th, when it having been definitely ascertained that Hood had made good his escape across the Tennessee river, the further pursuit was abandoned. At every halting place his wounded were left in hospital, and these fell into our hands.

With the termination of the pursuit the different subdivisions of the army were directed to go into winter quarters along the line of the Tennessee river. The 4th Corps was ordered to Huntsville and Athens, to remain until spring, in the meantime making preparations and holding themselves in readiness to prosecute to a successful close the war in the west.

On the 30th of December, Gen. Thomas announced in General Orders, the termination and results of the campaign, as follows:

PULASKI, DEC. 29th, 1864.

SOLDIERS:—The Major General commanding announces to you that the rear guard of the flying and dispirited enemy was driven across the Tennessee river on the night of the 27th inst. The impassable state of the roads, and consequent impossibility to supply the army, compels a closing of the campaign for the present.

Although short, it has been brilliant in its achievements, unsurpassed in its results by any other of this war, and is one of which all who participated therein may be justly proud. * * After having received at Franklin the most terrible check that

army has received during this war, and later at Murfreesboro in its attempt to capture that place, the enemy was finally attacked at Nashville, and although your forces were inferior to it in numbers, was hurled back from the coveted prize, on which it had been permitted to look from a distance, and finally sent flying, dismayed and disordered, whence it came, placing the broad waters of the Tennessee river between you and its shattered, diminished and discomfitted columns, leaving its artillery and battle-flags in your victorious hands—lasting trophies of your noble daring, and lasting monuments of the enemy's disgrace and defeat.

You have diminished the forces of the Rebel army since it crossed the Tennessee river to invade the state, at the least estimate fifteen thousand men, among whom were killed, wounded and captured, eighteen general officers.

Your captures from the enemy, as far as reported, amount to sixty-eight pieces of artillery, ten thousand prisoners, as many stand of small arms—several thousand of which have been gathered in and the remainder strew the route of the enemy's retreat—and between thirty and forty flags, besides compelling him to destroy much ammunition and abandon many wagons. Unless he is mad, he must forever abandon all hope of bringing Tennessee again within the lines of the accursed rebellion. A short time will now be given to prepare to continue the work so nobly begun.

By command of Major General Thomas.

W. D. WHIPPLE, Assistant Adjutant General.

With the subsequent operations of the cavalry, how it defeated one after another the scattered detachments of the enemy, how it overrun much of the States of Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia, and its agency in bringing about the final collapse of the rebellion, we shall have no more to say. Its movements were distinct and separate from the infantry command to which the 36th was attached, and foreign to the objects of this history.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HUNTSVILLE, EAST TENNESSEE AND NEW ORLEANS.



WHEN the pursuit was abandoned, the 36th had reached Lexington, a straggling Alabama village, but a few miles distant from the Tennessee river. The march had been a hurried and exceedingly fatiguing one, far in advance of the trains. The command lay in camp three days at Lexington, without rations, except the scanty supplies gleaned from a poor and partially devastated country. A small provision train having come up, and the men being somewhat rested, the march was resumed on the 31st, in the direction of Athens. Sugar Creek was crossed on the 1st of January, 1865, and marching five miles the regiment halted and remained in camp two days, awaiting the construction of a bridge over Elk river, which was completed the 4th, and the troops were again on the march, reaching Athens and passing through the town, without halting, on the 5th.

The country was mostly low and marshy, alternating with pine barrens. The weather was mild but stormy. Frequent rains had flooded the low lands, filling the rivers and smaller

streams, rendering their progress over the half submerged swamps disagreeable and slow. Yet these obstacles were not insurmountable, and the command reached Huntsville, its place of destination, the 6th of January.

There being no enemy in the country to watch or to combat, the building of winter quarters was the first and about the only business in hand, to which all parties went diligently to work. The music of axes rang through the forest aisles; pine trees were cut and split into clap-boards and puncheons, indicating a determination to keep comfortable during the dreary months to come. While some were at work in the woods, others carried the material to the place selected for the camp. A ruined building a mile or more distant, furnished brick for fire-places and chimneys, and a continuous procession of men were on the road, carrying brick by every imaginable mode of conveyance—some with their burdens on their heads (none were observed with bricks in their hats), others carrying them in their arms, and yet others with ingeniously contrived frames strapped to their backs or shoulders. “Many hands made light work,” and it is needless to say that in an incredibly short time material was collected and a compact and well ordered city of square, wooden cabins sprang into existence as if by magic. These cabins were clean, healthy and comfortable, and when decorated according to the taste of the occupants, were altogether in harmony with the pleasant surroundings.

That restless expectancy manifested by soldiers in the earlier stages of the war, had been toned down by years of hard service. The men of the 36th had learned that *waiting* was an essential element of war, and they gradually settled down to the monotony of camp life, not only with indifference but with a cheerful philosophy. On many a battle-field the regiment demonstrated its

heroic valor; its reputation for courage, endurance and all the qualities of good soldiers had passed into history, and they could now afford to rest on their laurels. The usual routine of guard duty, an occasional drill, and now and then a review, with foot races, foot and base ball, was all that broke the tedium of idle hours. Three-fourths of the time was the men's own, and it was an interesting study to observe how differently persons would manage to pass away the time.

We have already wearied our readers with pictures of camp life at Hammond, Rolla and at Rienza, and will not go over the same routine of duties and diversions which filled up the winter hours at Huntsville.

Thus slowly moved on the leaden-weighted hours in this winter encampment, though pleasant in many respects, upon the whole lazy, tedious and uneventful. Towards spring, that peculiar phase of warfare in the South-west, called "bush whacking," was carried on to some extent, disturbing the quiet along the Tennessee. The cavalry were sent out to look after these *sui generis* warriors, and so effective were their operations against these well nigh ubiquitous knights of the shot gun that their depredations were confined to points remote from the posts.

Huntsville in ante-bellion times was a beautiful little city. Its surroundings were romantic, and all things combined to make this one of the few favored localities in the sunny South. Stately mansions dotted the country, and from the higher undulations the eye took in a landscape rich in all the quiet charms suggestive of comfort, peaceful habitations and pleasant homes. Well cultivated and well fenced fields with their waving wealth of tasseled grain were everywhere. Now all was changed! Everything bore evidences of the rude touch of war. Fences were swept away, out-houses torn down, and the paling which pro-

tected from intrusion the lawns and gardens of opulent planters, one by one disappeared. Gardens were turned out to the commons, and a naked plain, like some broad, western prairie, took the place of fields, orchards, and lawns. Here and there the dilapidated walls of former mansions stood out in sharp relief, either blank and bare or tenanted by swarms of the "universal darkey," reveling in filth, rags and wretchedness. To add to the general desolation, when the army took up its line of march to East Tennessee on its way to North Carolina and Virginia, the fine barracks built from the ruins of abandoned Southern homes, were consigned to the flames.

The 36th left its winter encampment in the neighborhood of Huntsville, March 28th, and proceeded by rail to Chattanooga. From mere wantonness the barracks were burned, and while waiting for the train to be made up and get under way, the negroes that had gathered about the abandoned encampment for plunder and cast off garments, were liberally sprinkled with flour, in token of the lively regard of their liberators.

Southern railroads, in times of peace none the best, during the rebellion were simply execrable. Box cars, platform cars, mud dumpers, old, battered and rickety, formed in mournful procession after a wheezy locomotive, was the rule, and on these men and material were packed like cattle taken to the shambles. The rails, ties and road-bed, equally battered and awry, wound in and out, up, over and through the grand old Cumberland hills, that seemed to rise and fall like the waves of the sea. Among these everlasting rock-ribbed hills slowly moved the train, its freight of Union soldiers looking like moving cargoes of indigo. No train ever reached Chattanooga without accident, and this one on which was packed the 36th was not an exception. Luckily no heads were smashed, no bones broken or lives lost, on the trip to Chattanooga.

From thence through East Tennessee railroading was precarious business. It would be folly in us to attempt an enumeration of the perils of "riding on a rail" through "Secessia" in the days of rebellion. Like Doesticks with his rooster, "language could not come up to time" to express the jolted, jammed, bruised and battered condition of the boys on their arrival at Knoxville.

The tedium of the trip was, however, relieved by the spontaneous demonstrations of loyalty, and expressions of gratitude on the part of the simple, Union-loving Tennesseans. They were returning in large numbers from their enforced exile to the homes from whence they had been hunted like beasts of the forests, because of their fidelity to the government of their fathers. The most common way of testifying their gratitude, and one highly appreciated by the boys, was the bounteous repasts set before them at every stopping place, to which they were freely welcome. Not a man of the regiment was allowed to pass through the country hungry.

Near the crossing of the Houlston river the train was wrecked. Many men were more or less injured, and a few killed. Some time was spent in repairing damages, then, speeding eastward, they reached Bull's Gap at eleven o'clock at night, and went into camp. April 4th the march was resumed to Blue Springs. The final collapse of the rebellion rendered their presence unnecessary, and the expedition to Carolina and Virginia was abandoned.

Gens. Stoneman and Gillam had driven Breckinridge from the country; the last vestige of secession had disappeared, and multitudes of persecuted Union refugees were returning. There was now no foe to combat; the army was among friends, and quiet prevailed in East Tennessee. There was little for the men to do but listen to the click of the telegraph, announcing the

success of our armies in the East. Reports of Federal victories burdened the wires, and were flashed to the country's remotest corners.

Not all the excitements born of these years of bullets and gunpowder, died with the echoes of the last gun fired in the campaign of Nashville. There came a time when all the concentrated joy that fired the souls of men, burst forth with an intensity that language is feeble to express. The 10th of April came and went, and the shadows of night gathered like a shroud about the camps. Each bright camp-fire sent up its spire of flame, which fitfully fluttered its brief hour away—then died, and smouldering embers were all that was left to mark the place of its cheerful gleaming. The boys had told their last tough yarn; the last refrain of

“When this cruel war is over”—

had died upon the heavy air; they had smoked their good-night pipe; had “turned in,” and unconditionally surrendered to the drowsy goddess of slumber, when over yonder, in that little seven by nine telegraph office, click—click—click, catches the practised ear of the operator, and told of a great event being heralded over the world. A joyous shout breaks the stillness of the night, and “LEE HAS SURRENDERED!” thrills to the remotest corners of the camp.

The scene that ensued beggars description. A wild delirium of joy seized the men, and cheer on cheer rang like chiming bells through the camps. A single shot was let off by some one; then another—and another; then came a fusilade of fire-arms, put in as thickly as rain drops pattering upon the house tops—succeeded by a general crash of all the guns the men could lay their hands upon, uniting in one stupendous volume of sound.

The enthusiasm was contagious, and cannon were wheeled into position and joined in the *matinee*. Soon every battery was in

full play, rolling out their sheets of flame, and mingling their thunders with the crash of small arms, until the very hills shook as if in terror. A thousand torrents of flame flashed from the guns, and blazing bon-fires lit up the landscape with a sapphire glow, and the grand and terrible seemed commingled. It was rifles and revolvers, muskets and columbiads—shooting and shouting, until not forty rounds of ammunition were left in the regiment. There was hand-shaking and hugging, laughing and crying for very joy. Grave old burghers, who through four years of tumult had remained as cool as icebergs, could not control themselves now—nor did they try. A little knot of christian heroes drifted away from the exultant throng, and the voice of prayer and thanksgiving went up from their midst, praising God that the black war clouds were now being rolled away. Then the voice of singing was heard, and a thousand voices caught up the chorus,

“ For we are going home.”

The war, as to actual campaigning, was now practically ended. The battles had been fought and the national armies had come out of the contest victorious. A few days in camp at Blue Springs, awaiting the result of negotiations with Johnston for the surrender of the last armed force of rebellion, and then the enquiry naturally arose, “ When will we go home ?” At length orders came to proceed to Nashville, and the command marched to Bull’s Gap, eleven miles to the then terminus of the railroad. The weather was exceedingly warm, the march hurried, and cases of sun stroke and in one instance death from the extreme heat, was reported. At last the reward of four years of bloodshed had been wrenched from a vindictive foe that had contended desperately to the last. The record of blood was now all written, and Peace, the object of all these years of toil and danger, for which the nation yearned, seemed now at hand, and the political out-

look was bright with hope and promise. Exultation filled the whole atmosphere and warmed the souls of men.

Alas! these bright hopes born of victory were destined to be suddenly blasted. Rebellion had not yet finished its fiendish work! The last act in the drama of treason was not played until the night of the 14th of April, when, following the report of the assassin's pistol, there went up through all the land a voice of mourning for a President slain!

The sad tidings of President Lincoln's assassination spread rapidly, and was heard by the soldiers at Blue Springs with the profoundest regret. Their joy at the stamping out of rebellion was succeeded by overpowering grief at the great calamity that had overtaken the country. Not a patriot but felt that if the fatal missile had but entered *his* heart, and thereby saved a life so precious, the sacrifice would have been cheerfully made. Old soldiers—sunburned, grizzled and stern, that a thousand times and in a thousand forms had encountered danger and death, without the quiver of a muscle, the blanching of an eye or a murmur of complaint—now bowed their heads and wept like children! History has failed to record a national sorrow so deep, so universal, so heartfelt and profound, as filled the hearts of the people, and followed the funeral cortege of the martyred President from Washington to Springfield, and to the final resting place of the dead.

One who was with the regiment says, "No pen can portray the gloomy forebodings which oppressed us all. Our conversation was hushed, and oh how sad, how very sad our hearts! In all my career as a soldier, nothing is so indelibly impressed upon my memory as the deep grief which pervaded the command."

While the people were burying the body of their President, business almost entirely ceased. Bells tolled, and every house

was draped in mourning. Bishop Simpson, who pronounced the funeral oration, closed as follows: "Hushed is thy voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen for joy. Prisoned thou art in death, and yet thou art marching abroad, and chains and manacles are bursting at thy touch. We crown thee as our martyr, and humanity enthrones thee as her triumphant son. Hero, martyr, friend, farewell!"

The regiment proceeded by rail *via* Chattanooga to Nashville, and encamped in a beautiful grove, near to a fine spring of water, welling up from unknown depths and gushing from the hill side.

Capt. Campbell, of Company B, for a long time had been held by the enemy as a prisoner of war, and then placed on detached service, until after the death of Col. Olson and the return of the regiment to Nashville. In the meantime he had been commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, and at this time joined the regiment and assumed command. He had not been connected with any of the ambitious schemes of officers seeking promotion, or mixed up in the difficulties which had at various times agitated the regiment. His antecedents were creditable; his character as an officer was good, and his appointment to the command gave very general satisfaction.

Gradually the shadows which clouded the hearts of men at the death of Abraham Lincoln, melted away, and again the soldiers were cheerful and happy. Troops were being mustered from the service by the thousand, and each day the men of the 36th were allured with the pleasing hope that the hour of their final muster and discharge was near at hand. Stern-visaged War no longer stalked abroad in the land, and most of the duties pertaining to active campaigning had vanished, with its ghostly phantom. The restless spirits in the regiment could not be kept down, and

various expedients for fun were resorted to, to pass away the time. One of these, which for a time had its run, was the burying of canteens, filled with powder, deeply in the ground, connecting them with a fuse or train of powder, and in the middle of the night, when all was still, came an explosion that would set the whole camp in a ferment. At once, phantoms of torpedoes, buried bombs, &c., took possession of their startled imaginations, and none knew but that the whole of the late Confederacy was honeycombed with instruments of destruction, ready to blow them into "Kingdom come" at the touch of a match or the making of one false step.

At length this species of deviltry was repeated too often for comfort. The scattering of dirt and falling of rocks were not always as safe, to life and limb, as desirable, and unusual efforts were made to detect and punish the rogues. Col. Campbell took the matter in hand, and patrolled the camp until nearly midnight. He had just passed the quarters of Company B, when suddenly the earth opened just behind his coat tails. He heard a fearful noise, and turning around saw the gravel-stones flying in every direction. He hastened to the spot—not a soul was in sight. Peering into their quarters, every man was snoring, and apparently sleeping as sweetly as sleep the innocent.

Gen. Stanley, having recovered from his wounds, resumed command of the Corps. Drilling, parades and reviews were the order of the day. Orders were very strict, the requirements of the revised Army Regulations were scrupulously exacted, and the soldiers were obliged to be very circumspect in their behavior.

At length came orders, not for muster-out, but to proceed to New Orleans, and on the 15th of June the troops proceeded by rail to Johnsonville, on the Tennessee river, where transports were in readiness to take them to their destination *via* Cairo and

the now historic Father of waters. The trip was uneventful and monotonous. Soldiers soon tire of low, woody banks, and vast expanses of sand exposed to view on the subsidence of spring freshets. One day on a lower Mississippi steamer, as it steadily plows its way through turbid waters beaten to foam beneath the ponderous steamer's wheels, is sufficient to take all the romance out of the thing, and leave it a very dull and stupid affair. At this time the rude impress of war was visible on every hand. From Cairo to the Gulf, dilapidated ruins marked the site of former mansions, unsightly weeds indicated neglected plantations and fields run to waste, and all the works of man along the fertile river banks, told of the march of armies and the rude shock of war. Island Ten, Fort Pillow, Memphis, Helena, Vicksburg, Port Hudson and Baton Rouge were gazed at, more for the historic events connected with their names, than their pleasant situations or romantic surroundings. The ever changing scenery on the rivers and lakes of the North and East have more of interest and enjoyment to the tourist in a single day, than will be found in weeks of voyaging along the dead, dreary and monotonous rivers of the South. The steamers reached New Orleans just before dark June 23rd, stopping at the upper wharves, but early the following morning the boats dropped down the river five miles, to the "old battle ground," where the troops debarked and established their camp.

Why the 4th Army Corps was not mustered out of service with other troops early in the year, has never been explained to us. Perhaps in the process of reconstruction, those having it in charge required men of known courage, firmness and skill to perform the delicate work. Some there were who considered their moral obligation to the country had been fulfilled with the dispersion of the armed cohorts of treason, and expressed dis-

satisfaction at being held for further service; but by far the larger portion, much as they would have delighted to revel in the bliss of home, accepted with calm philosophy whatever was imposed upon them, without a murmur.

Camp Chalmette was located on beautiful as well as historic ground, being upon the old battle field where Gen. Jackson successfully repulsed the invaders of his country in 1814. Many of the live oaks scattered over the plantation yet bore marks of that sanguinary engagement. Here the regiment remained, basking in the fierce blaze of a Southern sun, and drinking tepid Mississippi River water for some weeks. Gen. Stanley being placed in command of the District of Texas, the 4th Corps was ordered to proceed by sea to that State for duty. Transportation being limited, it required a full month to effect the movement to Metagorda Bay. At the special request of Gen. Sheridan, the 36th was left at New Orleans, for head-quarter and other special duty. "Phil Sheridan's pets," was the appellation bestowed upon them by other soldiers envious of the distinction and favor bestowed upon them. Be it said to Gen. Sheridan's honor, that he never forgot the gallant soldiers who faithfully followed him from State to State, and carried their battle flag through so many fields of blood. During his entire connection with it, the 36th enjoyed the distinction of being the favorite regiment of the gallant Phil Sheridan.

In a few weeks the camp among the live oaks, orange groves and half tropical vegetation of the field of Chalmette was abandoned, and the regiment removed to the city and quartered in the Anchor Cotton Press, on Chapatola street, near Department Headquarters. At this time business was stagnant and the city dead. The prophecy "that grass would grow in her streets" if she went off into the Rebellion, was literally fulfilled. As

there was no interference by the military in local affairs, the citizens began to return to their former avocations, business revived and her wharves presented the bustle of former days. Those who had been actively engaged in rebellion were required to take the Amnesty Oath. Some yet yearned for the Confederacy and came up to the Provost Marshal's office with countenances and words indicative of a perversion of the term Amnesty Oath to "d——d nasty oath!"

During the earlier stages of the Rebellion, the hatred of the South towards the North was openly expressed by all classes, except the negroes and a few Unionists. They had been educated to this by the vituperation and falsehood of their leaders and vamping politicians, and for years had despised "Northerners" with an intensity only equaled by their hate. When they commenced the war, the very idea that their States would be traversed by Union armies was scouted. "Oh no! her sacred soil would never be touched by the despised Yankee." It took many a stunning blow and many signal defeats before they gave up the delusion that "one Southerner was the equal in battle to five Yankees." Public feeling at the North had settled down to the determination to conquer the Rebellion at whatever cost, but to say that a feeling of hate pervaded the minds of the people to any great extent, would be falsifying history. But in the South, a different feeling existed,—one of malignity, that manifested itself in "bushwhacking;" outrages upon prisoners, and the dread horrors of Libby and Andersonville.

Many, after the surrender, who had been instrumental in stirring up the passions of the people and "firing the Southern heart," either through fear of a "judgment to come," or because they had become sincere converts to their own teachings, and always actuated by hatred of the land that gave them birth, fled

the country, like Cain after killing his brother. Those who had thus voluntarily expatriated themselves, were generally the vaunted chivalry we had heard so much about, but seen so little of; the die-in-the-last-ditch fellows, whose boastings, threatenings and denunciations had not prevented a million and a-half of the hated and despised "abolitionists" from pressing heavily the "sacred soil." It was not a fine sense of honor that led them to abandon the country and desert the people they had deluded and finally led to destruction, for when they became traitors they had lost honor. But their arrogant pride and insatiate vanity would not permit them to accept the inevitable, make wise use of the future, and by manly effort seek to repair the damages inflicted by the war.

Brazil, Mexico and the islands of the Gulf, afforded them a temporary asylum. Wherever they went the curse of God followed them. Nowhere was there found a land like that they had left, or a government like that they had sought to destroy. Gloomy, dejected—often pinched by poverty, they wandered like ghostly shadows, neglected, if not despised, by those whose hospitality they sought. Months after, when they saw that not a drop of blood was shed; no punishment inflicted upon the leaders in the great crime of treason, they were amazed at the magnanimity of their conquerors, and one by one, homesick and repentant, their chivalric ideas all gone, they returned, expressing a willingness to accept the situation, and set themselves diligently at work to reconstruct what but a few short months before they were zealous to tear down. Others had learned nothing from the lessons of the war, and returned as arrogant and rebellious at heart as ever. These were promptly taken and sent to Fort Jackson under arrest, until the wishes of the Government in their cases were known. Eventually all were released—some to peaceful

citizenship, others to foment disturbances, from which the country to this day is not free.

Though not the regular provost guard, yet in the delicate and sometimes responsible duty of arresting these arch Rebels the 36th was always selected. The Rebel archives captured in the West were sent to Washington under a guard selected from the 36th. Paymasters with large amounts of money, often sent long distances, and to remote corners of the department, always felt safe if escorted and guarded by the 36th; or, when the peace and quiet of the city was threatened, the 36th was always called upon to suppress the disturbance.

In the performance of these and like duties, the summer months glided away. Autumn came with its golden glory, and with it the time for the final muster out of the regiment from a service to which for more than four years they had added bright lustre. Before proceeding North, Col. Campbell received very flattering letters from his superior commanders, commendatory of himself and of the regiment which he commanded. We can give only extracts, as our space is limited.

Glorious Phil Sheridan wrote: "Before your departure for your home in the North, and your muster out of the service, I desire to express to you my thanks for the admirable manner in which you have conducted yourself as a soldier and a gentleman during the recent rebellion. I have known you personally since the earliest part of the war, and have always found you a faithful and patriotic public servant. You deserve not only my thanks, but the thanks of your neighbors and the country."

Gen. Sherman never paid a more deserving compliment than when he penned the following: "During the past four years, so eventful in the history of our beloved country, it has been my fortune to be associated with you and your gallant regiment. I

know that the record made by you and your command is second to none in its devotion and loyalty to the cause for which you left your peaceful homes. The bloody fields of Pea Ridge, Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge and the Atlanta campaign, together with the closing battles in the West at Franklin and Nashville, have shed undying glory upon the scarred veterans of your regiment. When I look back upon the past, the forms of brave and gallant men and officers who laid down their lives freely upon the altar of their country, arise before me so vividly that it is with feelings of pride and sorrow that I recall their names. Col. Silas Miller and Lieut. Col. Porter C. Olson should be household names amongst the veterans of the 36th, at whose head they yielded up their lives whilst leading them to victory."

The regiment was mustered out of service at New Orleans, October 8th, 1865, and as soon as transportation could be obtained, it proceeded to Springfield, Illinois, and the men received their pay October 27th. Within the next succeeding two or three days the veteran survivors of an organization with a record of glory unsurpassed by none, were heartily welcomed home by expectant friends, and then the record of the 36TH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS was closed.

To do honor to their returning braves, to rejoice and welcome them back to their midst as citizens, was for many days the occupation of the people. Not so young in years, not so elastic of step as four years before when they left Camp Hammond, and in numbers how infinitely less! but in experience how rich, and how greatly endeared to welcoming friends. Oh, it is befitting these war-scarred heroes to meet around the social board, and at their annual reunions call up reminiscences of the past, to tell of scenes of trial, of long marches, of hissing minnie balls, of

screaming shell, of gleaming bayonet and of the cannon's awful roar. To call up the memory of fallen comrades, who sleep in honored graves far away from loved ones. They died for their country! and yet their graves are immortal graves! Their memory will be cherished by men as long as love for exalted services or disinterested patriotism shall sway the impulses of the human heart.

"Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
Sure 'tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that suffers and bleeds in her cause."

CHAPTER XLV.

COMPANY A CAVALRY.



FROM the first, the operations of the two cavalry companies recruited with and for a time forming a part of the 36th, were more or less detached from the infantry; yet so far as we could do so, we have not separated the infantry and cavalry portions of the regiment, but have regarded the achievements and glory of each as the common property of the whole. The time came at length when the radical difference in the nature of the duties required of the two arms of the service, and from their widely divergent fields of action, it became necessary in order to preserve the harmony of the story,

to break the connection and drop one until the career of the other had been recorded. Notwithstanding the imperative orders assigning them to another regiment, and years of hard service, separated from each other, yet the cavalry boys never forgot the 36th, or proved unfaithful to their first love. The tie that bound them to the regiment was too strong to be ever broken, and to-day every man of them would repel with scorn any proposition to disconnect their history and their achievements from the story of the 36th.

In accordance with the original design of this work, we now return to the cavalry. We will not recapitulate or refresh the memories of our readers with a review of events anterior to quitting Rienzi, for with these they are already familiar. We propose to take up the history of each company separately, treating of events in the order in which they occurred, and giving such details as we are able to gather from the meagre materials at hand. First in order is Company A, and we will begin at the point where we left them in the early autumn of 1862.

At that time the bulk of the Confederate army was with Bragg, operating in Tennessee and Kentucky. A large force, however, remained in Mississippi, under the command of Price and Van Dorn, confronting General Grant and attempting to attack in detail the detachments scattered over Western Tennessee and Northern Mississippi. Learning that detachments had been sent to Cincinnati and Louisville, and believing that a large portion of Grant's army had been drawn eastward and the country denuded of troops, the Confederate commanders regarded this as a favorable opportunity to drive out the National forces and re-possession Corinth.

Upon the development of this plan, Gen. Grant temporarily abandoned Rienzi, Jacinto, Tuscumbia and other posts, and con-

centrated their garrisons in and about Corinth, but leaving a detachment at Iuka, under Col. Murphy, with instructions if threatened in force, to destroy such stores as could not be removed, and to fall back upon the main army. This order was neglected, and a body of rebel cavalry dashed upon the place, drove out the garrison and captured the medical and commissary stores remaining there. For such causeless negligence and the weak defense interposed to the Rebel occupation, Col. Murphy was placed in arrest, but one of those changes in commanders at this time so prevalent, effected his release, and subsequently placed him in a position to do the country an irreparable injury.

Price was now well to the front. His cavalry raided the country, and by frequently assailing the picket posts, kept the army in a state of unrest. It was determined to attack him on three sides, and thus insure his signal defeat. Gen. Grant marched to the north of Iuka via Burnsville, to strike the left wing of the Rebel army, while Gen. Rosecrans, with Stanley's and Hamilton's Divisions, pursued a more southerly route through Jacinto.

Company A Cavalry accompanied the latter, and though exposed to a drenching rain, the men were prompt to obey every order, and generally were found in the extreme advance. When told that the object of the expedition was to attack Price, their old enemy, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and they pressed eagerly forward, encountering the enemy's pickets and engaging them at three P. M. of the 18th. A severe skirmish ensued, in which the Rebel outposts were driven in with some loss.

The country was broken and badly intersected with ravines. Captain Jenks was directed to reconnoitre the road leading to the left, which order he proceeded to execute in a satisfactory manner. So dense and impenetrable were the thickets, that no discoveries were made until reaching open ground, a mile or more

to the left of town. The enemy was found strongly posted, and having accomplished the object of the reconnoissance, and not wishing to expose his men needlessly to a fire that was fast becoming uncomfortable, the Captain returned with his company and reported the result of his observations. While engaged in this somewhat hazardous exploration, the horse of private John C. Goodwin was shot from under him, and many were the narrow escapes from the random shots of the enemy.

The action soon commenced on our right, where the 5th Iowa Infantry was drawn into an ambuscade, and its ranks terribly thinned by a galling fire from an unseen foe. Other troops advanced to their support, and the engagement became general. The thunder of artillery and crash of musketry were incessant, and rolled up in one vast volume of sound that rivaled the most stupendous efforts of nature. Our cavalry boys described it as "perfectly awful!" For two hours the work of death went steadily on. At times our line wavered and bent before the heavy Confederate masses that were hurled against it. In one of these charges an Ohio battery was captured, after every horse was killed and one hundred out of one hundred and fifty men disabled. The opportune arrival of supports, and the destructive fire of musketry to which they were subjected, forced the enemy to retire and the battery was regained. During the progress of the battle this battery was taken and retaken three times, but at the termination of the engagement remained in our hands.

The battle raged with unabated fury until dark, when the enemy fell back, leaving the Federal forces in possession of the field. The men slept upon their arms, expecting a renewal of the engagement in the morning, but during the night Price retreated, leaving about three thousand dead, wounded and prisoners in our hands. The Federal losses amounted to seven hundred and four-

teen, among which were the following members of Company A : Nathaniel Duff, wounded, since dead ; and Martin Glenn.

Failing to effect anything by a division of their forces, the two Confederate commanders formed a junction at Ripley and prepared for a movement upon Corinth. Gen. Rosencrans proceeded to the latter place on the 27th, accompanied by Company A as escort, and having in the meantime been promoted to the rank of Major General, he assumed the main command, and called to his assistance the garrisons from neighboring posts. Yet with all his efforts he was able to muster only about twenty thousand men to hold the position against more than twice that number. But elaborate fortifications had been recently constructed in addition to those formerly erected by Beauregard, by the aid of which the General hoped to combat successfully any numbers the enemy might send against him.

On the 3rd, our outposts on the Chewalla road were driven in with considerable loss. Fighting continued all day, and being in the midst of thick timber our skirmishers maintained a stubborn resistance and retired slowly, in the evening taking position near Corinth, under cover of the forts. These were very strong, and located upon ground unusually favorable for the use of artillery. During the night the enemy succeeded in posting several batteries within a few hundred yards of the town, and before daylight, guided by the blaze of our early camp fires, they threw a number of shells with such accuracy as to fill the non-combatants (of which there were large numbers) with dismay. At daybreak a charge was made upon these guns, one or two of them captured and the rest withdrawn. Heavy skirmishing continued until ten o'clock, when Price's columns in dense masses appeared upon the Bolivar road, and moved with such incredible velocity and momentum as to threaten our army with

extermination. A dozen batteries directed their heaviest fire against these crowding masses, causing huge vacancies in their ranks, which were no sooner made than filled again. The enemy bent their heads to the pitiless storm, brushed back the Federal skirmish line without an effort, and fell upon the reserves with merciless fury, driving Davie's Division from its hastily constructed breastworks, and swarmed around the forts which like volcanoes were pouring a ruinous shower of shot and shell into their devoted ranks. Clearing every obstruction, they at last gained possession of Fort Richardson, but while yet cheering over their fancied success, an Illinois infantry regiment dashed in among them and hurled them from the fort.

The head of one of the charging columns broke through the rifle pits, passed between the forts and penetrated to the center of the town, and for a few moments held possession of Gen. Rosencrans' headquarters. A battery that had been stationed near, retired to an elevated position in the rear, and then opening upon them with grape and shell at short range, forced them back, when being assailed in front and flank by our infantry, now advancing all along the line, they retreated to the forests. Price's entire column was eventually broken and his men throwing away their arms, scattered in dismay. A number of the enemy's dead were found in front of Gen. Rosencrans' quarters—one laying near the main entrance.

Scarcely was this charge repulsed, when Van Dorn appeared upon the Chewalla road. He had been delayed in his advance by unlooked for obstructions and was too late to co-operate with Price. His command was largely composed of Texans and Mississippians, whose gallantry and daring exceeded anything the Federals had heretofore encountered. Advancing in the teeth of a withering fire, without a tremor or break in their lines, and with

a courage that seemed irresistible, they reached the foot of our works. A Texan colonel, carrying a flag at the head of his brigade, lead the assault. He had leaped the ditch and entered our lines, when he fell, pierced by a dozen balls. His followers paused, and a portion of Gen Stanley's Division arose and poured a terrific fire upon the Texans and drove them back. Supports coming up, they came on a second time, and a severe hand-to-hand fight ensued, in which the bayonet was freely used. At length every assault was repulsed, and in three hours the discomfitted foe was in full retreat, followed and galled by a fire from the forts and batteries, which sent blazing shell through the forest into the disordered mass of bleeding humanity, struggling to get away from the cruel missiles that were rending them to pieces. Says one, "their flight could be traced by blood-stained garments, mats of human hair and pools of blood, where the men had lain down and died."

We buried 1,423, including some of their most valued officers, and their wounded numbered over 5,000. Their aggregate loss amounted to 9,423, while that of the Federals reached 2,359. Many thousand stand of arms and several pieces of artillery were left in our hands. Very few battles of the war were more obstinately contested or so bloody as the battle of Corinth.

Company A took a prominent part in this engagement and was constantly flying from point to point where most needed, and during the attack upon headquarters, were warmly engaged. In this charge Orrin Squires was severely wounded in the hip, from the effects of which he was subsequently discharged.

At daylight on the morning of the 5th, Company A started in pursuit and closely followed the flying enemy for three days, capturing a great many prisoners and a large amount of munitions of war. At Ripley, Gen. Rosencrans received orders to

give up the pursuit, and on the tenth, with his escort returned to Corinth.

Several members of the company were mentioned by name in general orders for their coolness, efficiency and bravery ; among others, private Henry B. Douglas, who was on detached service. We copy from the Report : " It is due to private H. B. Douglas, of Company A, 36th Illinois Cavalry, who acted as my orderly, both in this battle and that of Iuka, to say that no man was exposed to more danger or exhibited more bravery than he did in the performance of his duties." The whole company was highly complimented by Gen. Rosencrans, both personally and in general orders. They were in the saddle almost constantly for ten days and nights. Their horses were worn out, and by the General's order, one hundred fresh ones were turned over to the company for their use.

About the last of October Gen. Rosencrans was ordered to take command of the " Army of the Cumberland," superseding Buell, whose management of the campaign against Bragg had caused dissatisfaction. He tried hard to take his escort with him, even applying to the Secretary of War for permission to do so, but was refused. Company A had become very much attached to the General, were sorry at the separation, and the kind relations existing between them are among the pleasant memories of the war.

Gen. Grant's army was now designated as the 13th Army Corps, and being reinforced, a movement was projected against Price and Van Dorn, who, after their disastrous repulse at Corinth, had collected the fragments of their broken army in the vicinity of Holly Springs. Gen. Grant advanced from Bolivar and Jackson along the line of railroad, on which he depended for supplies. On the 29th of November the advance under Gen.

Hamilton entered Holly Springs unopposed, the enemy retreating to a strongly fortified position on the Tallahatchee river. Holly Springs was made a supply depot, and a large amount of munitions, commissary and quarter-master's stores were collected, sufficient for the wants of a large army.

Simultaneous with Grant's advance, Gen. Hovey crossed the Mississippi from Helena with a force from Curtis' department, to co-operate in the movement and strike Van Dorn in flank and rear. His cavalry encountered the enemy at Oakland, and in the engagement that ensued was successful. This caused Van Dorn to abandon his position on the Tallahatchee and retreat southward toward Jackson, Gen. Grant closely following as far as Oxford.

The Rebel Generals realizing their inability to successfully resist the Federal advance, determined to divert Grant from his purpose by demonstrating in his rear. Accordingly Van Dorn with twenty-two regiments of cavalry, charged into Holly Springs, capturing its garrison, with an immense amount of government property. Col. Murphy was in command of the post, and though warned of the contemplated attack, made no preparations for defense or effort to repulse it. He had one thousand five hundred men in garrison, and in a few hours could have drawn reinforcements from neighboring posts and been ready with three thousand men to confront the enemy. Instead of which, scarcely a picket was posted, his men were sleeping in their quarters unconscious of danger, and with not a shot fired or note of alarm given. The garrison was only aroused to a knowledge of the situation by the yells and noise of charging squadrons, and one by one they were taken prisoners as they issued from their quarters in a drowzy, half dazed condition of men just awakening from sleep. A few companies of the 2nd Illinois Cavalry,

after a gallant fight, cut their way through the enemy and made their escape, the rest were obliged to surrender, and were paroled on the spot. A general destruction of military stores, including a number of the principal buildings, then took place. The amount of property thus burned was valued at \$2,500,000, exclusive of one thousand bales of cotton.

Among those captured and patolled, were seventeen members of Company A, viz: Sergt. Jerome B. Marlett, Sergt. Henry B. Douglas, Corp. James Surby, John C. Goodwin, Fred. Elderkin, Eugene D. Odell, Richard Larkin, William Fox, E. Newell, Lawrence Tucker, Arnold Sarbrock, Irwin Benton, James Barber, Allen Mowry, Nicholas Hettinger, James Kirkpatrick and James Allen. They had been sent by Gen. Hamilton from the front for horses to supply the waste of the campaign, and arrived at Holly Springs just in time to be taken. Arnold Sarbrock managed to get out of the place, and there was a fair prospect of escape, when he was beset by a squad of armed citizens, who took him prisoner, and, hurrying back to town, he was parolled with the others.

About this time, Capt. Jenks was promoted to the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the 36th, and subsequently left the company to assume the duties of his new position, bearing with him the good will of the men, whom he had so ably commanded from the time of their enlistment. As a gentleman and gallant soldier, his memory will ever be held in grateful remembrance by the surviving members of Company A. Lieut. George A. Willis was promoted to the vacant Captaincy. For the able manner in which he had discharged the duties of Adjutant, the company entertained a high regard for him, and his subsequent career was creditable to himself and highly satisfactory to the command. Second Lieut. A. C. Ferre had been previously promoted to First

Lieutenant, and Sergt. Albert Collins to the rank of Second Lieutenant.

On Gen. Rosencrans' leaving the Army of the Mississippi, Company A was ordered to report to Gen. Hamilton for escort duty, and accompanied that officer to Holly Springs and Oxford, in the expedition designed to operate in the rear of Vicksburg, but which, owing to the incompetence and perfidy of Col. Murphy, was abandoned. During this weary campaign, Company A had plenty of hard riding, scouting and skirmishing to do, until after its return to Grand Junction.

From Grand Junction, the Company proceeded by easy marches to Memphis—reaching the city Jan. 11th, 1863—and encamped in its outskirts. In a day or two, they were ordered to move into the city and report to Gen. Hamilton as Headquarters Guard. For the next three months their duties as soldiers were monotonous and uneventful. The boys' diaries describe the weather as "absolutely fearful." At one time the snow was eight inches deep. This was succeeded by days of sunshine; of rain and mud of unknown depths. At the foot of the bluffs on which the city is situated, the turbid water of the Mississippi rolled majestically gulfward, bearing on its bosom thousands of steamers, transporting troops and supplies to the armies menacing Vicksburg, and for months our cavalry company were only passive spectators of the stupendous events transpiring on the banks of the great river. Meanwhile Gen. Hamilton was succeeded in the command at Memphis by Gen. Hurlburt. Many things of an unpleasant character grew out of this change of commanders, resulting in the resignation of Hamilton and his retirement from the service.

An important change was made in the status of the company, near the close of the preceding year, by an order of Gov. Yates,

consolidating the various independent companies from Illinois into a regiment designated as the 15th Illinois Cavalry. The following extract is sufficient for our purpose, and will show the scope and purpose of the order.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF ILLINOIS,		}
GENERAL ORDERS,	ADJT. GEN.'S OFFICE.	
No. 250.	SPRINGFIELD, DEC. 25, 1862.	

The companies of Illinois Volunteer Cavalry organized and mustered into the service of the United States, and now, or lately, commanded by the officers herein designated, are hereby attached to the battalion of Illinois Cavalry now commanded by Major Warren Stewart.

Capt. WILLIAM FORD, Company A Cavalry, 53rd Regiment Vol. Infantry.

Capt. ALBERT JENKS, Company A Dragoons, 36th Regiment Ill. Vol. Infantry.

Capt. SAMUEL B. SHERER, Company B Dragoons, 36th Regiment, Ill. Vol. Infantry.

Capt. W. C. WILDER, Kane County Cavalry, formerly Capt. C. B. Dodson.

Capt. OSCAR H. HUNTLEY, Company K, 1st Regiment Ill. Cavalry.

Capt. FRANKLIN T. GILBERT, Company A Cavalry, 52nd Regiment Ill. Vol. Infantry.

Which said companies, with those heretofore forming the command of Major Stewart, aforesaid, and one other, now at Camp Yates, Springfield, Illinois, are declared to form the 15th Cavalry Regiment Illinois Volunteers. * * * *

This order was confirmed by the War Department, and thereafter Company A Cavalry was designated on the army rolls as Company I, 15th Illinois Cavalry. The change was distasteful to the boys, whose attachment and love for the 36th became more enduring as the months rolled on. Between the infantry and cavalry existed a fraternal feeling, cemented by many brilliant achievements and months of service together on common fields

of glory. The change excited but little feeling, so long as the Company remained on detached service; but when on the 1st of April, 1863, it was ordered to report to Major Wilson, and was thereafter to be attached to his battalion, the supreme disgust of the men was openly expressed. No longer were they to put on style about headquarters, but were to share the sterner duties of troopers' lives.

The routine of guard and picket duty was now and then broken into by dashes of Rebel cavalry upon our outposts. In one of these sudden eruptions the 15th lost three men made prisoners and two severely wounded. To put an end to these annoyances, an expedition into Secessia *via* Hernando was ordered, and on the 21st of April a force of two thousand, horse, foot and artillery, set out from Memphis for their chastisement. The cavalry was under the command of Major Wilson, with Capt. Willis' Company in advance. About ten miles out a Rebel flag of truce from Gen. Chalmers was met. The flag was not allowed to proceed, to discover the nature and strength of the expedition, but was turned back with an answer befitting the occasion.

This matter disposed of, the expedition continued to Foster's plantation, the home of a notorious guerrilla captain. His farm was pretty thoroughly swept of mules, horses and negroes. At Hernando a squad of "butternuts" were observed running for dear life into the woods. The boys gave chase, and succeeded in *inducing* a dozen or more to return as prisoners of war, being persuaded thereto by a few flourishes of sabres and six-shooters, by men disposed to use them should other arguments fail.

The next day a flag of truce arrived from Memphis, and Capt. Willis and his company was detailed to carry it through. The Sunflower river was too deep to be forded, and after some delay it was crossed in a "dug out," that was found on the other side.

This was secured by one of the men passing over on the overhanging branches of trees. Once across and fairly within the enemy's country, both citizens and soldiers on picket seemed ignorant of the meaning of a white flag, and either fled to the woods like will-o'-the-wisps, or stood quaking with fear until made to understand that the visit was not a hostile one.

During the day the company fell in with a batallion of two hundred Rebel cavalry, commanded by one Capt. Mitchell, who, upon becoming acquainted with the object of the mission, undertook to escort the flag to Gen. Chalmers' headquarters. The two commands proceeded together, the blue and the gray intermixed, apparently on the best of terms, canvassing the merits of the respective armies, trading horses, jack-knives and counterfeit Confederate money for greenbacks. One of the men writes, "I think a Rebel Lieutenant was considerably gulled in a horse trade." Before separating, the Confederate Captain, who like many of his confreres was given to boasting of always being victorious over the Yankées, challenged Major Wilson and Capt. Willis to meet him at a designated point one week from that day, with fifty men. The challenge was promptly accepted, and Major Wilson and Capt. Willis were on time at the appointed place, but the braggart Capt. Foster failed to put in an appearance, thereby showing his wisdom as well as a want of courage in keeping at a safe distance from an equal number of Federal troopers. They, however, did not return empty handed, but took prisoners a Rebel Lieutenant and a squad of men who were found prowling over the country. None of them could give any information as to the whereabouts of the boasting Captain.

Early in the spring the theatre of active operations was transferred to Vicksburg, then the only bar to the free navigation of the Mississippi. The war in other portions of the West lan-

guished, and every man that could be spared was sent to the front. A vast army gathered around the fated city to assist in its reduction.

At length Gen. Lauman's Division including Capt. Willis' Cavalry Company, received marching orders, and on the 17th it embarked on the steamer Luminary, one of a numerous fleet of transports, and moved southward towards Vicksburg, a point above all others of absorbing interest to the country. The fleet was convoyed by a single gun boat, for the river, though in our possession, was not entirely safe, as was evidenced by the shot-riddled pilot houses on most of the steamers then navigating the lower Mississippi.

In rounding a bend just before reaching Greenville, a village on the eastern or Mississippi side of the river, after the gunboat and a number of the transports had passed, a dozen shot were fired in quick succession into the Crescent City from a concealed battery on shore, and a number of men were killed and wounded. The Luminary was a short distance behind, and instead of steaming down past the battery and receiving its share of shot, headed for the shore above. Horses were saddled, and arrangements made for landing quickly as soon as the gang planks were shoved out. Twenty or thirty troopers, mostly from Capt. Willis' Company, and under lead of that officer and Lieut. Ferre, mounted their horses and prepared for a tilt with the Johnnies. One man belonging to another company, while leading his horse from the boat, was crowded from the gang-plank by his horse and drowned.

The force that was firing into the boats was composed of a mixed command of mounted guerrillas, cavalry and artillery, numbering about three hundred. Across the bend ran a levee, and by following this, it was thought to get in rear of the bat-

tery and cut off the enemy's retreat, whenever the gunboat should turn back and shell them from their position. About half a mile from the landing, a second levee intersected the first at right angles. The company entered an extensive plantation, with numerous corn and cotton fields, and were riding rapidly along, when they were regaled by a volley from behind the second levee. Armed only with sabres and revolvers, Capt. Willis ordered the men to draw sabres and charge, which was done with a yell. The enemy did not wait to feel the temper of our weapons, but broke and fled across the fields, with our boys at their heels in close pursuit. A poorly mounted butternut fell somewhat behind, and Corp. Beebe, being well mounted, went for him with his heavy dragoon sabre, seeing which, the badly scared "Johnnie" yelled to his companions, "For God's sake, boys, hold on, and drive this Yank away from me, or I'm gone up, sure!" A few surrendered; others scattered in every direction—through woods and swamps, over fences and fields, until the frightened fugitives joined their battery, and then their numbers were too great and their position too strong to be attacked successfully. The wild screech of shell added to the excitement, and for a time made things lively. Shot whizzed in close proximity to the ears of the men, but no one was hurt.

A battalion of infantry was also landed, and assisted in chasing the battery five miles. On their return, learning that bushwhacking and firing into boats was the principal occupation of the inhabitants of Greenville, some houses were fired and part of the town destroyed. This act, by some, was attributed to Company A, but it was well understood at the time that the infantry alone were guilty of the burning.

Re-embarking, the fleet reached Young's Point on the 19th of May, the day succeeding the investment of Vicksburg. The city

was in plain sight, and the flashing of guns, the sullen roar and smoke of battle, filled the men with awe. All doubts were dispelled about their being in time to share in the siege and fall of the beleagured city.

This extraordinary siege was maintained for nearly two months. By night and by day great guns were pounding heavily at its gates. Many valuable lives were sacrificed, and it seemed at times as if the great tragedy would never end. But as the siege progressed, men became more hopeful and confident. The hills on which the city is located are miniature mountains and of themselves continuous lines of almost impregnable fortifications. We cannot enter into details of the siege, or attempt to record the many gallant deeds enacted in field and intrenchment during its progress.

On the 20th, the transports proceeded up the Yazoo to Hain's Bluff, and Lauman's Division debarked, and, passing around the rear of those already in position, was assigned to the extreme left of the line. A portion of the company were detailed as orderlies and despatch-bearers, and were on detached service during the siege. One of these, John W. Evarts, witnessed the tragic death of Capt. Bradley, an aid to Gen. Lauman. They were riding together on the grand rounds of picket inspection. About ten o'clock at night, in passing an advanced post, a shot was fired from the bushes on the roadside, and a rifle ball penetrated the Captain's heart. He fell from his horse, uttering the words, "I'm killed!" and was dead. Evidently the shot was fired by a sharp-shooter, laying in ambush to pick off any that should pass by. Such acts, commencing with the assassination of Ellsworth, and carried on by the Rebels, branded them and their cause as infamous.

The cavalry, except those detailed for orderlies and escort, were combined in one division, and employed in scouring the country in rear of Vicksburg, and watching the movements of Gen. Johnston, who was concentrating a force at Jackson and Yazoo City, with the avowed object of raising the siege and rescuing Pemberton from his dilemma. His efforts to carry material aid by stealth into Vicksburg were thwarted, and at one time the cavalry intercepted and captured about a bushel of gun caps that were being secretly conveyed to Pemberton.

The superior ability of the Rebel Gen. Johnston, was fully recognized, and he, of all the Confederate commanders, was the only one Gen. Grant had any reason to fear. Gen. Sherman, his ablest subordinate, was selected to guard the rear and counteract any movement looking to the relief of Vicksburg. Capt. Willis and his company were almost constantly in the saddle, scouting the country and skirmishing with the advance of Johnston's army. It was engaged in several artillery duels near the Big Black, and elicited much praise from Gen. Sherman for gallantry and courage.

Forty-eight days of exhausting service under the fiery heat of an almost tropical sun, followed by sleepless nights upon the picket line, had its effect. Sickness, suffering and death prevailed to a fearful extent, and the remains of many a brave man was coffined and buried in rough soldiers' graves near the entrenchments. Still the energies of the army was never known to flag. The world's records have designated but few places where more determined foes faced each other on fields of battle than at Vicksburg. But sickness, exhaustion, and above all, starvation began to tell upon the stubborn defenders. Frequently in the lull in firing, bits of pleasantries were indulged in between the Federal and Confederate pickets, who were in easy

speaking distance of each other. A Federal picket one day called out to his gray-backed opponent:

“Hello, reb, who is in command over there?”

“General Starvation,” was the reply.

Starvation forced an unwilling surrender on the Fourth of July, and Gen. Logan's Division was the first to enter the city. J. M. Kennedy, one of the 36th boys, on orderly duty, was among the first to traverse the streets, and to water his horse in the Mississippi river. After the surrender, Confederate and Federal soldiers mingled together, roamed over the vast circuit of the battle-field, talking over the incidents of the campaign. Many an intimacy was formed never to be forgotten, and many an eye was moistened as former acquaintances and friends, lately in arms against each other, met and talked about the peaceful days of the past, and the events each had participated in since this cruel war of brother against brother had been inaugurated.

Immediately after the surrender, arrangements were made for attacking Gen. Johnston. The 9th, 13th and 15th Corps marched from their positions, crossed the Big Black and converged at Boulton. Johnston had received notice of Pemberton's surrender and was in full retreat for Jackson. The weather was fearfully hot, but the army pressed forward, skirmishing with the enemy's rear guard, until the 10th, when it was suddenly confronted by a strong line of fortifications. Gen. Sherman disposed his troops for the investment of the place, and with his field guns shelled the city of Jackson and the works defending it.

Capt. Willis' Company was so exhausted and worn out by hard service that it remained at Vicksburg to rest and recruit. Eight or ten of the detailed men were, however, along, and participated in the fatigues of the march and horrors of the battle-

field. Through a misapprehension of orders, a portion of Lauman's Division met with disaster, and two brigades were literally annihilated. One of them, J. M. Kennedy, has given us a graphic description of the siege of Jackson, the massacre of two of Lauman's brigades, the flight of Johnston and the occupation and destruction of the city. As but few of the Company whose history we are recording, participated in the campaign, we will not enter into details. Gen. Sherman pursued the enemy as far as Brandon, and failing to overtake him, returned with his command to Vicksburg, July 27th.

Royal S. Rutherford, a member of the Company, a patient and faithful soldier, sickened while on the march, and died. His remains fill one of those unknown patriot graves so common in the South. Flowers may never be strewn over these nameless graves, but the memory of their occupants will ever remain fresh and green in the hearts of surviving comrades.

Saturday, July 25th, Capt. Willis' Company, with other troops, left Vicksburg *en route* for New Orleans. They were detained at Port Hudson some time, and did not reach their destination until the 17th of August. The usual raid upon the Company for clerks and orderlies for general officers and headquarters was made soon after its arrival, and its ranks depleted by details for eight or ten of its best men.

It being reported that Rebel batteries were annoying passing transports from the west bank of the Mississippi, Gen. Herron was sent to Morganza bend with a division of the 13th Corps, to protect navigation and put a stop to the incursions of guerrillas. Capt. Willis' Company was with the expedition, which reached Morganza September 7th. Gen. Herron was sick much of the time, and did not remove his headquarters from the steamer Iberville. Detachments were sent into the country and across

to the Atchafalaya river, where an irregular force of bushwhackers and Rebel rangers, numbering from two thousand to three thousand, under Gen. Green, were met and held in check. Skirmishing between the belligerents was an every day occurrence, and the duty required of Company A was severe.

At one time a Federal outpost was surrounded and surprised, and after a hot engagement, in which fifteen men were killed and thirty wounded, were at length obliged to surrender. Among those taken prisoner was O. C. Switzer, of Company A Cavalry. Continued sickness secured for Gen. Herron a thirty days' leave of absence, and Gen. Dana, coming up from New Orleans, assumed the command.

The orders from Washington to establish the flag in Texas at the earliest possible moment, was regarded by Gen. Banks as imperative. One expedition for this object had failed, and it was now determined to make a second attempt somewhere on the Gulf coast. For this purpose the force at Morganza was withdrawn and Gen. Dana placed in command of the new expedition to Texas, which put to sea about the last of October. Eight or ten of our cavalry boys accompanied it, in the capacity of orderlies and detailed men, and passed a delightful winter on the banks of the Rio Grande and the Texas coast. The company, however, were destined for another field of action, and, as soon as it could be refitted and equipped, crossed the Mississippi and proceeded to Berwick Bay, Vermillionville and Opelousas, where Gen. Franklin, with a considerable force, was holding the Teche country, with his headquarters at New Iberia. He was confronted by several thousand of Kirby Smith's and Dick Taylor's southwestern brigands, who kept the country in a constant turmoil and the cavalry on a continual scout and chase from plantation to plantation, after their well-nigh ubiquitous foes. This

period of their history is replete with startling adventures and feats of individual prowess and daring. In one of their forays, the 6th Texas Confederate Cavalry was surprised, and the whole regiment, except twenty-five men, made prisoners. We have no material from which to compile this part of the company's history, and are reluctantly compelled to pass it by with a brief notice, as unsatisfactory to ourselves as it will doubtless be to many of our readers.

At the beginning of the year 1864, the aspect of the Rebellion had materially changed, and our armies occupied positions far in advance of the previous year. The Mississippi ran "unvexed to the sea." With the hope for the speedy overthrow of the Rebellion, came a fresh demand for greater sacrifices on the part of the soldiers of the Republic. They were called upon to "veteranize," or, more properly, re-enlist for another "three years, or during the war" term. Under the spur of large bounties and a home furlough, great numbers prolonged their term of service. The proposition created intense excitement in Company A, and for days this subject was uppermost in the minds of the men and most thoroughly canvassed in all its bearings. The result was, that all but about half a dozen of those present for duty re-enlisted for three years more. The announcement secured immediate orders for veteran furloughs, and on the 18th and 19th of January, the company marched from New Iberia to Brunswick Bay, and from thence by rail to New Orleans.

Delays in the making out of muster-rolls, accounting for property, and in securing transportation, kept them in the city until the 11th of February, before they were fairly launched upon the Father of Waters, "homeward bound." They happily survived the perils of riding by steamer and by rail, and merry as larks, they reached Aurora February 25th, 1864. 'Tis useless to

recapitulate the warm greetings of friends, the happy re-unions and unceasing round of festivities to which the boys were subjected for the next thirty days. These are all treasured in their hearts, never to be forgotten.

After the departure of the veterans to their homes on furlough, the non-veterans and detailed men, on their return from Texas were attached to the 2nd Massachusetts Cavalry, and formed a part of the mounted division under Brig. Gen. Lee, who marched his command *via* Franklin, New Iberia and Opelousas, through the beautiful Teche country to Alexandria, on Red river. Here the unfortunate expedition under Gen. Banks, known as the Red river campaign, rendezvoused. A fleet of gunboats and transports under Admiral Porter moved up the river in conjunction with the land forces, in the direction of Shreveport. Lee's cavalry led the advance, fighting its way and driving the enemy steadily before them throughout the march to Natchitoches, which was reached March 31st.

The larger boats comprising Porter's fleet, owing to the low stage of water and increasing difficulties of navigation, were left behind at Grand Ecore, four miles from Natchitoches. The lighter boats and transports succeeded, though with great difficulty, in reaching Springfield, where it was hoped communication would be had with the land forces. But on the way to Springfield the enemy was encountered in strong force, who thwarted every attempt to proceed, and obliged Gen. Banks to retreat after sustaining a humiliating defeat.

The country beyond Natchitoches was one of the most dismal to be found. Houses, like angels' visits, "few and far between," and those that were found along the way presented the irresistible conviction that the occupants would lose little of comfort and protection from the weather, and would be gainers in the

way of space by living wholly in the open air. The road followed the crest of a low pine ridge. It was on this road that the Federal army marched on its way to disaster near Mansfield.

On the 7th, Gen. Lee pushed his cavalry to Pleasant Hill, and about three miles beyond encountered the enemy who gave battle, and in the hot skirmish which ensued a number were killed and wounded on both sides. The enemy gave ground slowly, and stubbornly contested every inch. As the sun went down they made another stand at St. Patrick's Bayou, and in the action there were sixty-two of the cavalry killed, wounded and missing.

On the 8th, fighting continued with more or less severity all day, and the line of march was marked with blood. At three P. M. the enemy was found massed at Sabine cross roads, a short distance west of Mansfield, and an engagement, which in its results and losses sustained will rank among the great battles of the war, continued until darkness put an end to the slaughter. Early in the action the cavalry was thrown into disorder, and galloping to the rear, rushed through the infantry lines and added to the confusion. Of the twenty-six pieces of artillery brought into action, eighteen were captured. The unwieldy train, which had been kept close up with the advance, was abandoned to the enemy. The Federal loss in this battle was about three thousand. The enemy lost about one thousand.

The enemy followed up their advantage, and were pressing the disorganized fugitives, when, just at nightfall, they struck Gen. Emory's Division of fresh troops, who maintained their position like an unbroken wall, and after an hour's hard fighting, repulsed them, killing Gen. Monton in the first onset. To Emory's firmness and the gallantry of his division, the army owed its safety.

Gen. Banks continued his retreat to Pleasant Hill, and there formed his troops in a position of his own choosing, and awaited the approach of the enemy. Wearied with the previous day's fighting, they advanced slowly, and did not make their attack until four P. M. The conflict that followed was a desperate one, and after three hours of carnage, the Rebels were fairly beaten and driven from the field.

Foiled in their attempt to annihilate Banks, they turned their attention to the fleet. Commodore Porter, having heard of the disaster, turned his prows down the narrow channel, up which he had wriggled with so much difficulty. The enemy in large numbers recklessly charged upon the passing gunboats, and rifle shot and musketry rattled upon the sides of the iron-clad vessels like hail. Commodore Porter laughed at their insane efforts, and opening the port-holes, mowed them down with his broadsides.

Although but few of the members of Company A participated in the Red River expedition, yet it is undoubtedly true that in no other campaign did the boys endure greater privations and such continued hard service, or take part in more fiercely contested battles than those. Among the wounded was John C. Goodwin and James Allen. Goodwin fell into the enemy's hands, but his wounds being too severe to allow his removal, he was parolled and subsequently brought from the field and cared for during the retreat. After suffering for weeks, his arm was amputated, but no surgeon's skill could save him, and he died at New Orleans, April 23rd, 1864. The names of those of Company B who participated in this campaign are as follows: Joseph Allen, Henry Beebe, Stephen Estee, J. C. Goodwin, Chauncey Hollenback, J. M. Kennedy, Ole Langland, Joshua Rathbone, and George Stewart.

"Fall in for dress parade," was the not overly pleasant sound which greeted the veterans of Company A as they entered the cavalry depot on their return to New Orleans from veteran furlough. Some thought it rather rough and in marked contrast with the gentle treatment they had lately experienced in Illinois. But as soldiers, they soon got rid of their "Miss Nancy notions," and toned down to their every day duties with the regularity of a clock. Many recruits were added to their ranks, and to drill the awkward squad in the rudiments of war and teach them military discipline, was a work which mostly fell upon the non-commissioned officers. A season of unusual quiet succeeded the return of the Red river expedition, and "all quiet on the Mississippi," became as stereotyped as the quiet which at an earlier period characterized the Potomac.

In July, Major Sherer was welcomed back to the Company, and in a few days thereafter orders were received to report to the regiment, then stationed at Helena, for duty. Though nominally a part of the 15th Cavalry since 1862, they had been upon detached service, and were not fully incorporated with the regiment until now. The term of service of the non-veterans having expired, Major Sherer proceeded with them to Springfield, and they were mustered from the service of the United States August 24th, 1864.

While stationed at Helena, the troops were scourged with sickness, and at times there were scarcely well ones enough in camp to care for the sick. Helena, above all other places in the Southwest, gained the unenviable notoriety of being the graveyard of Federal soldiers. Early in January, 1865, the 15th was relieved by the 87th Illinois Volunteers, and proceeded to Brownsville, not far from Little Rock in Arkansas, *via* White river and Duvall's Bluff.

Meanwhile changes in the field officers of the Company occurred, caused by the expiration of the term of service of Lieut. Ferre, and the appointment of Lieut. Collins to Captaincy of Company F. Sergt. Daniel Dynan succeeded Lieut. Ferre as 1st Lieutenant, and Sergt. Jerome B. Marlett was promoted to 2nd Lieutenant October 11th, 1864. They continued to hold these positions until the consolidation of the 15th with the 10th Cavalry, January 26th, 1865.

When once fairly settled in camp at Brownsville, the winter rains kept the men in their barracks, apparently as firmly rooted as though they had grown there and expected to remain for the next century. One of the boys writes, "It rains some every day, and some more every night. We have sprinkles, showers and storms, that have been the order ever since our arrival. In addition to these we have had several more rainy days—days when it rained all day, all night, the next day and next night, and then it set in for a rainy day." Roads became impassable, and the whole country was reduced to a pulpy condition, anywhere from six inches to as many feet in depth.

By a special order from Department Headquarters, dated January 26th, 1865, the 10th and 15th Illinois Cavalry regiments were consolidated and designated as the 10th, with Col. James Stewart in command. Capt. Willis was promoted to Major, and our Company was lettered M, under the following commissioned officers: Daniel Dynan, Captain; Jerome B. Marlett, 1st Lieutenant; and George Gunter, 2nd Lieutenant.

As soon as the mud blockade could be broken in the spring, the regiment was ordered to New Orleans, where they arrived March 26th, 1865.

The usual amount of rejoicing over the surrender of Lee and the downfall of the Rebellion, was indulged in, and nowhere

were there more sincere mourners over the Nation's calamity in the assassination of President Lincoln, than in Capt. Dynan's Company. Fears of an outbreak were entertained, and the military were under arms for several days, but happily there was no occasion for their services in quelling disorders.

A part of the 10th Cavalry took part in the operations against Mobile, but our company remained in its camp near Greenville, a suburb of New Orleans. In June, the regiment, together with a strong detachment of other troops, proceeded to Shreveport by steamer. Here James McMullen died in the general hospital, being the first death among the veterans of the company.

July 8th, the regiment broke camp and started on a long, tedious march through Texas to San Antonio. The march for the first few days was through dense pine forests. Noiselessly the horses trod over the brown carpet of needle-shaped leaves that strewed the forest paths, while the sighing of winds through the tree tops, sounded strange and weird to men accustomed to the free, fresh winds of the prairies. On reaching the high and almost boundless prairies of Central Texas, the boys were at home again, and marched cheerily along. The country was comparatively well settled. The Southern soldiers were generally at home, and naught inimical to the flag and those who carried it was manifested.

At Austin, the capitol of the State, there was a public flag-raising, followed by a speech by Gen. Merritt, and much latent Union sentiment cropped out and showed itself on the surface. At New Braunfels there was another flag-raising and many demonstrations of loyalty on the part of the German settlers. They were outspoken in their Union sentiments, for which they had suffered much during the dark days of Rebellion. Two companies of militia were organized, followed by a speech from

Gen. Merritt, and then dancing with the German girls. Thus a pleasant day was passed at New Braunfels.

The regiment reached the mongrel Spanish, Mexican and border desperado town of San Antonio on the 2nd of August. At this time the city contained 8,000 inhabitants, and as the troops marched through its narrow streets, almost every house was decorated with flags, and much enthusiasm was manifested. Camp was established near San Pedro Springs, and the long march through the heart of Texas was ended. The country was quiet and there was little for the military to do. The months glided imperceptibly away, with drills, reviews and dress parades, until Nov. 22nd, 1865, when the regiment was mustered out of service and proceeded to Springfield for final discharge and pay, thence returning to the peaceful avocations of quiet citizenship of the Republic they had helped to save.

VETERANS COMPANY A.

Daniel Dyann	Joseph Carl
Joseph Ingham	George L. Dorr
Jerome B. Marlett	William H. Fox
Isaac Rice	Martin Glenn
James Surby	Gilbert Heath
George Gunter	Nicholas Hettinger
Charles O. Dorr	Jesse Hollenback
Robert Fralick	Thomas Hampson
James J. Hume	Ira Jacobs
Edward W. Stewart	Oliver H. Judd
Simeon Bailey	James E. Kirkpatrick
James S. Barber	Truman Lillie
Erwin H. Benton	Joseph R. Loomis
John Beebe	Ezra Littler
John Carl	Richard Larkin
James McMullen	Thomas B. Robinson
George H. McCabe	Thomas J. Slosson
Joseph F. McCroskey	Eleazer Todd
Allen Mowrey	Lawrence S. Tucker
Eugene Newell	Charles Weaver
Eugene D. Odell	Orrin Z. Whitford
Aaron Pricket	Darius D. Williams

RECRUITS.

Emmett S. Arnold	Sidney H. Beebe
Silas S. Austin	David B. Clark
Levi R. Austin	Reuben L. Crossno
John Absher	Henry P. Converse
John Brozman	Christopher Collman
Jacob Barnhardt	John Cooper
Lott H. Bell	Henry Caruth
Charles H. Buck	James A. Durham
Alfred C. Duff	James Green
Burdett O. Dewey	William D. Hawkins
Stephen V. Estee	Henry Hart
William Ellis	George W. Hammond
Mark D. Flowers	Thompson Harrell
John B. Flannigan	Thaddeus C. S. Hawkins
Charles T. Finley	William C. Holland
John W. Fisher	William M. Howell
Thomas W. Flagg	James E. Hollenback
Frank Fox	Samuel Jackson
Henry M. Fowler	Charles A. Jordan
Frank H. Goodwin	George W. Lannius
John C. Goodwin	Frederick Miller
George A. Gibson	Joseph Moore
James R. Gillett	Thomas J. Mills
James Giles	Giles T. Moser
Willis W. Mintern	Henry B. Shelden
Horace A. Miller	John Sanders
Franklin W. Moore	Wilson A. Smothers
Isaac Nave	Finnis E. Shepperd
Alexander Niceler	Henry Stubbs
Thomas Neal	John W. Swafford
Richard M. Northam	John Schoolcraft
Roswell H. Niles	Edwin Scrafford
Washington Needham	John R. Slaight
Conrad Ott	Daniel W. Townsend
Isaac S. Olliver	James Trippe
Benjamin F. Pearsons	Wm. A. Thompson
John B. Reed	Myron F. Tarble
Thomas Robinson	Lucien F. Town
Nahum Robinson	William Todd
John H. Rowe	William Venande
John Willis	Warren T. Wilder
Hiram Weston	James S. Wood
Andrew D. Weston	Levi Woodford
Thomas F. White	Willet G. Young
George J. Williams	Edmund H. Young

Andrew Yeldham

CHAPTER XLVI.

COMPANY B CAVALRY.



WITH the exception of Company B Cavalry, we have now followed the varying fortunes of the noble phalanx of brave men, who early responded to the bugle call, and went forth from Camp Hammond twelve hundred strong.

We have noted the return of their shorn battalions and skeleton ranks, with scarcely enough left to chant the praises and epitaph the graves of their buried comrades. In resuming the story of Company B, it will be necessary to go back to the autumn of 1862, and to Perryville, where we left them in full career of victory. Perhaps no band of men of equal numbers who drew sword in the defense of their country, was made up of better material, or accomplished as much as they, with as little loss of life.

During Bragg's somewhat leisurely retreat from Kentucky, the policy of Buell was to fight him as lightly and harry him as little as possible, and the pursuing columns were restrained from accomplishing all they wished, or all they might. Company B was always in the advance, skirmishing with the enemy's rear guard, scouting the country, and obtaining valuable information



—MILITARY PHOTOGRAPH—

S B Sherer

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as to their movements and designs. Aside from the usual incidents and excitements of the chase, nothing of moment occurred until nearing Lancaster, on the afternoon of the 14th, when the enemy was found in line of battle, with artillery and infantry supports. Company B was deployed as skirmishers, and boldly assailed them with the leaden compliments of the season, until darkness put an end to the rambling skirmish, in which one of the enemy was known to have been killed.

At two o'clock the next morning the men were again in the saddle, reconnoitering the Rebel position. It was found that the main body had left, and only a rear guard of cavalry remained. At daylight permission was asked and obtained to make a charge, and with only fourteen men Capt. Sherer broke their picket line, dashed through town, and after a short but severe fight put their rear guard to flight, killing one, wounding one severely, and capturing thirteen prisoners.

The inhabitants of Lancaster were loyal, and warmly greeted the little squad of cavalry who were the first Federals to enter the place. During the preceding night the town had been occupied by five thousand Confederate infantry and cavalry, who had withdrawn but a half mile when their rear guard was so handsomely charged and put to flight. Soon after the 2nd Michigan Cavalry came up, and were somewhat chagrined as well as indignant to find that all the honor connected with the brilliant dash belonged to a mere handful of the 36th. The demonstrations of loyalty on the part of the people, and their expressions of admiration of the gallant conduct of the boys, has never been forgotten by them, and is often referred to as a bright spot in their soldier experience. For gallant conduct at Lancaster, as well as at Perryville, Gen. Carlin in his official report paid a fine compliment to Capt. Sherer and his Company.

At Crab Orchard the pursuit of Bragg was virtually ended, and the Company remained in camp at that place several days, receiving orders in the meantime to report to Brig. Gen. Woodruff as escort. The army then retraced its steps to Lebanon, where communication by rail was opened with Louisville. Meanwhile Gen. Buell was superseded in the command by Rosecrans, who, after garrisoning the most important places, proceeded with the main army to Nashville.

November 7th, while on the march from Tyree Springs, an army sutler was met, who reported a band of guerillas but a short distance ahead, who had captured a number of wagons, and confiscated his goods, chattles and effects. Gen. Woodruff ordered Company B to press forward and endeavor to overhaul and punish the band of depredators. The supposed guerillas proved to be two or three thousand of John Morgan's freebooters, who, learning of our approach, stationed a regiment in ambush along the rocky sides of a ravine overlooking and commanding the road passing through it. When nearly at the foot of the hill, the first intimation of an enemy near at hand was a volley from double barrelled shot guns fired at short range from behind overhanging rocks, almost over the heads of the Federal troopers. Their shots ranged high, and only three of the men were wounded. The Company attempted to storm the hill, but its almost perpendicular sides could not be scaled by cavalry. Forming the Company in an open space or field on the opposite side of the ravine, a spirited skirmish was maintained until word could be sent to Gen. Woodruff, who dispatched an infantry force to the enemy's rear, and drove them from their advantageous position. In this skirmish Ephraim Gardner,——— and —— were wounded, the Captain's horse was shot, and the blankets and clothing of most the men perforated with buck shot.

Somewhat chagrined at being unwittingly drawn into the Rebel ambuscade, the men were anxious for an opportunity to wipe out the fancied cloud upon their good name, and go in pursuit of the marauders.

Permission was granted, and the next morning, having been joined by detachments from other commands, they started out in quest of Morgan. Proceeding up the Gallatin pike to Sandersville, they learned that their wily adversary had left the road for Murfreesboro, and were to cross the Cumberland at Shackle Island. After a rapid march they were overtaken at the river, and stinging volleys of carbine shot sent into their rear, changing an orderly retreat into a wild stampede. Two of the gang were made prisoners, and three horses with their equipments, two carbines, two revolvers and other property captured.

The next day the Company reached Nashville and encamped in the environs of the city. On the 15th, Gen. Davis assumed command of the Division, and Company B was soon after detailed as his escort. Scouting parties were constantly patrolling the country, who made it lively for Morgan's and other prowling bands. About the middle of November a detachment was sent by Gen. Carlin into Cheatham County, under the command of Col. McKee, in quest of guerillas. Lieut. Reynolds, with twenty men from Company B, accompanied the expedition, and after many adventures, returned on the 20th with forty-six prisoners and thirty horses.

A similar expedition, for the purpose of clearing the country of the guerillas infesting the valley of the Cumberland, left Nashville November 27th, under the command of Capt. Sherer. This, on account of the lively incidents attending it, is worth mentioning somewhat in detail. The inhabitants had been previously warned against harboring "bushwhackers," and threat-

ened with the iron hand of military power in case the warning was unheeded. These notices had produced little effect, and scarcely a day passed that some unsuspecting Federal soldier was not waylaid and shot, or Union citizens murdered in cold blood. Nameless and numberless outrages were perpetrated, compared to which the atrocities of Digger Indians would be regarded as acts of humanity. So bold did these deperadoes become, and so numerous and flagrant their outrages, that it was determined to give their aiders and abettors a foretaste of what they might expect if these depredations were continued.

Every trooper knows the nature of such service. Many hundred times have they seen from one to three gaunt specimens of the genus "butternut" often shoeless, hatless and coatless, break for the nearest timber, on the approach of cavalry to some suspected house. None better understand what "tall running" means than the troopers engaged in such service, nor can better appreciate the fun and excitement of chasing these fellows, and their forlorn, hang-dog expression on being overhauled and compelled to march back, often over long, muddy or dusty roads on foot to Nashville, perhaps to be immured within the vermin infested walls of some guard house for months. Once, however, a squad of the boys were badly sold. The day was dark and stormy, but we doubt if even comrade Strang would offer that as a sufficient excuse for chasing a *darkey* five mile through the mud, and when overtaken, find him on his way to a negro prayer meeting.

At another time squads were marched through woods, thickets and across lots in order to surround a house where it was suspected guerillas were harbored. None were there, however, only women and children just ready to sit down to a sumptuous repast of sweet potatoes and hot corn dodgers. The boys were

disappointed at the way the adventure had "panned out," and just then were attacked with a sudden spasm of hunger. Determined to avenge themselves in some way, no second invitation was needed to induce them to share the smoking viands before them. Their hostesses had the satisfaction of looking on, but not a crumb was left for them.

Another source of amusement, if not of wonder and amazement, was the immense number of cats and gaunt, yellow dogs which infested the cabins of the "natives" as tenants in common.

Private Strang tells us of the way three bushwhackers were taken in and cared for by the advance guard. "We were approaching Harper's shoals, and discovered three fellows on horseback on another and converging road. They did not see us, and were soon hid from view behind a skirt of timber. There were three of us, and we did not hesitate to "go in," spurring our horses down one hill and up another to reach the point of intersection. The distance and rate of speed were calculated to a nicety, and we met face to face at the corners, a trio of as hard looking cut throats as ever infested the highway. Their looks did not belie their bushwhacking profession, and after a brief examination of the muzzles of our cocked revolvers, they were persuaded to give up their arms and entrust their precious carcasses to our care. Their arms were as various and unique as their apparel. The one consigned to my charge had a butcher knife strapped to his hips and a double barreled shot gun, with each barrel charged six fingers deep."

Arriving at the shoals, a considerable force of the "Johnnies" were discovered on the opposite bank of the river, who maintained a steady fire upon the cavalry. A detachment of infantry coming up sent a volley of minnie balls among them with charming effect, scattering the long-haired, ragged chivalry like sheep.

About that time a wagon load of whisky was captured, and the boys all adjourned to inspect it. Their verdict was, "Too good for the Johnnies," and that, too, was taken along. The next day other prisoners were taken in, with horses and six wagon loads of wheat. The whole country about Cooperstown, Turnersville, Port Royal and Clarksville was thoroughly scouted, and on the 1st of December the command returned to Nashville with twenty-five prisoners, twenty barrels of whisky, six loads of wheat and a large number of horses and mules, without a single casualty to the men and but one horse captured by the enemy.

During the period of these minor operations, Gen. Rosecrans was untiring in his efforts to consolidate his army and prepare for an advance. On the evening of the 25th of December the several commands were ordered to march the next morning, and thereupon the movement upon Murfreesboro was begun. Gen. Davis, in command of the right wing, led the advance in the direction of Nolansville; and at daylight forty men of Company B, with fourteen of the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, under Capt. Sherer, headed the column. Rain fell in torrents during the forenoon, greatly to the discomfort of the men, and adding to the hardship of the march. The Confederate cavalry pickets were encountered five miles from Nashville, and a slight resistance offered, but they were easily driven back, until being reinforced they seemed more disposed to dispute our progress. After some skirmishing, these were driven two miles, when two more squadrons were added, making their numbers too formidable for a direct attack.

The country was broken and covered with dense thickets of cedar. By sending detachments through the woods, and concealing their movements, they were enabled to strike the enemy unexpectedly in flank, leading them to suppose that a new force

was coming in from another quarter, and in this manner they succeeded in imposing upon and driving largely superior numbers. The constant changing from one flank to another, through thickets unbroken by a single trail, was fatiguing both to men and horses. A few men remained on the pike keeping up a show of pursuit, while the balance of the Company were assailing the Rebel flanks. Subsequently the enemy was reinforced by three other squadrons, increasing their numbers to five or six hundred. By keeping up the same tactics, these, too, were driven, but not without considerable opposition. Shots were freely exchanged, and the popping of carbines resounded among the hills and valleys along the line of march.

In the vicinity of Nolansville a heavy force of artillery, infantry and cavalry were found in position, and it became necessary to send back to Gen. Davis for help. The division came up and formed in line of battle, and after a sharp artillery fire Carlin's brigade advanced and dislodged the enemy. They retired to a new position on a range of rocky hills, over which the road passed through a depression known as Knob's Gap. Our batteries were brought to bear upon them, and the roar of cannon drowned the sound of contending elements or of charging squadrons. Carlin's brigade rushed across the fields upon the enemy's battery, captured two guns and carried the heights to the right, while Post's brigade cleared the ridge upon the left. Night put an end to the engagement, and Sheridan's and Johnson's Divisions coming up, McCook's whole command bivouacked near Nolansville for the night.

During the day, Company B drove the enemy steadily before them; captured a number of prisoners; killed the captain of a company of Texas rangers, and took many horses, wagons and mules. This was the most trying march and the severest

day's work that the company had ever accomplished. The horses were so nearly used up, that when formed in line at Nolansville, many laid down from exhaustion, and could not be moved. Gen. Davis complimented Capt. Sherer and the company highly, saying, "so effectually did Capt. Sherer's company, of the 36th Cavalry, drive back and manœuvre out of position this greatly superior force, that the infantry were not permitted to fire a shot until at Nolansville." No single company could have accomplished more.

A dense fog prevailed the next morning, and the army was not in motion much before noon. The Cavalry Division, under Stanley, moved cautiously, and skirmished with the enemy but did not press him to an engagement in a fog so dense that it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. When the fog lifted, artillery and infantry moved to the front and pushed the Confederates beyond Triune. Company B was held in reserve that day and did not participate in the engagement. Their horses had not fully recovered from the severe labors of the day before.

The 28th being the Sabbath, and the army needing rest, there was no advance. It was, however, a day of preparation for the conflict, which all felt was near at hand. Company B fired off the damp charges in their pistols and carbines, cleaned their arms and loaded anew.

Early on the 29th, the camps were instinct with life, and the army put in motion. Gen. Stanley, in command of the Cavalry Division, lead the advance, and pressed the enemy closely for six miles. Company B moved across to the Murfreesboro Pike, and were in the extreme advance until reaching Stewart's Creek, when the Anderson Troop and one or two other cavalry regiments, under Col. Stokes, took the lead. The enemy was found a mile or two beyond in battle array, and when the fact was

reported to Gen. McCook, he ordered Company B to accompany Col. Pense to the front, to make a thorough reconnoissance of their position. The Anderson Troop charged across a field, and received the fire of two Rebel regiments, concealed behind a fence. A number of saddles were emptied, and Majors Ward and Rosengarten and six men were killed. Company B was just at the left of the Anderson Cavalry, out of the line of the Rebel fire, and suffered no loss. A confederate force of 5,000 or 6,000 infantry, with cavalry and artillery, was developed, and then the cavalry retired to Overall Creek, where the infantry arrived at dark, and the whole right wing went into camp in the neighborhood.

Very early on the morning of the 30th, the army moved forward, and as the columns approached the Rebel position, they were obstinately opposed. Post's Brigade, of Davis' Division, was on the right, and Capt. Sherer was ordered to report with his company to him for duty, and was placed upon the extreme right flank of the army. Advancing about three-fourths of a mile, Carlin and Post became engaged, and the company was deployed as skirmishers as well as flankers. Throughout the fore part of the day, a continuous fire was kept up with Hardee's advance. When hardly pressed, Davis would send a regiment of infantry to help them, but after swinging into position, he assailed the Rebel line with artillery, forcing it back. Johnson coming up with his Division, Capt. Sherer showed him Hardee's position and where to align his division, on Davis' right, while Sheridan formed on the left. These three divisions opened upon the enemy with artillery, and for one or two hours before dark, cannon responded to cannon, and at several points where the lines approached each other, the sharp tones of musketry mingled with the basso voice of heavy artillery. During the afternoon, Car-

lin's Brigade charged a Rebel battery and drove the gunners from their pieces, but the supporting infantry enfiladed them with a terrific fire of musketry, and it fell back to its former position with heavy loss. Gen. Davis in his report of this day's operations, made favorable mention of Company B, saying they answered the purpose of a brigade.

This day, which may well be termed the first act in one of the most terrible tragedies of the war, was fruitful of personal adventures, some of which have been related to us. While upon the skirmish line, a Rebel captain of artillery, was observed to be particularly active and skillful in handling his guns. A line of rail fence ran from the thicket, where some of the cavalry were stationed, to the immediate neighborhood of this battery. Sergts. Duncan and Harvey conceived the idea of advancing under cover of the fence, to a position within easy range for giving the Johnnies a lesson in Yankee marksmanship. Capt Sherer held their horses while they crept along the fence. Their first shots were too long ranged to produce an effect, except to cause a sudden dodging as the missiles went hissing by their ears. Getting a little nearer, the second shots accomplished their object, and the captain of the battery was seen to fall, causing no little consternation among the gunners. They however changed the direction of their fire, and for a few moments the shot flew lively through the cedars behind which the boys were posted—one passing under the arm and through the poncho of Capt. Sherer.

At five o'clock A. M. December 31st, the horses were bridled and prepared for action. The early dawn of the morning disclosed solid masses of the enemy advancing rapidly from the timber, who charged Johnson's Division and surprised and routed it. Without halting they bore down upon Davis's right, while other columns heavily massed pressed him in front. His division

stood its ground until nearly cut to pieces, and then broke and retired in confusion. Sheridan and Negley, outnumbered by thousands, assailed in front and flank, each in turn were obliged to bend beneath their thronging legions, and the whole of McCook's Corps was broken and forced from one position to another, and at last doubled upon the left.

Company B retired in good order from the scene of Davis' disaster across a cotton field, and then turning left about, they drew their sabres and deployed as skirmishers to stop the fugitives, rally the infantry and check the rout. But as well attempt to stay the resistless current of a river as to stop the panic-stricken fugitives, fleeing before the wave of Rebel fire that was rolling up behind them. Shot and shell went screaming over their heads or plunging through the half formed ranks, and soon began to hail in frightful quantities around the cavalry. The Captain's sabre was broken by a grape shot, some of the men unhorsed, and others wounded. It was useless to attempt a stand at that point, and they, too, were borne back with the crowd. Another attempt was made to form in the timber, but without success, and the retrograde movement was continued to the railroad, where forming in front of it, a final stand was made, and the enemy repulsed after a desperate struggle.

During the remainder of the day Company B was mostly employed in gathering up the stragglers and reforming the division. In a charge upon our position on the Nashville pike, five of the Company were captured. Capt. Sherer called a portion of the 4th Michigan Cavalry to aid him, charged back upon the enemy and recovered the boys from their hands. It was an exciting charge, attended with much risk and danger, and was not accomplished without loss. Just at night the 4th Regulars,

the 2nd Michigan and Company B charged upon and broke the enemy's line, and drove it from the field.

Among the casualties of this terrible day was James Knox, who was struck by a grape shot in the hip and left for dead upon the field. He eventually recovered, and was discharged in consequence of wounds. John Davis was also severely wounded in the arm, by which he obtained his discharge some months after.

In the operations of the three succeeding days, Company B was deployed on the left as skirmishers, guarding that flank, collecting stragglers and directing them to their commands. At one time enough for two regiments of those who were drifting to the rear were halted, returned to their places in front, and made available in the subsequent fighting.

The new year was ushered in with a continuation of the carnage that had crimsoned the last days of the old. There were assaults and counter assaults on the left, the assailants on either side generally being driven back with loss. Our artillery was splendidly served, and whole columns melted away before its fire. The men stood their ground as if rooted to the position, and all efforts to break the lines were repelled.

Similar demonstrations were made the next day, but without decisive results until four o'clock P. M., when concentrating their strength for a last grand effort against Beattie's Division, the enemy attacked with the greatest persistence and fury, and was rolling it back in disorder, when battery after battery was sent to its aid until fifty eight guns were playing upon them. Gen. Davis also "went in" with his division, and finally the enemy was hurled back to his former position, leaving the ground thickly strewn with dead and wounded. Following up our success, a large force crossed the river, and threw up earthworks. The cries and groans

of the mangled wrecks of humanity which covered this portion of the field were enough to appal the stoutest heart.

It was rainy, cold and disagreeable throughout the third day of the new year, and beyond occasional outbursts of artillery, quietness prevailed. Towards evening Gen. Thomas advanced the centre, gained a part of their entrenchments and severed the Rebel line. During the night Bragg retreated, and almost before being aware of the fact we were masters of the field. The dead were collected and buried, the wounded cared for, and on the 5th we took possession of Murfreesboro, shelling the Confederate rear as it disappeared. After ten days persistent fighting we had gained a victory, but at what a cost! One thousand five hundred and thirty-three heroic men, had attested their devotion to country by yielding up their lives, while seven thousand two hundred and forty-four were writhing in agony on beds of pain. That the enemy's losses were equally heavy, was poor consolation for the bloody sacrifice.

Our commissary trains came in soon after, and a threatened famine was averted. Some of the troops had subsisted for days on horse-flesh. Company B established its camp near the Shelbyville pike, a short distance south of Murfreesboro, and then succeeded a season of rest. No duty was required of them, except occasionally to escort general officers over the late battlefield.

The transfer of the company to the 15th Cavalry was first known on the 17th of January, and created general dissatisfaction and disgust. Not a man but expressed himself as bitterly opposed to the change. A formal protest was made to Gov. Yates, and letters written, favoring the revocation of the order, but without effect. Henceforth they were mustered for pay as Company K, 15th Ill. Cav., but scarcely a member would acknowl-

edge his connection with that regiment. Lieut. Barnard tendered his resignation, which was accepted on the 23rd, and Sergt. Charles M. Harvey was promoted to the vacancy, being the only change in the commissioned officers until the succeeding year.

About the last of January, the enemy's cavalry was exceedingly active, demonstrating upon our flanks and rear and menacing our communications. Davis' Division, with all the available cavalry was directed to move to the rear of the Rebel force and intercept its retreat. At Salem, a part of the cavalry was despatched to Unionville and Rover, while the main command continued to Eaglesville. The first detachment captured a Rebel regiment at Rover, numbering three hundred and fifty men. Company B led the advance to Eaglesville, charged the town, and took a number of prisoners. Forty-six were taken during the day. The command reached Franklin, Feb. 2nd, and occupied it until the arrival of the infantry.

The Rebel Gen. Wheeler, made a descent upon Fort Donelson, and while operating there, Gens. Morgan and Minty were sent from Franklin to cut off his retreat. Company B, as usual, took the lead, and had the honor of capturing a colonel, one major, and about thirty of Forest's Cavalry. They ran out of provisions; the country was destitute, and for days they subsisted on parched corn. Wheeler was repulsed from Fort Donelson, and retreated precipitately. Making a wide circuit to the west, he eluded Morgan and Minty, and the command returned to Franklin and then to Marfreesboro, with little to compensate them for the fatigues of the expedition.

February 28th, Company B accompanied a foraging expedition, and at Versailles skirmished with a detachment, driving it several miles, and on the return, acted as rear guard. A scout

to Eaglesville, March 10th, was replete with incidents, similar in many respects to expeditions of this kind generally. Another to Rover, shortly after, was too noted and well remembered to pass unnoticed. While other detachments were operating at various points, Capt. Sherer was sent with one hundred and seventeen men towards Rover, to reconnoitre. Shortly after leaving camp he encountered one hundred Confederates, and kept up a running fight for several miles. They being joined by two hundred others, were likewise driven, until within half a mile of the town a Rebel regiment was discovered with artillery in position. A few shots were exchanged while our skirmishers were developing their strength. The enemy were too numerous to be attacked, and were throwing out flanking columns, for the purpose of surrounding Capt. Sherer's detachment, when a retreat was ordered. Our skirmishers were too much spread out to be readily withdrawn, and the enemy poured down the pike and captured four of them. Wheeling suddenly, a counter-charge was made and two of the men recaptured. Another made his escape, but Daniel Porchette was held a prisoner. Sergt. McQueen, with twelve men, was holding the rear, when the enemy charged a second time—hurrying the retreat materially. One man's horse giving out, he fell into the enemy's hands, but McQueen, charging back, recovered him, and retired unharmed. At the second charge, John Gilbert was pretty badly scared, and putting spurs to his horse, started for Triune at the top of its speed. Upon the Captain ordering him to halt, he turned slightly in his saddle and excitedly said, "Cap, them dog'ond Texican Rangers are all over God's creation, and you'd better lite out!"

Reconnoissance in various quarters, developed the fact that the enemy was gathering in strong force, in the immediate neighborhood. The pickets were frequently fired upon, and, on the

morning of the 21st, driven in. Company B was sent as a support, and unexpectedly struck the Rebels in flank. A few volleys put them to flight, and in their retreat they were galled by Sheridan's artillery. For gallantry at Rover and on various other occasions, Capt. Sherer was allowed twenty days absence, and visited Aurora. On his return, the company presented him with a fine sabre, to replace the one broken at Stone River, and with it many expressions of their appreciation and kind regards.

As the spring advanced, indications of increasing activity on the part of the belligerents began to appear. The army at Murfreesboro was fairly beleaguered by bold and enterprising foes. The following entry in an officer's diary illustrates the state of affairs within our lines. "Enemy reported to be moving to our left. Division ordered to the front. Saw the enemy's pickets. Horse race indefinitely postponed."

May 19th, Capt. Sherer was ordered to proceed with his Company, by a circuitous route, to the rear of a Rebel picket post, seven miles distant, on the Shelbyville pike, while four companies of infantry and one of cavalry, was to co-operate from another direction. On approaching the post, the infantry were to march in the woods parallel with the pike, and far enough from it for concealment, with a view to reaching the enemy's flank undiscovered. The position was on elevated ground, where two roads met, and where a church, blacksmith-shop and other buildings were located.

The infantry moved too near the pike and imprudently showed themselves before Company B and the other cavalry could get into position. Capt. Sherer hearing the firing that followed, broke through their chain pickets, galloping rapidly through the brush, until supposing himself far enough to outflank the enemy; then wheeled to the left, in the direction where the infantry were

engaged, thinking to sweep off the videttes before their reserves could come up. A negro informed the Captain that instead of pickets alone, reserves and all were at the corners. Seeing it was useless to contend with so large a force, he endeavored to retrace his steps, and was surprised to see a large force gathered in his rear and charging down upon him. Finding himself surrounded, he determined to cut his way through those at the corners. Galloping down the lane he came to a gate, which caused a momentary delay, during which the dense column of dust in the rear was rolling up frightfully near. The skirmish with the infantry was over and the latter had retreated. The force now gathered at the corners outnumbered his ten to one. The lane was full of armed men, and across a field to the right the timber was packed with cavalry. To charge this multitudinous host was now the only desperate resort, and on he went with the speed of the wind. Lieut. Harvey with the first platoon cleared the lane, and reaching the corners, turned south to hold the enemy in check while the others were extricating themselves from the trap into which they had unwittingly entered. Sergt. Duncan with the second platoon turned north, and Sergt. McQueen with the third followed, and when fairly on the road to Nashville, Harvey came on bringing up the rear. The audacity of the movement astonished the Rebels, who, seeing the great cloud of dust in rear of our cavalry, supposed the whole outfit to be Yankees, and their efforts were mainly directed in endeavoring to get away, instead of fighting the squad that charged them. Citizens coming in the next day reported the force at the corners, through which Harvey charged, as four hundred. That in the charge two of the enemy were killed, six wounded, and their Colonel's horse shot. They thought until the dust had cleared away, that the whole force was Yankees, that a general advance

was being made, and significantly added, "Youans will never come that over weuns again."

Shortly after this adventure, the Company was ordered to report to Gen. Crittenden for escort duty. Gen. Davis feelingly bade them good bye, and highly extolled their bravery and the many gallant acts they had performed.

The question of an advance was finally determined, and on the 24th of June Crittenden's Corps was put in motion. Thomas and McCook had marched the day before. The booming of cannon in front was the music that heralded the advance of the army. To enter into details of the incidents of the march, and the numberless skirmishes in which the Company was engaged, would vary but little from what has already been written of similar adventures, and would swell this chapter to an immoderate length. Crittenden's Corps was the first to enter Chattanooga after its evacuation by Bragg. Company B lead the advance, and were the first Federal soldiers in the city, except prisoners of war captured in former campaigns, that had been taken through on their way to Southern prison pens. They took a colonel and a number of Rebel stragglers prisoners, with ordnance stores and other property, including a wagon load of "Cherry Bounce."

Longstreet, with reinforcements from the Rebel army in Virginia, joining Bragg, materially changed the aspect of affairs, and our army, scattered over a wide territory, was in a critical position. The Rebel commander at once discontinued his retrograde movement, and turning about, sought to recover the positions he had abandoned, and to crush in detail our scattered divisions. The changed situation caused deep solicitude and anxiety on the part of our commanders, who sought to extricate the army from its perilous position, and every effort was made to

concentrate the different corps and interpose a barrier to the re-occupation of Chattanooga by the enemy. Orders and despatches were flying between headquarters and the subordinates in the field. The cavalry were on the wing night and day, and scarcely a breathing spell was given to those on detached service.

At two P. M. of the 11th, Capt. Sherer was sent with despatches to Gen. Wood, and in the gloom of night, the wrong road was taken. Ere long he found himself within the enemy's picket lines, and while endeavoring to extricate the party, Sergt. Perry and private Mann fell into their hands as prisoners of war. After wandering in the darkness through woods, hills and ravines, Gen. Wood was found at daylight and the despatches delivered. On the 12th, Company B was sent to the front, and engaged all day the enemy's cavalry. After dark they went into camp at Gordon's Mills. From that time until the 19th, there was sharp and almost constant skirmishing, and often the deep-voiced cannon mingled in the fray. Company B participated in many of these, and at other times were carrying despatches to every part of the widely extended field of operations.

Early on the 19th, the battle of Chickamauga opened near Gordon's Mills. Bragg had evidently expected to get into Chattanooga in advance of our army, but in this he was foiled, and massing his forces, he hurled them in great fury against separate corps. A desperate struggle ensued—with varying success, but without decisive results. Ten men of Company B were assigned to Gen. Sheridan, and shared in the fortunes of his intrepid division. The balance were constantly on the wing, carrying orders and reconnoitering. At one time, while passing a gap through which the enemy had penetrated, the whole detachment narrowly escaped capture.

Through the dull hours of the succeeding night, our army was concentrating upon the left, to overlap Bragg's right, and cover the road to Chattanooga. Portions of Crittenden's and McCook's Corps were sent to Gen Thomas' assistance, and it was owing to the weakening of these corps and the strengthening of the left, that they met with disaster the succeeding day, while Thomas with great difficulty was enabled to hold his position. The right wing met with disaster and was driven with immense loss from the field—some even retiring to Chattanooga. During the night Company B conducted Gen. Crittenden to Gen. Rosecrans' headquarters at the Widow Glenn's. While the right was retiring in disorder, Company B found an abandoned battery and attempted to drag it from the field, but the enemy came swarming up on every side and they were forced to leave it, after spiking two of the guns. So close were the Confederates upon them, that the boys were obliged to scatter in every direction. A squad of three bore off the corps flag and saved it from capture. Three several efforts were made to cross over to Gen. Thomas' position, but Rebel troops were found blocking the way, and it was with difficulty they escaped capture. At one time, but three men were left with Capt. Sherer. Learning from Gen. Davis that Crittenden, McCook and Rosecrans were in Chattanooga, weary and despondent, the company made its way into town after dark.

Desultory fighting continued for several days, but no general engagement. Gradually our lines were withdrawn to the environs of the city, and strong entrenchments thrown up. The enemy located their camps and batteries on the summits and sides of the surrounding hills, and closely invested the place on all sides except the north. Then succeeded a few days of rest for Company B, that during the excitement and vicissitudes of the pre-

vious month had become worn down and exhausted. Capt. Sherer was taken sick, and for many days his life was despaired of. Then followed the long, gloomy days of starvation that characterized the Siege of Chattanooga. Food and forage were consumed, and only one long, mountain road over which supplies could be drawn. As the wants of the men were first to be supplied, forage was out of the question, and thousands of horses and mules starved to death.

At a later period Gens. Crittenden and McCook were relieved from their commands, and Company B escorted them as far as Stevenson. The General very feelingly took leave of his faithful escort, and bestowed many encomiums upon their fidelity and gallantry. Gen. Hooker having arrived at Stevenson on his way to the front, the Company was commended to his consideration, as being competent and worthy for any position to which they might be assigned. During the next few weeks they were entrusted with the execution of many important duties, one of which was the conducting of a large herd of starving animals from the beleaguered city to where forage could be obtained. It was a tedious job, and many died upon the road, but by far the larger portion reached Stevenson in safety.

While at Stevenson, orders were received for the Company to report to Gen. Hooker for duty, then in the valley, directly under the frowning summit of Lookout Mountain. So near was the enemy that men could be seen at their games of cards, or in the performance of the usual avocation of soldiers in camp. At times fierce cannonading was indulged in by the belligerent parties facing each other. Old Lookout was often wreathed in smoke and flame, and made to tremble at the explosion of hostile cannon. Shot frequently struck in close proximity to the General's quarters or rolled with fearful momentum through the camp, fortunately without loss to Company B.

The dangers, excitements, success and glory attending the ever memorable day of Lookout Mountain and the battle above the clouds, November 24th and 25th, 1863, were shared by the Company. The story of Lookout has been often told, and most grandly by that inimitable word painter, B. F. Taylor, whose sentences are sparkling poems, and we will not attempt with our sluggish pen to repeat it. At times the firing of guns was most terrific. A hundred thousand eyes from the valley below sought to penetrate that fog curtain and trace the sweep of Hooker's battalions up the rocky ascent; and when early on the morning of the 25th the rocky buttresses were scaled, and the flag of glory floated from the highest mountain height, a tempest of human voices went shouting to the victors in a prolonged and joyful expression of satisfaction at the result. Capt. Sherer acted as aid to Gen. Hooker, and throughout the engagement was ever at his side. The Company was in the thickest of the fray, toiling up the rocky ascent with the storming column, and when night found us in secure possession of the mountain, and the victory virtually won, they bivouacked at the "white house," midway between the base and summit of the mountain.

Ere the morning light had tinged the east and kissed the waving folds of the flag proudly floating from the summit above them, Hooker's columns were in motion. A dense fog concealed the mountain, and covered the landscape. The morning was well advanced before the retreat of the enemy was rendered certain, and the General enabled to take in fully the situation. The pursuit was pressed in the direction of Rossville, followed by more or less fighting throughout the day. Capt. Sherer being sent back for ammunition, was just crossing Lookout Mountain when Granger's, Thomas' and Sheridan's Divisions made their famous charge up the steep sides of Missionary Ridge. The

sight was inspiring beyond conception, one never to be forgotten, and for a time held him spell bound—an excited spectator of one of the grandest panoramas of battle and victory of the whole war.

Among the many incidents of the day, the following is related of Henry P. Mann, a private of Company B. While on his way to Chattanooga with despatches from Gen. Hooker, he had descended the mountain about half way, when he unexpectedly encountered a squad of nine Rebel soldiers. There was little time for deliberation, but thinking the boldest was the easiest way out of danger, he charged single handed, and by representing that supports were near, induced them to throw down their arms and surrender, and brought them in triumph to the Company quarters.

A succession of brilliant victories to the Federal arms around Chattanooga, put Bragg in rapid retreat, Gen. Hooker following closely, capturing many prisoners and guns on the way. At Ringgold, he found the enemy in position to dispute his advance. Two infantry charges were made and repulsed with loss, but the artillery coming up, the enemy was shelled from his position and retreated to Dalton. Here the pursuit was abandoned and the troops recalled to Chattanooga. Gen. Hooker established his headquarters in Lookout Valley, and there for some time Company B remained inactive.

Thirty-five of the company re-enlisted as veterans and immediately returned to Illinois on furlough. Meanwhile, all efforts failing for the revocation of the order attaching it to the 15th Cavalry, the men with a bad grace submitted to the change. One of its results was the tender to and acceptance of a major's commission by Capt. Sherer, to date from July 29th, 1863, a tardy, though deserving recognition of the services of a true soldier and gallant officer. He was ordered to report to his

regiment at Helena, Arkansas, and on the 12th of February, 1864, his connection with Company B ceased. Samuel B. Sherer was born in Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn., Jan. 7th 1838. His father died when he was ten years of age, and without friends or influence, he fought successfully his way through life. When eighteen years of age, he came west, as a locomotive engineer. When the war broke out, he was employed in the post-office at Aurora. Taking a deep interest in the success of the National cause, we found him at Camp Hammond, a 2nd Lieutenant of Company A Cavalry. Since the Chicago fire, he has been a resident of that city. His past military experience has been duly appreciated by his fellow citizens, and at this time he holds the commission of Major, in the 1st Regiment Illinois State Militia.

Lieut Francis E. Reynolds succeeded to the Captaincy, but his resignation being accepted a few days thereafter, he was succeeded by Sergt. William Duncan, whose personal bravery and brilliant exploits had attracted the notice of his superiors and gained the confidence of the company. 2nd Lieut. Charles M. Harvey was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, and Sergt. John A. McQueen was commissioned and mustered 2nd Lieutenant, to rank from February 28th, 1864.

Unfortunately the connection of our story at this point is broken and its interest impaired, despite our efforts to secure a report, a diary, or an interview with any of the survivors, that would throw light or information upon the history of the company during the Atlanta campaign. We are informed that this was the most eventful period of its career. Those who are personally acquainted with Gen. Hooker, and the part he took in the bloody march through Northern Georgia, must know that his escort and staff were at no time idle, or in want of opportunities for personal adventures and deeds of daring.

Two or three incidents have come to us second-hand, and we will give them. The fatigues of the campaign had told heavily upon the company's horses, and it became an object of solicitude on the part of each trooper to secure a remount, and when expeditions in the country were made, no plantation or stable escaped a general search from the prying eyes of the boys. Their sharpness in trading their worn-out crow-baits with citizens for fresh, spirited animals, must redound to their lasting credit.

In the neighborhood of Burnt Hickory, Sergt. Amick, and the brothers Alfred and Albert Small, were sent to reconnoiter the enemy, and took occasion to engage in commercial pursuits as opportunity offered. The position of the enemy was unknown. They followed a trail a short distance up a mountain-side, and then diverging from it, ascended obliquely, without path or trail to guide them through the thickets which clothed the mountain. There was a change in the course of the range, and crossing the nose or elbow of the hills, they suddenly came to a plantation, and a large mansion surrounded by negro cabins, with stables in the rear. Amick sent his comrades to the stables, while he rode up to the front of the house. Seeing army saddles in the porch, he called the proprietor and demanded whose they were. He replied "the Major's." "Please tell the Major I wish to see him," and presently both came to the door. To Amick's surprise, he found the major to be a Rebel officer. Just then, seeing a cavalry camp near by, he found himself fairly within the Confederate lines. Judging the boldest course to be the safest, he brought his revolver to bear upon the major and ordered him to surrender. The other boys coming up with three fine horses, they were saddled, and mounting their prisoner, they plunged into the brush and rode rapidly away. The alarm was given,

and the Confederate troop quickly saddled and set out in pursuit. In his haste, Amick became confused and lost his way, but while wandering in the woods, he came upon two citizens, mounted and armed with shot-guns, whom he took prisoners, and with cocked revolvers at their heads compelled them to pilot him into the Federal lines, with three prisoners and five fresh horses.

Notwithstanding Johnston's stout resistance, our army steadily pushed him back, and on the 25th of May he was found at New Hope Church and Dallas. The 20th Corps was in the center and led the advance. In the afternoon Hooker approached Pumpkin Vine Creek, and found the bridge crossing it in possession of a cavalry force, which was speedily driven off, but not before they had fired the bridge. The fire was extinguished, and a barn near by torn down and the material used for its repair. A hot fire from the woods was kept upon the men at work, but as soon as the last plank was laid, Gen. Hooker with Company B crossed over, charged the enemy and drove them some distance until they were reinforced and it was considered unsafe to venture further. The retreat was sounded, and all retired except George Winchester, who was particularly anxious to get in another shot. He soon came up with the Company, remarking, as he took his place in line, "I'll teach the d——d son-of-a-gun to shoot at me." A dead Rebel was afterward found on the spot, and it was believed that George had actually *taught him*.

Atlanta was at length reached after more than three months continuous fighting. Our forces were closing in upon the city, and the beleaguered enemy was contending desperately for its preservation. The hostile lines were near to each other, often within short range. Gen. Hooker, always brave, often rash, on the evening of July 24th, passed in front of his entrenchments

and just in rear of the outer picket line to inspect the enemy's position and works. A number of shots, fired by Rebel sharpshooters, passed very near, but without heeding the hissing bullets cutting the air around him, he continued the reconnoissance. John Baker, his orderly, and a member of Company B, was just in rear of the General, and at the second discharge was shot through the body and killed. This was the first member of the Company that was killed outright by the enemy.

At last Atlanta was taken, and the remnants of the Confederate army under the command of Hood, gathered at or near Lovejoy's Station, on the Macon Railroad, but made no hostile movements, and a period of quiet and rest ensued. Gen. Hooker was relieved from the command of the 20th Corps, and succeeded by Gen. O. O. Howard, who retained Company B as his escort. There being no longer any hope of rescinding the order of assignment to the 15th Cavalry, from henceforth we will designate it as Company K, 15th Illinois Cavalry.

The latter part of September Hood began to manifest unusual activity, and shifted his position from our front to the flank, while his cavalry were found raiding in the rear and menacing our long, slender line of communication. When, on the 3rd of October, Hood was reported in person with his whole army in the neighborhood of Marietta, Gen. Sherman was not taken by surprise. Succeeding the capture of Atlanta, his army had undergone many changes. New organizations and commanders took the place of old. Gen. Thomas was despatched to Tennessee with the 4th and 23rd Corps; and the 14th and 16th Corps were broken up and merged into the 15th and 17th, forming a single grand division, known as the Army of the Tennessee, commanded by Gen. Howard. Company K still remained with that officer as escort and body guard, but its duties were so infinite that with truth it

may be said it was independent, and attached to no particular command or commander.

At length the railroad was tapped, and communication with the outer world cut off. Leaving Gen. Slocum with the 20th Corps at Atlanta, Sherman proceeded with his available forces to break the blockade and restore his line of communication, which taxed the ingenuity and energy of the army to its utmost to accomplish. For more than a month Sherman was chasing Hood from position to position, but could not succeed in drawing him into a pitched battle.

During this period of activity and ceaseless marching, Company K was almost constantly on the move. First to Marietta, where the distant rumble of Corse's cannon at Allatoona was faintly heard, while Sherman signaled from the top of Kenesaw, over the heads of his enemy, for him to stand firm as help was near; and when in reply Corse signaled back a victory, the whole army felt relieved.

On the 11th of October we find the Company at Kingston, on the 12th at Rome, the 13th at Adairsville, the 14th at Resaca, the 15th and 16th at Snake Creek Gap and Taylor's Ridge, on the 17th at Lafayette, and then at Grayville, in the neighborhood of Chattanooga. Let the reader examine a map and follow the various meanderings of the Company, he will be astonished at the length of its marches and extent of territory traversed.

The consummate skill and vigor of Sherman, the celerity of his movements, together with two or three repulses, taught the enemy a lesson and he wisely withdrew to Gadsden. Having driven Hood from the railroad, and all arrangements being completed, Sherman in turn abandoned it, sent the troops destined to operate under Thomas to Chattanooga, while he returned to Atlanta.

Early on the morning of November 15th his columns were again in motion headed eastward, Atlanta was left tenantless, a heap of smoking ruins, and *the march to the sea* was commenced. Gen. Sherman in his memoirs, in describing the scene, says: "Away off in the distance on the McDonough road, was the rear of Howard's column, the gun barrels glistening in the sun, the white topped wagons stretching away to the south, and right before us the 14th Corps, marching steadily and rapidly, with a cheery look and swinging pace that made light of the thousand miles that lay between us and Richmond. Some band by accident struck up the anthem of 'John Brown's soul goes marching on,' the men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of 'Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!' done with more spirit or in better harmony of time and place."

The right wing, under Gen. Howard, after leaving Atlanta, pursued a southerly course, in the direction of Macon, reaching the Ocmulgee River on the 18th, and crossing it on pontoons. The 15th Corps then diverged to the east, towards Gordon, while the 17th continued to the neighborhood of Macon. Gen. Howard marched with the former column, and Company K led the advance. But little opposition was encountered, and an abundance of supplies was obtained from the bountiful harvest of the preceding season. Capt. Duncan was put in charge of Gen. Howard's scouts, and Lieut. McQueen throughout the march was in command of the company. Duncan, with his usual intrepidity and daring, was generally many miles in advance of the marching column, in the heart of the enemy's country, and frequently within their lines. Disguised as a Rebel officer, or an unsophisticated countryman, as suited his purpose, he was enabled to examine the routes to be followed and ascertain the whereabouts, strength and intention of the enemy, and faithfully report the combinations

being formed to obstruct or resist the march. There is no romance more thrilling than the story of Capt. Duncan's adventures in the Great March. He had learned the vernacular of the Southerners perfectly, and under his disguises could find out all he desired relative to the country and plans of the enemy. At the wayside houses, he was served with the best the country afforded, while negroes were set to watch his horses, to keep the "Yanks" from stealing them.

Milledgeville, the capitol of Georgia—situated about one hundred miles from Atlanta—was the first objective point. Two days in advance of the army, Capt. Duncan, with five companions, entered the city, and finding that the military had fled and the frightened inhabitants were in the highest state of excitement,—too intent in caring for their own precious selves, to bestow any attention upon him, his party removed their disguises, went boldly to the mayor and demanded the keys of the city, which were promptly surrendered. There were at the time over one hundred Rebel soldiers, including stragglers and convalescents—enough to have exterminated the scouts, had not their fears got the better of their judgment. Before leaving the city, the Confederate authorities released the convicts from the State Penitentiary and armed them, so Duncan, finding that institution empty, set fire to and consumed it, together with arsenals and magazines. Negroes from the country in vast crowds came flocking in, greeting the scouts with such exclamations as, "Tanks be to Almighty God, de Yankees hab come."

The next morning, Sergt. Amick, with five other scouts came in as a welcome reinforcement, and in the evening, Duncan was further re-inforced by Gen. Slocum, with the 20th Corps. In coming up, the General from a distance saw the commotion in the city, caused by the influx of negroes thronging the streets,

and taking them for Confederate troops, threw out his pickets, brought up his batteries, and deployed his men, in anticipation of a bloody engagement. Overtaking an old negro, the General inquired the number and character of the forces in the city, when the astonished darkey replied, "Bress yer heart, massa, de Yankees am dar!" Gen. Slocum was exceedingly crestfallen and enraged at the audacity of the scouts in getting before him and reaping the glory of capturing the capitol of Georgia, and at once ordered their arrest, but about that time the boys were not to be found, except one, and he by a clever ruse escaped.

The story of the Great March has been told often and well. It is not the design of this sketch to repeat it. It was like a grand, triumphal procession, through one of the most fertile regions of the South. There was but little opposition encountered, and scarcely a foraging party was driven in or molested.

As the army neared Savannah, its destination was apparent to those who wished to avoid the track of the invader. The scouts and foragers were usually many miles in advance, and none were positively sure of escaping the prying eyes of the dreaded Yankees. At one point a train of heavily laden cars was captured by Lieut. McQueen, just as it was on the point of moving away on a branch road, that would have taken it beyond the sweep of the Federal columns. The locomotive and cars were destroyed, and among the captured was a Confederate colonel, the President of the Georgia Central Railroad, and a number of soldiers and prominent citizens.

The right wing, under Gen. Howard, reached the Ogeechee river December 8th, 1864, and found the bridges burned and all boats destroyed. In anticipation of such a condition of things, an illy constructed canoe or "dug out" had been brought from the interior, and was the only craft at hand for crossing. Gen.

Sherman was anxious to communicate with the fleet, which he had reason to believe was awaiting him somewhere off the coast. Capt. Duncan, Sergt. Amick and Corp. Quimby volunteered to take a message to the fleet, and as soon as darkness had shadowed the landscape, they started down the river on their perilous voyage. They passed under King's bridge while it was yet burning, saw Rebel pickets stationed along the banks, and heard the prayers and singing of negroes who were holding a meeting at one of the wayside plantations. In the rice swamps were millions of wild ducks, chattering a good-night quack previous to retiring. Towards morning the ebb tide set in, and finding it difficult to make headway against it, they hauled their boat on shore, and cautiously approached the negro quarters on McAllister's plantation. Awakening the inmates of a cabin, they gave them to understand that they were Yankees, and in need of food and rest. The poor slaves were only too glad to supply their wants, and as daylight was approaching, assisted in concealing the boat in a cypress swamp and themselves in a belt of timber, where by laying close during the day they were not discovered.

At night the faithful negroes, having supplied them with food, piloted them back to their "dug out," and being warned of torpedoes and other obstructions to the navigation of the river, the scouts were off with the tide. The moon shone brightly, and they proceeded rapidly and blithely along, when suddenly a dark cloud gathered over the face of the moon, and the darkness seemed intense. Turning a bend, a dark object loomed athwart their path, and before they were aware of it they were alongside a Rebel gunboat which was anchored in the stream. The sentinel was heard walking the deck, and the hum of voices from those on board was wafted to their ears. Silently they pushed away from the dangerous craft, and when the cloud passed, they were at a safe distance from the hostile vessel.

Just below was Fort McAllister looming up in the bend of the river, but it was passed without molestation, and their little "dug out" swept gracefully through the narrow intervals between the spiles driven across the river. They heard and saw the Confederates at work strengthening the fort, but chose not to exchange compliments with them. The ebb tide setting against them, they lay by on an uninhabited island the greater part of the next day, and being without food or fresh water, their sufferings became intense. When the tide began to flow, they embarked again and rushed rapidly seaward. Soon the heavy ocean swells tossed their boat, the headlands disappeared, and they began to realize their critical situation. Hungry, thirsty and nearly exhausted, hope and courage forsook them. Looking seaward, the masts of vessels appeared in sight, which proved to be a part of the Federal blockading fleet. When the man at the masthead saw the strange craft approaching, a boat was sent to meet the boys. If ever men were happy, these half dead-scouts were at sight of the stars and stripes. They were taken to the flag ship, and their frail "dug out" was hoisted on board and subsequently carried to Washington, where the curious relic hunter may find it in the Navy Yard, a highly prized memento of one of the most daring adventures of the war.

We are reminded that our "History" has already overstepped its proposed bounds, and we are compelled to pass over many incidents that we doubt not would be full of interest to the reader. The storming of Fort McAllister, the investment of Savannah, and the surrender of the city with its vast arsenals and store-houses, have all been told by others and need not be repeated here. We have before us the diary of Lieut. McQueen, and from it we learn that while on the march from Pocotaligo through South Carolina, Daniel Reynolds was captured by the enemy January 30th, 1865,

and was never heard of afterward. Capt. Duncan returned and again took command of the Company, while Lieut. McQueen was placed in charge of the scouts.

From Pocotaligo, the right wing, under Gen. O. O. Howard, pursued its toilsome march, over roads rendered almost impassable by frequent rains and Rebel obstructions; through forests and swamps; crossing swollen streams on hastily constructed temporary bridges—the others having been burned by the enemy. Company K was usually in front, and in conjunction with the scouts captured many prisoners, horses and mules. The haughty South Carolinians were enraged at seeing their State overrun and ravaged by the “greasy Yankees,” and each angle of the road, crossing of a river or swamp, became the scene of spirited engagements. The coolness of the well-trained Northern soldiers and their confidence in themselves, gave them decided advantages over the hot and impetuous Southerners.

On the 17th of February, Columbia, the capitol of the State, surrendered, and Gen. Logan hastened to take possession. The Confederate Gen. Wade Hampton, left the city as Col. Stone with the advance entered it. Vast quantities of liquor were left in the place, and very many of the men, not being properly restrained, became intoxicated, and with passions stimulated, riot and confusion ensued. Cotton and merchandise of every description littered the streets, some of it on fire. A high wind arose, and it is perhaps true that a few of the drunken, untamed spirits, instead of exerting themselves to extinguish the smouldering fire, assisted in its spread. At nine o'clock at night, much to the surprise and regret of Gen. Sherman, the central and most compactly built portion of the city was found to be on fire. The howling wind, the raging flames, the falling walls, the explosion of fixed ammunition stored in various places along the track of

the devouring element, and the agonizing cry of helpless women and children, all formed a picture of horror, never to be forgotten. Hearts were touched at the sights and sounds around them, and officers generally exerted themselves to stay the conflagration and rescue people and property from its ravages.

Prominent among these was Lieut McQueen, who was instrumental in rescuing many buildings from the flames and their contents from pillage. One of these was the residence of the venerable Dr. Reynolds, with whom the Rev. A. Toomer Porter and family were temporarily stopping. Mr. Porter, in relating his experience during that fearful night, says: "Helpless, almost hopeless, not knowing what terrible fate awaited us, in this extremity God raised up a devoted friend in the person of Lieut. John A. McQueen, of the 15th Illinois Cavalry—which was the escort of Gen. O. O. Howard. During the entire stay of the Federal army in the now blackened and ruined city, this devoted officer never forsook us—giving us all the protection he possibly could, and it was only when the last company of United States soldiers had departed that he took his leave." On parting with him, Mr. Porter placed in the hands of McQueen, a letter addressed to Gen. Wade Hampton, or other Confederate officer into whose custody he might fall, to be used by him should the chances of war throw him into the enemy's hands.

Numerous and exciting were the adventures of the Company and scouts on the northward march from Columbia. On the 21st, near Anderson's Cross-roads, they surprised and captured a part of Butler's Brigade, and on the same day skirmished with a mounted party of twenty, wounding one and routing the remainder. On the 23rd, while on the road to Camden, learning that a company of militia were between them and the town, a party of but seven men surprised the camp, took the company

prisoners and destroyed their arms. In this affair, Quimby was wounded in the thigh. February 15th, the advance, comprising Company K and a part of the 4th Ohio Cavalry, under Capt. Duncan, captured Camden. A lively skirmish ensued, but Gen. Corse coming up with his Division, the Rebel cavalry was driven so rapidly, as to rescue a number of our prisoners who had been removed to that place for safe keeping. The railroad bridge, two thousand bales of cotton and other property was burned. The fire appeared likely to spread over the town, but by McQueen's exertions it was extinguished. Among the houses saved by him, were the residences of Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Kennedy and Bishop Davis.

February 27th, Capt. Duncan was ordered to proceed with his Company across Lynch's Creek, and destroy the railroad bridge at Sparrow swamp. It was a long and dangerous march, but the orders were carried out to the letter. The sun had set, and darkness was coming on when a point was reached where four roads met, not far from Mt. Elon. A halt was ordered, and the Captain and Lieut. McQueen were consulting as to the propriety of going into camp, when suddenly a force of Rebel cavalry dashed in upon them. "Who are you?" asked the Rebel commander. "The 15th Illinois," was Duncan's reply, "and who are you?" "Butler's command!" and pop, pop, pop, from pistol and carbine was the next salutation, and men were seen to fall on both sides. The Confederates outnumbered Duncan's command three to one, and after emptying their revolvers both parties fled precipitately from the scene of the encounter. The Confederates left their commander, Brig. Gen. Aikin, dead on the spot, and several others killed and wounded. Of Duncan's party, Henry Irish was killed; Thomas Crayon, Daniel Reynolds and Henry Hanley were wounded or captured. Lieut. McQueen was shot

through the body, but managed to retain his position in his saddle until reaching a negro's cabin, he could go no further, and directed his comrades to leave him there.

The negroes, thinking he would die, made known his situation to the white people in the neighborhood, and the letter of the Rev. Mr. Porter secured for him good treatment and immunity from harm. At various times squads of Confederate soldiers and militia came with the avowed intention of killing him, but the letter was the means of saving his life. Mrs. Reynolds, and other ladies at Camden, hearing of McQueen's critical situation, and grateful for his services in saving their homes from the flames, sent him many comforts in the way of food and clothing. Eventually he was removed to Camden, and cared for by those friends whom God had raised up in the heart of the Confederacy. The Rev. Mr. Porter, of Columbia, hearing of McQueen's danger, hastened to his assistance, performing a part of the journey on foot. No efforts were spared for his comfort and recovery. As soon as he was able, a mule and buggy of quaint pattern and ancient date was procured, and by Mr. Porter he was conveyed to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, then at Raleigh, N. C., and by that officer was unconditionally released without parol. Mr. Porter has kindly furnished the writer with twenty-four sheets of manuscript, giving fully the interesting story of Lieut. John A. McQueen, from which we are able to give only the foregoing extract. It is a pleasure for us to note the disinterested kindness of these good people, so in contrast with the heartlessness of Wurtz, the commander at Andersonville, and of Jeff. Davis, who gloated over the suffering and death of Federal prisoners of war.

The 15th Corps, with which Gen. Sherman then was marching, reached Laurel Hill in North Carolina March 8th. Satisfied

that Wilmington had been approached from the sea, and ought to be and perhaps was in our possession, the General called his favorite scout (Corp. Pike) and sent him in disguise to convey intelligence of our approach. The distance was about one hundred and fifty miles, and to guard against failure it was determined to send another message, and Gen. Howard was called upon to furnish a man to carry it. Sergt. Amick and Quimby, of Company K, were selected. The despatch was written in the smallest space possible and concealed in the end of a plug of tobacco, so that in case of mishap, it could readily be chewed up without exciting suspicion. Pike had set out nine hours in advance, and the prospects of his reaching Wilmington first were in his favor. The scouts found it difficult getting into the Rebel lines, but when fairly among them, their Confederate uniform and Southern accent warded off suspicion. Indeed, much of the way Wade Hampton's soldiers escorted and assisted them. The lady of the house where they stopped for breakfast was garrulous, and had many questions to ask relative to the war and the hated "Yankees," and finally asked, "Where do you suppose Sherman will go to next?" For once forgetting the character of a Rebel officer he had assumed, Amick replied, "We never know until we get there." Quimby, ever on his guard, gave such a look that Amick at once comprehended the nature of his thoughtless reply. Ten miles further on, while negotiating for a fresh horse, a Rebel captain and two men rode up from the direction they had come. From his actions and the questions asked, Amick suspected that the lady where he had breakfasted had communicated to him her suspicions. To put an end to his questioning, Amick suddenly drew his revolver, and levelling it at the officer, said, "I believe youans are Yankee spies; so surrender! If my suspicions are correct, youans will hang as sure as fate; so prove

yourselves clear." The Confederate officer taken by surprise, protested his loyalty to the South, and fairly proved himself a genuine Rebel. Amick apologized for his seeming mistake and passed on. Near Wilmington it was with difficulty they avoided Rebel pickets, and were once chased into the swamps. Reaching Wilmington they communicated with Gen. Terry two days ahead of Pike. In an hour or two transports were sent up Cape Fear river, and on the 12th the whistle of a steamboat thrilled through the Federal camps at Fayetteville. Gen. Sherman in his memoirs says of this adventure, "I also called on Gen. Howard for another volunteer, and he brought me a very clever young sergeant, who is now a commissioned officer in the regular army." The fact is, the commission was given Amick by Gen. Sherman as a reward for his pluck and success on this occasion.

The city of Fayetteville, North Carolina, was captured by our cavalry company, re-inforced by details from other commands, numbering in all about one hundred men, under the command of Capt. Duncan. The Confederate Generals Hampton and Hardee, with other officers, were at breakfast, and would have been taken prisoners, had Capt. Duncan known of their presence in town. Duncan passed through the city and skirmished with the enemy's cavalry, stationed on a hill beyond, when Gen. Hampton by a circuitous route joined his command, and charging down upon Duncan with an overwhelming force, scattered his detachment, killing some and making others prisoners, among them, Capt. Duncan. We copy from Sheridan's memoirs, as follows: "While the battle of Averysboro was in progress, and I was sitting on my horse, I was approached by a man on foot, without shoes or coat, and his head bandaged by a handkerchief. He announced himself as Capt. Duncan, who had been captured by Wade Hampton in Fayetteville, but had escaped. On my inquiring how he came to be in

that plight, he explained that when he was a prisoner, Wade Hampton's men had made him "get out of his hat, coat and shoes," which they appropriated to themselves. He said that Wade Hampton had seen them do it, and he had appealed to him personally for protection, as an officer, but Hampton answered him with a curse. I sent Duncan to Gen. Kilpatrick, and heard afterwards that the latter had compelled the Rebel prisoner Col. Rhett to march on foot the rest of the way to Goldsboro, in retaliation."

In all of the subsequent operations in the campaign through the Carolinas, the Plato Cavalry (Company K) bore a conspicuous part. A full account of all its marches and exploits would fill a volume. We are not informed of its operations after leaving Goldsboro, and can only add, that perhaps no company of cavalry in the whole volunteer service has a brighter or more glorious record. The company was included in the order of consolidation with the 10th Illinois, but retained its letter K. It was mustered from service Sept. 23, 1865, and at this time, many of its members, though scattered far and near, are among the most honored and trusted citizens of the Republic they did so much to save.

VETERANS

Myron J. Amick
Edwin E. Balch
Nathaniel Brown
Henry Ball
George W. Campbell
Charles Cooley
Walter S. Clark
William J. Christie
Robert Collins
Robert N. Chrysler
William Duncan
Eugene H. Griggs
John Gilbert
Robert Gallaher
Jerry Hickey

Nathan H. Larkin
Abijah A. Lee
John A. McQueen
William Meehan
Henry Nelson
Thomas C. Pennington
George J. Pettingill
Jeremiah Phelan
William H. Pease
George Perkins
Peter D. Porchette
Abner A. Pease
Daniel Reynolds
Earle Robinson
John Wagner

RECRUITS.

George W. Clark	Henry P. Mann
Thomas Crayon	Morgan McNall
Thomas Dougherty	John Powell
James M. Dougherty	William H. Rowe
Robert J. Eakin	Willet Richardson
Henry Eschrich	Willis Richardson
Henry L. Forbs	Alfred Small
Charles M. Harvey	Albert Small
Henry H. Hanley	Jacob P. Thompson
Henry Irish	Morris D. Vanocker
James Moore	Hiram Waite

APPENDIX.

JOHN A. PORTER.

In the list of killed and wounded at the Battle of Resaca, was the name of John A. Porter, of Company C. As given on page 585, it simply states that he was stunned. It should have stated that he was severely wounded in the head, and we will add that he lay insensible for hours and has never fully recovered from its effects.

LIEUT. ELLIOTT'S NARRATIVE.

Among the officers of the 36th captured at Stone River was Lieut. John F. Elliott, of Company K. Before the battle a couple of officers had made a wager, and deposited a ten dollar Confederate note with him. The note was what was known as "fac-simile" by the boys, which passed current in the South except with the sharper classes. While at Atlanta, Lieut. Burrett, of the 21st Michigan, wanted to borrow money of Elliott, who gave him "fac-simile." Burrett went to a Jew clothing store, where his money was closely inspected and pronounced counterfeit, and he was arrested under a criminal process. Elliott considering himself partly to blame, voluntarily made a full statement of the matter, but instead of affecting Burrett's release, he was also held for trial, with the "comforting" assurance that if found guilty, the necks of both should "stretch."

On the 26th of February, 1863, the prisoners were notified that they would be taken to Richmond for exchange, and Lieuts. Elliott and Burrett were rejoiced that their names were on the list. They were marched to the depot, and while waiting for the train, the two officers were receiving the congratulations of their friends at their escape, when two Confederate officers came in great haste from the prison and called for Burrett and Elliott. Burrett responded, and was taken back to prison, but Elliott not answering, they concluded he had made his escape, which opinion was strengthened by remarks from the rest, to the effect, "He's gone"—"I don't blame him"—"I would have went, too, had I been in his place."

Elliott was the first to get aboard, but he knew he would soon be found out, and determined to escape. A comrade, who had been robbed of his uniform and was clad in "butternut," exchanged with him; Gen. Willach gave him a map of the country; another gave him a pocket compass, and Capt. Campbell, of the 36th, contributed nine dollars Confederate money. These, with seven small biscuits, comprised his outfit.

At Conyers, the third station east of Atlanta, the train halted, and bidding his friends "good bye," he stepped down, walked boldly to the platform and then moved leisurely away, without attracting notice. Pursuing a northerly course, he soon entered the timber, and traveling all night, reached the Chattahoochee. Shortly after crossing the river, he came to a cluster of negro huts, and though nearly daylight, all was quiet, until attacked by a large dog, that seemed determined to dispute his passage. Keeping him at bay with a stick, he hurried away, fearful that the noise would arouse the natives.

After daylight, he sought a place of safety, and finding a vacant house, he ate his last biscuit and laid down on some straw.

The tramping of cattle and the distant voices of women, convincing him of the insecurity of the situation, he started on again, and after going about a mile, left the road and plunged into the woods. Collecting some bark and forming a shelter, then gathering a quantity of leaves, he laid down and slept until near sunset. His feet were swollen, he was lame and hungry, but he dare not take the risk of inquiring for food. He traveled due north all night, more slowly than on the previous night, and came to a cabin, the occupants of which were not up. Concealing himself behind a rick of tan bark, he soon saw smoke curling from a chimney, and presently a woman came out. Becoming satisfied there were no men around, and goaded on by hunger, he approached the house and asked for breakfast. The woman asked him questions, relative to where he was from, his destination and business. His answers, framed for the occasion, enlisted her sympathy, and she readily prepared a breakfast of corn dodgers, crust coffee and bacon, which in his nearly famished condition was a meal fit for a prince.

He then began seriously to reflect upon his situation, and saw the necessity of framing a story that would last him in his trip through the Confederacy. Though not approving of falsehood as a general rule, on this occasion he followed the old maxim, "The truth should not be spoken at all times." Thereupon, to his surprise, he found his name to be J. Clark, of Northern Georgia; was at New Orleans when the war broke out; enlisted in the 1st Louisiana Regiment; had been absent from home three years; his regiment was in Tennessee. With the knowledge of his Company officers he had been home, and was now returning to his regiment. Did not claim to have a furlough, as these were only granted when men were sent home to die. In short, he was away on "French leave," but was getting back as fast as he could.

Satisfied with the plausibility of his story, and of his immunity from danger while adhering to it, he proceeded boldly by day, and towards night passed a wood chopper, who asked if he was going to the village (Jasper). Without answering the question, Elliott asked what was going on there. "Oh," said he, "they are having a great time. The Conscripting officer is there; and there is much excitement." Having learned that Jasper was three miles distant, he passed on, but did not go through the village. At ten o'clock he left the road and lay down upon the wet ground at the foot of a large tree. In about two hours he awakened cold and stiff, and then moved on. The country was mountainous, the road wound over hills, through valleys and across streams. Coming to a vacant camp where fires were burning, he lay down and slept until daylight.

The country was covered with dense forests. Without paying much regard to roads he traveled in the direction of Blairsville. Coming to a house and seeing a little girl in the yard, he asked for food. She ran into the house and the mother came out and invited him in. Inside was an old man and a sick Confederate soldier. His prompt answers relative to army life were evidently satisfactory, and the people became quite communicative. From them he learned of the Rebel occupation of Knoxville, the point of his destination, and the position of their forces stretching from thence westward to Fayetteville. When opportunity offered, he consulted his map, and decided to change his course westward, taking his chances of breaking through the enemy's lines at Dalton and reaching Corinth. At night he found himself on the summit of a mountain. Icicles were hanging from the rocks, and the surroundings were cold and cheerless. Sheltered by a shelving rock, and with a bed of pine boughs, he passed a not altogether comfortable night. Towards morning it commenced

to rain, and though dreading to face the storm, he finally left his shelter and was soon drenched to the skin. Almost famished, shivering with cold, and alone in the mountains, his thoughts turned to God, and he prayed long and fervently for His protecting care and guidance, for his wife and child in Illinois whom he might never see again.

Refreshed in mind, if not in body, he followed a mountain stream, and came to a small clearing. Advancing towards the house, he approached a woman who eyed him keenly, and asked her for dinner. She drew a long sigh, when he asked her what was the matter. "Why," said she, "when I saw you coming I took you for a Yankee." "A Yankee!" said Elliott, "What put that in your head?" "I don't know," was her reply; "I never saw one in my life, and don't know how one could get in here; yet something told me you was a Yankee." She questioned him closely, and notwithstanding his protestations of being a Southern man and on the "right side," it was with considerable hesitation she finally consented to give him something to eat. Her heart and sympathies were all with the South, and after being persuaded he was one of its soldiers, they parted the best of friends.

While fording a deep, rapid stream, he was met by a man, who, as usual, asked if he was going to the army. "Yes, I am trying to get to my regiment," was Elliott's reply. "Well, if you hurry up you can get a ride to Chattanooga, as there is a company of cavalry to start from town this evening." He thanked the man for the information, but chose to let the cavalry go on without him. A drizzling rain set in, and night coming on he entered a cornfield and crawled into a shock of corn, to give time for the cavalry to leave. About three A. M. he resumed his walk, and soon came to the town, and found some of the

cavalry still there, detained, perhaps, by the rain. Following a back street he passed through unmolested. At daylight he concealed himself in the hollow trunk of a chestnut tree, from which he had a full view of the road. Soon a squad of cavalry passed, and leaving his tree he followed after, but was discovered by another squad coming in from a cross road. They halted a moment for him to come up. Thinking him a poor infantry soldier, they had some fun at his expense, then galloped away.

Thus he pressed forward, sleeping in the woods at night and keeping himself informed of movements around him. At Spring Place he unexpectedly ran upon a crowd of men at a store, talking treason and in many ways evincing their hostility to the "Yankees." There being no way to avoid them, he marched up boldly, and thus disarmed suspicion. During a heavy rain-storm he entered a negro cabin for shelter. In the evening the subject of the war was talked about. Having always had a kind master, the negro's sympathies were all with the South. He had lived in Tennessee, but during Mitchell's raid his master went South, and his fellow slaves north—he and two geese being the sole tenants of the plantation. "Wal," said he, "dem Yanks am awful smart. One day a little Yank comd along wid a goose under his arm, and said, 'Uncle, want ter buy dis goose? sell um cheep.' I axed him how much for he want. 'Half dollar.' Wal, I hab a silver half dollar, and two geese out in de pen. I buys de goose, an took he to de pen, an what do you tink? why dat cussid Yank had done gone and stole one ob my geese and den sel um to me! Golly, you can't hide nothing from dem Yankees," and thus the evening was whiled away until bedtime. A breakfast of musty bacon, and bread from unbolted cornmeal, for which his negro host thought six bits would do, and which Elliott thought certainly ought to.

He approached Dalton slowly and with great trepidation, but finally determined to push boldly through. The sun had set, and twilight rendered objects a little indistinct, as he sauntered listlessly through town. Crowds of officers and men were met, the former respectfully saluted, and he passed on unrecognized and unmolested, thus taking a great weight off his mind.

Thus for days he made his way gradually westward, avoiding the camps of soldiers and large towns, fording streams the water of which was icy cold, sleeping in the woods and only approaching houses when hunger drove him to them. Reaching the north end of Pigeon Mountain, it was with great difficulty he could proceed, owing to sore feet and general exhaustion. He determined to depart from his usual course and seek a night's lodging in a farm house. One was found, and a middle-aged lady met him at the door. A cheerful fire blazed in the chimney, and everything was neat and tidy. His feet paining him much, warm water was brought, which gave relief after bathing awhile. The good woman was quite alarmed at seeing his feet swollen nearly to bursting. Her husband proved to be an intelligent man, kindly disposed to the soldiers and an ardent Rebel. An excellent supper was prepared, and when ready to retire, Elliott was shown into a clean room and to a feather bed—a luxury he had not indulged in since leaving home two years before.

While traversing the mountains near McLemore's Cove, he approached a house and asked for permission to stay over night. "No sir," was the prompt reply, and the man explained that straggling soldiers had nearly eaten him out of house and home. But on Elliott's reasoning with him and offering to pay for benefits received, he concluded he might remain. In the course of the evening, the old man's Union sentiments would occasionally crop out. He stated that he was born under the folds of the stars

and stripes and he hoped to die under them, adding, "you soldiers are fighting to destroy the best government the world ever saw." Elliott wanted to reveal his true character, but concluded it was not prudent to do so.

Lieut. Elliott continued his course west, by way of Lebanon, Big Spring, etc. He subsequently fell in with a Union man, named Winchester, who was returning to his farm near Corinth, from whence he had been driven the year before. On the 22nd, they passed through Moulton, beyond which their wagon was disabled by the breaking of an axle. Nearing Russellville, he approached a fine mansion and asked for dinner. A young woman met him at the door with an emphatic "No, sir!" to his request, and slammed the door in his face. Choking down his feelings, he called at another and was politely invited in. Everything looked so aristocratic that Elliott had some scruples about accepting the invitation, but hunger overcame his doubts, and he sat down to as splendid a dinner as he ever ate in the South.

Winchester, his traveling companion, reached his farm and halted, but Elliott hastened on. His nearness to the Union lines heightened his anxiety and nerved him for a final effort to escape. His adventures were numerous. He wandered into swamps; was set upon by blood-hounds; was nearly drowned in crossing Bear Creek. Finally, after varying fortunes, he reached the railroad, three miles south of Rienzi. The country looked familiar, and he was congratulating himself that his hardships were nearly over, when he attracted the attention of two mounted men, who chased him into the woods and swamps. Again striking for the road, he unexpectedly found himself within thirty rods of the old regimental drill grounds of ten months before. Making a wide circuit, he came upon the Corinth road, north of Rienzi, and peering through the bushes, saw the two horsemen,

apparently looking for him. After a very narrow escape through a swamp, he again came upon the guerilla horsemen, who were determined to take him, but a swift run enabled him to reach the picket post of the 66th Illinois.

Gen. Dodge, who was in command at Corinth, after hearing his story and studying the rout over which he had passed, expressed his surprise, as well as admiration, of the indomitable pluck that had carried him safely through. The General could refuse nothing to a 36th boy, and furnished him with clothing, a pass and a furlough home, after which he joined the 36th at Murfreesboro, April 20th, 1863 and took command of Company K. A written sketch of Lieut. Elliott's adventures reads like a romance. We have been obliged to leave out most of the details and present only a slight sketch of his wanderings through poverty-stricken and war-blighted "Dixie."

FOURTEEN MONTHS IN REBEL PRISONS.

Elisha E. Lloyd, of Company E, 36th Illinois Volunteers, soon after getting into line at the Battle of Chickamauga, and in the midst of the Rebel charge which swept our ranks with disaster, was stunned by a musket ball striking his belt-plate, felling him to the ground. When he awoke it was to the unpleasant consciousness of being a prisoner of war. He was taken to the rear and confined with others in a pen until the following day, when he was marched to Tunnel Hill, and from thence by rail to Atlanta. A ration and a half of bean meal bread, and a pint of cornmeal obtained at Petersburg, Va., was the sum total of food furnished him by the great and magnanimous Confederacy until his incarceration in Libby prison.

In October following he was removed from Libby to Castle Thunder. On being searched, an old pass that came into his

possession at Murfreesboro, was found in his boots. For so grave an offense he was immured three days in a dungeon, without food or water. From thence he was taken to the Royster House, which for once did not want for guests. Here the prisoners were subjected to insults and barbarities absolutely fiendish, but the prolific source of suffering, overshadowing all others, was want of food.

The following incident illustrates the nearly starved-to-death condition of the "guests" at this famine-haunted hotel. The person whose duty it was to call the roll, one morning was accompanied by a dog. A little familiarity and patting of Towser kept him quiet until his master had left, when he was killed, cooked and eaten inside of thirty minutes. Lloyd asserts that it was the most toothsome meal he ate within the Confederacy.

By some strange intuition—a certain indefinable something which draws people of like sentiments towards each other—Lloyd became satisfied that one of the guards was a Union man. Hunger made him desperate, and as opportunity offered, he broached the subject of escape. By solemnly promising not to expose his confederate in case of recapture, he was allowed to pass out unchallenged and unnoticed. In a short time he was recaptured and returned to his former quarters. For refusing to divulge the name of his accomplice, he was not allowed food for four days.

On the 23rd of November, many of the prisoners were removed to Danville, Va., and placed in No. 5 Prison. From all accounts given of Major Muffett, the officer in charge, he must have been liberally endowed with many of the fiendish attributes of the Devil himself. To inflict and witness human suffering, was to him the height of enjoyment.

At length four of the prisoners endeavored to effect an escape. At ten o'clock at night, while Lloyd was knocking down the guard, his three comrades rushed through the gate and got away. The brief struggle and outcry in disarming the guard was fatal to Lloyd's hopes of escape, and the gleam of muskets athwart his path was a sufficient inducement for him to change his mind, and running back and mingling with the crowd he was not recognized. For a while the excitement was great. The Major was furious, and endeavored in vain to discover the instigators of the escapade. In the tumult he lost his revolver, and Lloyd picking it up, secreted it about his person. The prisoners were threatened with starvation unless the revolver was given up. Knowing the Major's ability and perfect willingness to execute his threat, the revolver was surrendered, and for his part in the matter Lloyd was bucked and gagged and deprived of food for two days.

In addition to brutal treatment and the gnawings of hunger, the small pox broke out among the prisoners, and two hundred and fifty men were down with the loathsome disease at one time. To fill the cup of human misery, a general vaccination was ordered, resulting in the death of all who were thus treated. The arms of many rotted off, and one in particular whose arm and back rotted away before death came to his relief. Thus the long winter passed, and April's sun appeared, when the few that remained alive were loaded into cattle cars and taken to Andersonville.

The story of Andersonville, with *all* its sickening horrors, can never be told. With here and there an exception, its victims lie mouldering in the silent villages of the dead! Language is feeble to express the sad, sad story. We will let Lloyd tell his bitter experience in his own words—only regretting that the pre-

scribed limits of our work will not permit us to produce the whole.

Andersonville prison comprised eighteen acres of land, inclosed with a stockade of pine logs, thirty feet in length, fifteen feet of which were in the ground. Fifteen feet within, posts were set, to which boards were nailed, to indicate the "dead line." The penalty of getting beyond this line, was to be shot down like dogs. We were told to divide into messes and then we could draw our rations. This was quickly done, and we told them to "bring on their grub." It came at last—a quantity of black "Nigger beans," a half pint to each, and this was to last twenty-four hours. April passed and May came, but with it no change for the better. To such desperate straights were we reduced, that stealing food and clothing from each other was a common occurrence. Men were even murdered for a meal of victuals.

In May, a company of about one hundred men was formed, for mutual benefit and support. It was called Company E, of the 36th Ill. Vol., and I was placed in command. All were solemnly pledged to obey me, or any other officer in command, in all things consistent with each others welfare. A project for excavating under and beyond the stockade was entered into with the greatest enthusiasm. Permission was obtained to dig a well, and a shaft was sunk one hundred and ten feet, but failed, as was expected, to reach water. A tunnel was then commenced in the side of the well, thirty-five feet below the surface. The dirt was hauled up at night and carried to the stream, whence large quantities were washed to the outside of the stockade. This excited the suspicion of the Confederate guards, and yet the tunnel would not have been discovered but for the treachery of one of our own number, who revealed the whole project for a loaf of bread.

Company E was then formed in line and informed that not one should have a morsel of food until the ringleader was pointed out. Not one faltered or betrayed an intention of being false to his promise. At last, I thought it better for one to suffer, than so many noble fellows should starve, so calling the officer, I told him I was the leader and had instigated the plot. The remainder of the company were dismissed, while I was held in custody and sentenced to be shot. Being informed that the sentence would be executed that night, I obtained permission to write to friends, but changed my mind, and told the guard it would make no difference with them, as they already thought me dead, and I would not now add a fresh pang to their sorrow. They said I should not be let off so easily, and instead of mercifully putting an end to my suffering, they fastened a fifty pound ball to my leg. I was not relieved of this until June 26th, when, it is needless to say, my ankle was cut to the bone.

At that time there were thirty-two thousand prisoners of war confined within the prison pen, and deaths from starvation and scurvy averaged one hundred and twenty per day. The brook running through the enclosure was fed by a spring on the west side between the dead line and stockade. All the filth within the prison pen accumulated along this stream, and we had to strain the water through our teeth to keep the maggots out. The spring was pure and wholesome, but whenever a person presumed to reach after a drink, his hands and arms were shot, and many killed.

I have seen fifty men at a time lying in the filth bordering the stream, with their feet in the water to cool them, their limbs swollen and bursting open to their knees with dropsy and scurvy, and at the same time filled with maggots. I have seen men's eyes, ears and mouths filled with maggots, and still possessed of

life. I have seen men sitting in filth, picking from thence undigested beans, and eating them the second time, all caused by sheer starvation. These things seem hardly possible, and I should scarcely venture to make the statements were I alone and not supported by witnesses who saw and shared these sufferings with me.

On the 11th of July six of our own men were hung by their comrades for murdering fellow prisoners. Oh! how hunger inflames and intensifies the brutal passions of men, and while enduring its excruciating pangs they look and act more like fiends than human beings.

I was taken sick with scurvy and dropsy, and was unable to take a part in plans for an escape. I could not walk; my teeth became loose, my gums decayed, and I began to think my days were numbered. My messmates, ten in number, one after another died, until only John Cotton, of Plainfield, Illinois, remained. One afternoon he said, "Well, Lloyd, which of us goes next?" I told him I thought the Rebs could not kill me. He replied, that he wished he could think so; "And do you really think you will get out of this alive?" On my answering in the affirmative, he said, "When you get home, please send these things to my wife and children," and while saying this he handed me a small box containing a heart and three crosses. "These are the last and only gifts I can send to my dear ones at home. Take them, Elisha, and tell them the fate of their father, and that his last moments of prayer were for them." The reader can imagine what were my feelings at separating with the last of my messmates. The next day the poor fellow faintly called me, saying, "Well, I am now going! May God bless my wife, my little ones at home! Good bye!" and then he breathed his last, and I was alone.

While in this condition a member of my own regiment, also a prisoner, found me, stating that he had been trading with the Johnnies, and was in possession of a stock of onions, potatoes, &c., that if I would give him my note of hand for five dollars he would give me value received in vegetables. The note was accordingly drawn and signed, and I came into possession of two onions and two potatoes. However meagre the supply, the investment was a good one, for from that time I began to improve.

A sick companion near me grew worse, and it was evident he must soon die. He was in possession of a good pair of boots, which he told me I might have after he was dead. He grew gradually worse, and when he had ceased to breathe, I went for the boots, but got only one, another fellow getting the other. I told him he must give me that boot. He replied that if I was able to whip him, I could have it, but not without. Well, at it we went, and I beat him out of the boot. It was not much of a fight, as neither of us could stand at the time. Subsequently, I sold the boots for \$250 Confederate money, a part of which I gave to the party with whom I had contended. With the money arising from the sale of the boots, I purchased potatoes and onions, and was thereby kept from starvation. We were frequently deluded into the belief that an exchange of prisoners would soon be effected, and no one can imagine the happiness derived from such a hope. Then would come news of failure of efforts for our release, and sorrow and depression would take the place of former joy. Many were the prayers that went up from that prison pen, that the gates of hell would open and swallow up Old Wurtz, Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy. I believe there was one time I prayed myself.

About the 1st of October, exchanges were made, the well and healthy being taken and the sick ones left. I was removed to

what was called the hospital—a rudely constructed shed, that served as a shelter from the fiery rays of the sun.

About the middle of November, a comrade who could walk informed me that a list was being taken of all who could walk a mile and a-half, for the purpose of exchange. Being forewarned was to be forearmed, and when they came to me and said, "Well, Yank, how far can you walk?" I replied about two miles. My name was taken, and the next morning, when called upon to go outside, I could not walk and did not know what to do. Kind comrades helped me, and I succeeded in reaching the gate. The prison officer spoke harshly to me for deceiving him, but finally I was put into a wagon, taken to the railroad and loaded into a cattle car. After many vicissitudes by rail, we arrived at Savannah. While passing the gas-house, men and women crowded its roof and showered bread and cake upon us, and were arrested by the Rebel authorities for so doing. One man, in the act of giving me bread, was knocked down with the butt of a gun. May Heaven bless the noble men and women of Savannah. Their kindness will never be forgotten. It was the only ray of sunshine that broke through the sombre clouds and cast a benignant gleam during all the dark months of my captivity.

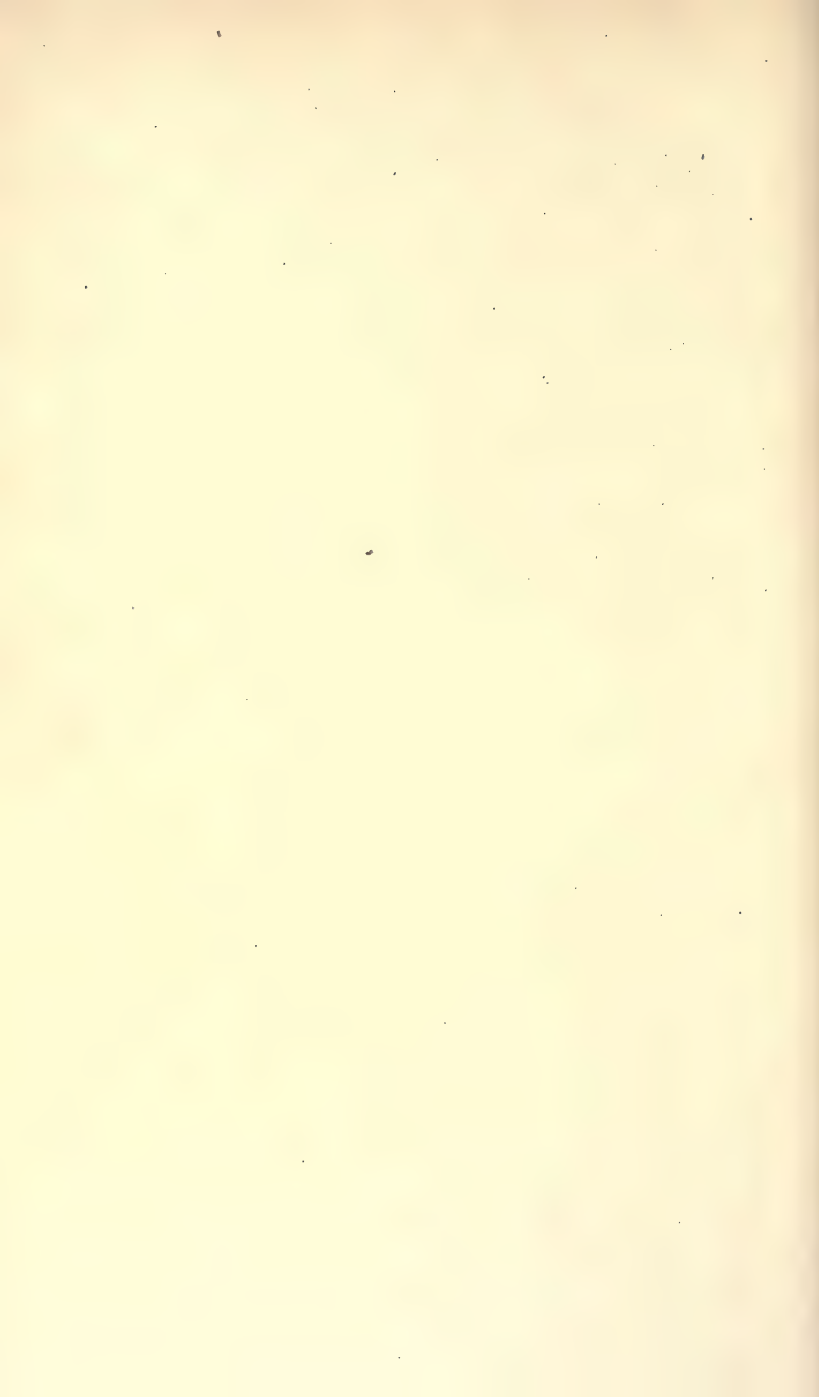
We reached the exchange boats, Nov. 20th, 1864, and were once more under the protecting folds of the stars and stripes. To us, the transformation was as from hell to Heaven. No words can express our joy at the change. Once in the hands of friends, our clothing was renewed, coffee and nourishing food (at first in small quantities) were given us, and then we steamed out upon the ocean to Annapolis, but many a poor fellow died before reaching the friendly shore.

We were carried out, and to the hospital on stretchers. Great crowds of anxious men, women and children were at the landing,

looking for fathers, brothers, husbands and friends, and many were the heartbroken cries of sorrow on failing to recognize the ones for whom they sought. At the hospital we were the recipients of every care and attention that loving hearts and willing hands could bestow. The women nurses connected with the sanitary commission fulfilled all my pre-conceived ideas of angels from Heaven.

There was nothing to cloud our happiness now except the thought of the suffering ones left behind, and of those who died of starvation and inhuman treatment. More than sixteen thousand were thus inhumanly murdered by old Capt. Wurtz and Jeff Davis. The former has met with his deserts, while the latter finds plenty of toadies that would go many miles to hear him speak. I would not go an inch except to see him hanged. While patriotism remains, I implore the American people not to forget the nameless graves of their sainted dead at Andersonville.

THE END.

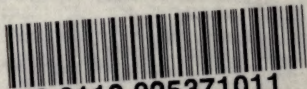


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